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THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

FORTY VOLUMES.

VOL. XVIII.

THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND CRITICAL.

BY

JAMES FERGUSON, ESQ.

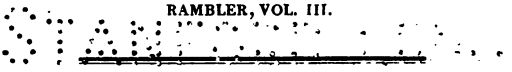
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THE

RAMBLER.

No. 139. TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1751.

——*Sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum.* HOR.

Let every piece be simple and be one.

IT is required by Aristotle to the perfection of a tragedy, and is equally necessary to every other species of regular composition, that it should have a beginning, a middle, and an end. "The beginning," says he, "is that which has nothing necessarily previous, but to which that which follows is naturally consequent; the end, on the contrary, is that which, by necessity, or at least according to the common course of things, succeeds something else, but which implies nothing consequent to itself; the middle is connected on one side to something that naturally goes before, and on the other to something that naturally follows it."

Such is the rule laid down by this great critic, for the disposition of the different parts of a well constituted fable. It must begin where it may be made intelligible without introduction; and end where the mind is left in repose, without expectation of any farther event. The intermediate passages must join the last effect to the first cause by a regular unbroken concatenation; nothing must be therefore inserted which does not apparently arise from some-

thing foregoing, and properly make way for something that succeeds it.

This precept is to be understood in its rigour only with respect to great and essential events, and cannot be extended in the same force to minuter circumstances and arbitrary decorations, which yet are more happy as they contribute more to the main design; for it is always a proof of extensive thought and accurate circumspection, to promote various purposes by the same act; and the idea of an ornament admits use, though it seems to exclude necessity.

Whoever purposes, as it is expressed by Milton, *to build the lofty rhyme*, must acquaint himself with the law of poetical architecture, and take care that his edifice be solid as well as beautiful; that nothing stand single or independent, so as that it may be taken away without injuring the rest; but that from the foundation to the pinnacles one part rest firm upon another.

This regular and consequential distribution is among common authors frequently neglected; but the failures of those whose example can have no influence may be safely overlooked, nor is it of much use to recall obscure and unregarded names to memory for the sake of sporting with their infamy. But if there is any writer whose genius can embellish impropriety, and whose authority can make error venerable, his works are the proper objects of critical inquisition. To expunge faults where there are no excellences is a task equally useless with that of the chemist, who employs the arts of separation and refinement upon ore in which no precious metal is contained to reward his operations.

The tragedy of Samson Agonistes has been celebrated as the second work of the great author of Paradise Lost, and opposed with all the confidence

of triumph to the dramatic performances of other nations. It contains indeed just sentiments, maxims of wisdom, and oracles of piety, and many passages written with the ancient spirit of choral poetry, in which there is just and pleasing mixture of Seneca's moral declamation, with the wild enthusiasm of the Greek writers. It is therefore worthy of examination, whether a performance thus illuminated with genius, and enriched with learning, is composed according to the indispensable laws of Aristotelian criticism: and, omitting at present all other considerations, whether it exhibits a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning is undoubtedly beautiful and proper, opening with a graceful abruptness, and proceeding naturally to a mournful recital of facts necessary to be known:

Samson. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun and shade;
There I am wont to sit when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me.—
—O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel?——
—Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed,
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out?
—Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength, committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seat of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it.

His soliloquy is interrupted by a chorus or company of men of his own tribe, who condole his miseries, extenuate his fault, and conclude with a solemn vindication of divine justice. So that at the conclusion of the first act there is no design laid, no dis-

covery made, nor any disposition formed towards the subsequent event.

In the second act, Manoah, the father of Samson, comes to seek his son, and, being shown him by the chorus, breaks out into lamentations of his misery, and comparisons of his present with his former state, representing to him the ignominy which his religion suffers by the festival this day celebrated in honour of Dagon, to whom the idolaters ascribed his overthrow:

——Thou bear'st
Enough, and more, the burthen of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their God, who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.

Samson, touched with this reproach, makes a reply equally penitential and pious, which his father considers as the effusion of prophetic confidence:

Samson. ——God, be sure,
Will not connive or linger thus provoked,
But will arise, and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me.

Manoah. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name.

This part of the dialogue, as it might tend to animate or exasperate Samson, cannot, I think, be censured as wholly superfluous; but the succeeding dispute, in which Samson contends to die, and which his father breaks off, that he may go to solicit his

release, is only valuable for its own beauties, and has no tendency to introduce any thing that follows it.

The next event of the drama is the arrival of Dalilah, with all her graces, artifices, and allurements. This produces a dialogue, in a very high degree elegant and instructive, from which she retires after she has exhausted her persuasions, and is no more seen nor heard of; nor has her visit any effect but that of raising the character of Samson.

In the fourth act enters Harapha, the giant of Gath, whose name had never been mentioned before, and who has now no other motive of coming than to see the man whose strength and actions are so loudly celebrated:

Harapha. ———Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might, and feats perform'd
Incredible to me; in this displeased,
That I was never present in the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tried
Each other's force in camp or listed fields:
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

Samson challenges him to the combat; and, after an interchange of reproaches, elevated by repeated defiance on one side, and imbittered by contemptuous insults on the other, Harapha retires; we then hear it determined, by Samson and the chorus, that no consequence good or bad will proceed from their interview:

Chorus. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

Sams. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise,
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;
And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.

At last, in the fifth act, appears a messenger from the lords assembled at the festival of Dagon, with a summons, by which Samson is required to come and entertain them with some proof of his strength. Samson, after a short expostulation, dismisses him with a firm and resolute refusal; but during the absence of the messenger, having a while defended the propriety of his conduct, he at last declares himself moved by a secret impulse to comply, and utters some dark presages of a great event to be brought to pass by his agency, under the direction of Providence:

> *Sams.* Be of good courage; I begin to feel
> Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
> To something extraordinary my thoughts.
> I with this messenger will go along,
> Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
> Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
> If there be ought of presage in the mind,
> This day will be remarkable in my life
> By some great act, or of my days the last.

While Samson is conducted off by the messenger, his father returns with hopes of success in his solicitation, upon which he confers with the chorus till their dialogue is interrupted, first by a shout of triumph, and afterwards by screams of horror and agony. As they stand deliberating where they shall be secure, a man who had been present at the show enters, and relates how Samson, having prevailed on his guide to suffer him to lean against the main pillars of the theatrical edifice, tore down the roof upon the spectators and himself:

> ———Those two massy pillars,
> With horrible confusion, to and fro,
> He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
> The whole roof after them, with bursts of thunder,
> Upon the heads of all who sat beneath——
> ———Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably
> Pull'd down the same destruction on himself.

This is undoubtedly a just and regular catastrophe, and the poem, therefore, has a beginning and an end which Aristotle himself could not have disapproved; but it must be allowed to want a middle, since nothing passes between the first act and the last, that either hastens or delays the death of Samson. The whole drama, if its superfluities were cut off, would scarcely fill a single act; yet this is the tragedy which ignorance has admired, and bigotry applauded.

No. 140. SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1751.

——Quis tam Lucili fautor inepte est,
Ut non hoc fateatur. HOR.

What doting bigot, to his faults so blind,
As not to grant me this, can Milton find?

IT is common, says Bacon, to desire the end without enduring the means. Every member of society feels and acknowledges the necessity of detecting crimes, yet scarce any degree of virtue or reputation is able to secure an informer from public hatred. The learned world has always admitted the usefulness of critical disquisitions, yet he that attempts to show, however modestly, the failure of a celebrated writer, shall surely irritate his admirers, and incur the imputation of envy, captiousness, and malignity.

With this danger full in my view, I shall proceed to examine the sentiments of Milton's tragedy, which, though much less liable to censure than the disposition of his plan, are, like those of other writers, sometimes exposed to just exception for want of care or want of discernment.

Sentiments are proper and improper as they consist more or less with the character and circumstances of the person to whom they are attributed, with the rules of the composition in which they are found, or with the settled and unalterable nature of things.

It is common among the tragic poets to introduce their persons alluding to events or opinions, of which they could not possibly have any knowledge. The barbarians of remote or newly discovered regions often display their skill in European learning. The god of love is mentioned in Tamerlane with all the familiarity of a Roman epigrammatist; and a late writer has put Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood into the mouth of a Turkish statesman, who lived near two centuries before it was known even to philosophers or anatomists.

Milton's learning, which acquainted him with the manners of the ancient eastern nations, and his invention, which required no assistance from the common cant of poetry, have preserved him from frequent outrages of local or chronological propriety. Yet he has mentioned Chalybean Steel, of which it is not very likely that his chorus should have heard, and has made Alp the general name of a mountain, in a region where the Alps could scarcely be known:

> No medicinal liquor can assuage,
> Nor breath of cooling air from snowy Alp.

He has taught Samson the tales of Circe and the Sirens, at which he apparently hints in his colloquy with Dalilah:

> I know thy trains,
> Though dearly to my cost, thy gins and toils;
> Thy fair *enchanted cup* and *warbling charms*
> No more on me have power.

But the grossest error of this kind is the solemn introduction of the Phœnix in the last scene; which is faulty, not only as it is incongruous to the personage to whom it is ascribed, but as it is so evidently contrary to reason and nature, that it ought never to be mentioned but as a fable in any serious poem:

——Virtue given for lost,
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods emboss'd
That no second knows nor third,
And lay here while a holocaust;
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd:
And though her body die, her fame survives,
A secular bird, ages of lives.

Another species of impropriety is the unsuitableness of thoughts to the general character of the poem. The seriousness and solemnity of tragedy necessarily rejects all pointed or epigrammatical expressions, all remote conceits and opposition of ideas. Samson's complaint is therefore too elaborate to be natural:

As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried; but O, yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave!
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs.

All allusions to low and trivial objects, with which contempt is usually associated, are doubtless unsuitable to a species of composition which ought to be always awful, though not always magnificent. The remark therefore of the chorus on good and bad news seems to want elevation:

Manoah. A little stay will bring some notice hither.
Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news *rides post*, while good news *baits*.

But of all meanness, that has least to plead which is produced by mere verbal conceits, which, depending only upon sounds, lose their existence by the change of a syllable. Of this kind is the following dialogue:

Chor. But had we best retire? I see a *storm*.
Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.
Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.
Sams. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are pass'd.
Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha.——

And yet more despicable are the lines in which Manoah's parental kindness is commended by the chorus:

Fathers are wont to *lay* up for their sons,
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all.——

Samson's complaint of the inconveniences of imprisonment is not wholly without verbal quaintness:

——I a prisoner chain'd scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp.

From the sentiments we may properly descend to the consideration of the language, which, in imitation of the ancients, is through the whole dialogue remarkably simple and unadorned, seldom heightened by epithets, or varied by figures; yet sometimes metaphors find admission, even where their consistency is not accurately preserved. Thus Samson confounds loquacity with a shipwreck:

How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who, like a foolish pilot, have *shipwreck'd*

My *vessel* trusted to me from above,
Gloriously *rigg'd;* and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have *divulged* the *secret gift* of God
To a deceitful woman?——

And the chorus talks of adding fuel to flame in a report:

He's gone, and who knows how he may *report*
Thy *words*, by *adding fuel to the flame?*

The versification is in the dialogue much more smooth and harmonious than in the parts allotted to the chorus, which are often so harsh and dissonant, as scarce to preserve, whether the lines end with or without rhymes, any appearance of metrical regularity:

Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renown'd
Irresistible Samson; whom unarm'd
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid?—

Since I have thus pointed out the faults of Milton, critical integrity requires that I should endeavour to display his excellences, though they will not easily be discovered in short quotations, because they consist in the justness of diffuse reasonings, or in the contexture and method of continued dialogues; this play having none of those descriptions, similes, or splendid sentences, with which other tragedies are so lavishly adorned.

Yet some passages may be selected which seem to deserve particular notice, either as containing sentiments of passion, representations of life, precepts of conduct, or sallies of imagination. It is not easy to give a stronger representation of the weariness of despondency, than in the words of Samson to his father:

——I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat: nature within me seems

In all her functions weary of herself;
My race of glory run, and race of shame;
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

The reply of Samson to the flattering Dalilah affords a just and striking description of the stratagems and allurements of feminine hyprocrisy:

———These are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feign'd remorse,
Confess and promise wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits.

When Samson has refused to make himself a spectacle at the feast of Dagon, he first justifies his behaviour to the chorus, who charge him with having served the Philistines, by a very just distinction; and then destroys the common excuse of cowardice and servility, which always confound temptation with compulsion:

Chor. Yet with thy strength thou servest the Philistines.
Sams. Not in their idol worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.
Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.
Sams. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds,
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? the Philistine lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind.

The complaint of blindness which Samson pours out at the beginning of the tragedy is equally addressed to the passions and the fancy. The enumeration of his miseries is succeeded by a very

easing train of poetical images, and concluded by ch expostulations and wishes as reason too often bmits to learn from despair:

O first created beam, and thou great word
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself; if it be true,
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the' eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd,
And not as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she may look at will through every pore?

Such are the faults and such the beauties of Sam- a Agonistes, which I have shown with no other rpose than to promote the knowledge of true cri- ism. The everlasting verdure of Milton's laurels s nothing to fear from the blasts of malignity; nor n my attempt produce any other effect than to engthen their shoots by lopping their luxuriance.

No. 141. TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1751.

Hilarisque, tamen cum pondere, virtus. STAT.
Greatness with ease and gay severity.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

POLITICIANS have long observed, that the great- t events may be often traced back to slender uses. Petty competition or casual friendship,

the prudence of a slave or the garrulity of a woman, have hindered or promoted the most important schemes, and hastened or retarded the revolutions of empire.

"Whoever shall review his life will generally find, that the whole tenor of his conduct has been determined by some accident of no apparent moment, or by a combination of inconsiderable circumstances, acting when his imagination was unoccupied, and his judgment unsettled; and that his principles and actions have taken their colour from some secret infusion, mingled without design in the current of his ideas. The desires that predominate in our hearts are instilled by imperceptible communications at the time when we look upon the various scenes of the world, and the different employments of men, with the neutrality of experience; and we come forth from the nursery or the school, invariably destined to the pursuit of great acquisitions or petty accomplishments.

"Such was the impulse by which I have been kept in motion from my earliest years. I was born to an inheritance which gave my childhood a claim to distinction and caresses, and was accustomed to hear applauses before they had much influence on my thoughts. The first praise of which I remember myself sensible was that of good humour, which, whether I deserved it or not when it was bestowed, I have since made it my whole business to propagate and maintain.

"When I was sent to school, the gaiety of my look and the liveliness of my loquacity soon gained me admission to arts not yet fortified against affection by artifice or interest. I was intrusted with every stratagem, and associated in every sport; my company gave alacrity to a frolic, and gladness to a holiday. I was indeed so much employed in ad-

justing or executing schemes of diversion, that I had no leisure for my tasks, but was furnished with exercises, and instructed in my lessons, by some kind patron of the higher classes. My master, not suspecting my deficiency, or unwilling to detect what his kindness would not punish or his impartiality excuse, allowed me to escape with a slight examination, laughed at the pertness of my ignorance and the sprightliness of my absurdities, and could not forbear to show that he regarded me with such tenderness as genius and learning can seldom excite.

"From school I was dismissed to the university, where I soon drew upon me the notice of the younger students, and was the constant partner of their morning walks and evening compotations. I was not indeed much celebrated for literature, but was looked on with indulgence as a man of parts, who wanted nothing but the dulness of a scholar, and might become eminent whenever he should condescend to labour and attention. My tutor a while reproached me with negligence, and repressed my sallies with supercilious gravity; yet having natural good humour lurking in his heart, he could not long hold out against the power of hilarity, but after a few months began to relax the muscles of disciplinarian moroseness, received me with smiles after an elopement, and, that he might not betray his trust to his fondness, was content to spare my diligence by increasing his own.

"Thus I continued to dissipate the gloom of collegiate austerity, to waste my own life in idleness, and lure others from their studies, till the happy hour arrived when I was sent to London. I soon discovered the town to be the proper element of youth and gaiety, and was quickly distinguished as a wit by the ladies, a species of beings only heard of at the university, whom I had no sooner the hap-

piness of approaching than I devoted all my faculties to the ambition of pleasing them.

"A wit, Mr. Rambler, in the dialect of ladies, is not always a man who, by the action of a vigorous fancy upon comprehensive knowledge, brings distant ideas unexpectedly together, who by some peculiar acuteness discovers resemblances in objects dissimilar to common eyes, or by mixing heterogeneous notions dazzles the attention with sudden scintillations of conceit. A lady's wit is a man who can make ladies laugh, to which, however easy it may seem, many gifts of nature and attainments of art must commonly concur. He that hopes to be conceived as a wit in female assemblies should have a form neither so amiable as to strike with admiration, nor so coarse as to raise disgust, with an understanding too feeble to be dreaded, and too forcible to be despised. The other parts of the character are more subject to variation; it was formerly essential to a wit, that half his back should be covered with a snowy fleece, and at a time yet more remote no man was a wit without his boots. In the days of the Spectator a snuffbox seems to have been indispensable; but in my time an embroidered coat was sufficient, without any precise regulation of the rest of his dress.

"But wigs and boots and snuffboxes are vain without perpetual resolution to be merry, and who can always find supplies of mirth! Juvenal, indeed, in his comparison of the two opposite philosophers, wonders only whence an unexhausted fountain of tears could be discharged: but had Juvenal, with all his spirit, undertaken my province, he would have found constant gaiety equally difficult to be supported. Consider, Mr. Rambler, and compassionate the condition of a man, who has taught every company to expect from a continual feast of

laughter, an unintermitted stream of jocularity. The task of every other slave has an end. The rower in time reaches the port; the lexicographer at last finds the conclusion of his alphabet; only the hapless wit has its labour always to begin, the call for novelty is never satisfied, and one jest only raises expectation of another.

"I know that among men of learning and asperity, the retainers to the female world are not much regarded; yet I cannot but hope that if you knew at how dear a rate our honours are purchased, you would look with some gratulation on our success, and with some pity on our miscarriages. Think on the misery of him who is condemned to cultivate barrenness and ransack vacuity; who is obliged to continue his talk when his meaning is spent, to raise merriment without images, to harass his imagination in quest of thoughts which he cannot start, and his memory in pursuit of narratives which he cannot overtake; observe the effort with which he strains to conceal despondency by a smile, and the distress in which he sits while the eyes of the company are fixed upon him as their last refuge from silence and dejection.

"It were endless to recount the shifts to which I have been reduced, or to enumerate the different species of artificial wit. I regularly frequented coffee-houses, and have often lived a week upon an expression of which he who dropped it did not know the value. When fortune did not favour my erratic industry, I gleaned jests at home from obsolete farces. To collect wit was indeed safe, for I consorted with none that looked much into books, but to disperse it was the difficulty. A seeming negligence was often useful, and I have very successfully made a reply not to what the lady had said,

but to what it was convenient for me to hear; for very few were so perverse as to rectify a mistake which had given occasion to a burst of merriment. Sometimes I drew the conversation up by degrees to a proper point, and produced a conceit which I had treasured up, like sportsmen who boast of killing the foxes which they lodge in the covert. Eminence is however in some happy moments gained at less expense; I have delighted a whole circle at one time with a series of quibbles, and made myself good company at another, by scalding my fingers, or mistaking a lady's lap for my own chair.

"These are artful deceits and useful expedients; but expedients are at length exhausted, and deceits detected. Time itself, among other injuries, diminishes the power of pleasing, and I now find in my forty-fifth year many pranks and pleasantries very coldly received, which had formerly filled a whole room with jollity and acclamation. I am under the melancholy necessity of supporting that character by study, which I gained by levity, having learned too late that gaiety must be recommended by higher qualities, and that mirth can never please long but as the efflorescence of a mind loved for its luxuriance, but esteemed for its usefulness.

"I am, &c.

"PAPILIUS."

No. 142. SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1751.

Ενθα δ' ανηρ ενιαυε πελωριος——ουδε, μετ' αλλους
Πωλειτ'· αλλ' απανευθεν εων αθεμιςια ηδη
Και γαρ θαυμ' ετετυκτο πελωριον, ουδε εωκει
Ανερε σιτοφαγω. HOMER.

A giant shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclined;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature or in face. POPE.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"HAVING been accustomed to retire annually from the town, I lately accepted the invitation of Eugenio, who has an estate and seat in a distant county. As we were unwilling to travel without improvement, we turned often from the direct road to please ourselves with the view of nature or of art; we examined every wild mountain and medicinal spring, criticised every edifice, contemplated every ruin, and compared every scene of action with narratives of historians. By this succession of amusements we enjoyed the exercise of a journey without suffering the fatigue, and had nothing to regret but that, by a progress so leisurely and gentle, we missed the adventures of a postchaise, and the pleasure of alarming villages with the tumult of our passage, and of disguising our insignificancy by the dignity of hurry.

"The first week after our arrival at Eugenio's house was passed in receiving visits from his neighbours, who crowded about him with all the eagerness of benevolence; some impatient to learn the

news of the court and town, that they might be qualified by authentic information to dictate to the rural politicians on the next bowling day; others desirous of his interest to accommodate disputes, or of his advice in the settlement of their fortunes and the marriage of their children.

"The civilities which he had received were soon to be returned; and I passed sometime with great satisfaction in roving through the country, and viewing the seats, gardens, and plantations, which are scattered over it. My pleasure would indeed have been greater had I been sometimes allowed to wander in a park or wilderness alone, but to appear as the friend of Eugenio was an honour not to be enjoyed without some inconveniences; so much was every one solicitous for my regard, that I could seldom escape to solitude, or steal a moment from the emulation of complaisance and the vigilance of officiousness.

"In these rambles of good neighbourhood, we frequently passed by a house of unusual magnificence. While I had my curiosity yet distracted among many novelties, it did not much attract my observation; but in a short time I could not forbear surveying it with particular notice; for the length of the wall which enclosed the gardens, the disposition of the shades that waved over it, and the canals, of which I could obtain some glimpses through the trees from our own windows, gave me reason to expect more grandeur and beauty than I had yet seen in that province. I therefore inquired, as we rode by it, why we never, amongst our excursions, spent an hour where there was such an appearance of splendour and affluence. Eugenio told me that the seat which I so much admired was commonly called in the country the *haunted house*, and that no visits were paid there by any of the gentlemen whom

I had yet seen. As the haunts of incorporeal beings are generally ruinous, neglected, and desolate, I easily conceived that there was something to be explained, and told him that I supposed it only fairy ground, on which we might venture by daylight without danger. The danger, says he, is indeed only that of appearing to solicit the acquaintance of a man, with whom it is not possible to converse without infamy, and who has driven from him, by his insolence or malignity, every human being who can live without him.

"Our conversation was then accidentally interrupted; but my inquisitive humour, being now in motion, could not rest without a full account of this newly discovered prodigy. I was soon informed that the fine house and spacious gardens were haunted by squire Bluster, of whom it was very easy to learn the character, since nobody had regard for him sufficient to hinder them from telling whatever they could discover.

"Squire Bluster is descended of an ancient family. The estate which his ancestors had immemorially possessed was much augmented by captain Bluster, who served under Drake in the reign of Elizabeth; and the Blusters, who were before only petty gentlemen, have from that time frequently represented the shire in parliament, being chosen to present addresses, and given laws at hunting matches and races. They were eminently hospitable and popular, till the father of this gentleman died of an election. His lady went to the grave soon after him, and left their heir, then only ten years old, to the care of his grandmother, who would not suffer him to be controled, because she could not bear to hear him cry: and never sent him to school, because she was not able to live without his company. She taught him however very early to inspect the steward's accounts, to dog the butler

from the cellar, and to catch the servants at a junket; so that he was at the age of eighteen a complete master of all the lower arts of domestic policy, had often on the road detected combinations between the coachman and the ostler, and procured the discharge of nineteen maids for illicit correspondence with cottagers and charwomen.

"By the opportunities of parsimony which minority affords, and which the probity of his guardians had diligently improved, a very large sum of money was accumulated, and he found himself, when he took his affairs into his own hands, the richest man in the county. It has been long the custom of this family to celebrate the heir's completion of his twenty-first year by an entertainment, at which the house is thrown open to all that are inclined to enter it, and the whole province flocks together as to a general festivity. On this occasion young Bluster exhibited the first tokens of his future eminence, by shaking his purse at an old gentleman who had been the intimate friend of his father, and offering to wager a greater sum than he could afford to venture; a practice with which he has, at one time or other, insulted every freeholder within ten miles round him.

"His next acts of offence were committed in a contentious and spiteful vindication of the privileges of his manors, and a rigorous and relentless prosecution of every man that presumed to violate his game. As he happens to have no estate adjoining equal to his own, his oppressions are often borne without resistance, for fear of a long suit, of which he delights to count the expenses without the least solicitude about the event; for he knows that where nothing but an honorary right is contested, the poorer antagonist must always suffer, whatever shall be the last decision of the law.

"By the success of some of these disputes, he

has so elated his insolence, and by reflection upon the general hatred which they have brought upon him, so irritated his virulence, that his whole life is spent in meditating or executing mischief. It is his common practice to procure his hedges to be broken in the night, and then to demand satisfaction for damages which his grounds have suffered from his neighbour's cattle. An old widow was yesterday soliciting Eugenio to enable her to replevin her only cow, then in the pound by squire Bluster's order, who had sent one of his agents to take advantage of her calamity, and persuade her to sell the cow at an underrate. He has driven a day labourer from his cottage for gathering blackberries in a hedge for his children; and has now an old woman in the county jail for a trespass which she committed by coming into his grounds to pick up acorns for her hog.

"Money, in whatever hands, will confer power. Distress will fly to immediate refuge, without much consideration of remote consequences. Bluster has therefore a despotic authority in many families, whom he has assisted, on pressing occasions, with larger sums than they can easily repay. The only visits that he makes are to these houses of misfortune, where he enters with the insolence of absolute command, enjoys the terrors of the family, exacts their obedience, riots at their charge, and in the height of his joy insults the father with menaces, and the daughters with obscenity.

"He is of late somewhat less offensive; for one of his debtors, after gentle expostulations, by which he was only irritated to grosser outrage, seized him by the sleeve, led him trembling into the court-yard, and closed the door upon him in a stormy night. He took his usual revenge next morning by a writ; but the debt was discharged with the assistance of Eugenio.

"It is his rule to suffer his tenants to owe him rent, because by this indulgence he secures to himself the power of seizure whenever he has an inclination to amuse himself with calamity, and feast his ears with entreaties and lamentations. Yet as he is sometimes capriciously liberal to those whom he happens to adopt as favourites, and lets his land at a cheap rate, his farms are never long unoccupied; and when one is ruined by oppression, the possibility of better fortune quickly lures another to supply his place.

"Such is the life of squire Bluster; a man in whose power fortune has liberally placed the means of happiness, but who has defeated all her gifts of their end by the depravity of his mind. He is wealthy without followers; he is magnificent without witnesses; he has birth without alliance, and influence without dignity. His neighbours scorn him as a brute; his dependents dread him as an oppressor; and he has only the gloomy comfort of reflecting, that if he is hated he is likewise feared.

"I am, sir, &c.

"VAGULUS."

No. 143. TUESDAY, JUNE 30, 1751.

——Moveat cornicula risum.
Furtivis nudata coloribus.—— HOR.

Lest when the birds their various colours claim,
Stripp'd of his stolen pride, the crow forlorn
Should stand the laughter of the public scorn.

FRANCIS.

AMONG the innumerable practices by which interest or envy have taught those who live upon literary fame to disturb each other at their airy banquets, one of the most common is the charge of

plagiarism. When the excellence of a new composition can no longer be contested, and malice is compelled to give way to the unanimity of applause, there is yet this one expedient to be tried, by which the author may be degraded, though his work be reverenced; and the excellence which we cannot obscure may be set at such a distance as not to overpower our fainter lustre.

This accusation is dangerous because, even when it is false, it may be sometimes urged with probability. Bruyere declares, that we are come into the world too late to produce any thing new, that nature and life are preoccupied, and that description and sentiment have been long exhausted. It is, indeed, certain, that whoever attempts any common topic, will find unexpected coincidence of his thoughts with those of other writers; nor can the nicest judgment always distinguish accidental similitude from artful imitation. There is likewise a common stock of images, a settled mode of arrangement, and a beaten track of transition, which all authors suppose themselves at liberty to use, and which produce the resemblance generally observable among contemporaries. So that in books which best deserve the name of originals, there is little new beyond the disposition of materials already provided; the same ideas and combinations of ideas have been long in the possession of other hands; and by restoring to every man his own, as the Romans must have returned to their cots from the possession of the world, so the most inventive and fertile genius would reduce his folios to a few pages. Yet the author who imitates his predecessors only by furnishing himself with thoughts and elegances out of the same general magazine of literature, can with little more propriety be reproached as a plagiary, than the architect can be censured as a mean

copier of Angelo or Wren, because he digs his marble out of the same quarry, squares his stones by the same art, and unites them in columns of the same orders.

Many subjects fall under the consideration of an author, which being limited by nature can admit only of slight and accidental diversities. All definitions of the same thing must be nearly the same; and descriptions, which are definitions of a more lax and fanciful kind, must always have in some degree that resemblance to each other which they all have to their object. Different poets describing the spring or the sea would mention the zephyrs and the flowers, the billows and the rocks; reflecting on human life, they would, without any communication of opinions, lament the deceitfulness of hope, the fugacity of pleasure, the fragility of beauty, and the frequency of calamity; and for palliatives of these incurable miseries, they would concur in recommending kindness, temperance, caution, and fortitude.

When, therefore, there are found in Virgil and Horace two similar passages,

Hæ tibi erunt artes———
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.——— VIRG.

To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee. DRYDEN.

Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem. HOR.

Let Cæsar spread his conquests far,
Less pleased to triumph than to spare.

it is surely not necessary to suppose with a late critic that one is copied from the other, since neither Virgil nor Horace can be supposed ignorant of the common duties of humanity, and the virtue of moderation in success.

Cicero and Ovid have on very different occasions remarked how little of the honour of a victory belongs to the general, when his soldiers and his fortune have made their deductions; yet why should Ovid be suspected to have owed to Tully an observation which perhaps occurs to every man that sees or hears of military glories?

Tully observes of Achilles, that had not Homer written, his valour had been without praise: *Nisi Ilias illa extitisset, idem tumulus qui corpus ejus contexerat, nomen ejus obruisset.* "Unless the Iliad had been published, his name had been lost in the tomb that covered his body."

Horace tells us with more energy that there were brave men before the wars of Troy, but they were lost in oblivion for want of a poet:

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave:
In endless night they sleep unwept, unknown:
No bard had they to make all time their own. FRANCIS.

Tully inquires, in the same oration, why, but for fame, we disturb a short life with so many fatigues? *Quid est quod in hoc tam exiguo vitæ curriculo et tam brevi, tantis nos in laboribus exerceamus.* "Why in so small a circuit of life should we employ ourselves in so many fatigues?"

Horace inquires in the same manner,

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa?

Why do we aim, with eager strife,
At things beyond the mark of life? FRANCIS.

when our life is of so short duration, why we form such numerons designs? But Horace, as well as Tully, might discover that records are needful to preserve the memory of actions, and that no records were so durable as poems; either of them might find out that life is short, and that we consume it in unnecessary labour.

There are other flowers of fiction so widely scattered and so easily cropped, that it is scarcely just to tax the use of them as an act by which any particular writer is despoiled of his garland; for they may be said to have been planted by the ancients in the open road of poetry for the accommodation of their successors, and to be the right of every one that has art to pluck them without injuring their colours or their fragrance. The passage of Orpheus to hell, with the recovery and second loss of Eurydice, have been described after Boetius by Pope in such a manner as might justly leave him suspected of imitation, were not the images such as they might both have derived from more ancient writers.

Quæ sontes agitant metu
Ultrices scelerum deæ
Jam mastæ lacrymis madent,
Non Ixionium caput
Velox præcipitat rota.

The powers of vengeance, while they hear,
Touch'd with compassion, drop a tear;
Ixion's rapid wheel is bound,
Fix'd in attention to the sound. F. Lewis.

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The furies sink upon their iron beds.

Tandem vincimur, arbiter
Umbrarum, miserans, ait———
Donemus, comitem vire,
Emtam carmine, conjugem.

Subdued at length, Hell's pitying monarch cried,
The song rewarding, let us yield the bride. F. Lewis.

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.

Heu, noctis prope terminos
Orpheus Eurydicen suam
Vidit, perdidit, occidit.

Nor yet the golden verge of day begun,
When Orpheus, her unhappy lord,
Eurydice to life restored,
At once beheld, and lost, and was undone. F. Lewis.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!

No writer can be fully convicted of imitation except there is a concurrence of more resemblance than can be imagined to have happened by chance; as where the same ideas are conjoined without any natural series or necessary coherence, or where not only the thought but the words are copied. Thus it can scarcely be doubted, that in the first of the following passages Pope remembered Ovid, and that in the second he copied Crashaw.

Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas?
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes———
Sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat. Ovid.

Quit, quit this barren trade, my father cried:
E'en Homer left no riches when he died———
In verse spontaneous flow'd my native strain,
Forced by no sweat or labour of the brain. F. Lewis.

I left no calling for this idle trade;
No duty broke, no father disobey'd;
While yet a child, ere yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came. Pope.

——This plain floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man. Crashaw.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man. POPE.

Conceits, or thoughts not immediately impressed by sensible objects, or necessarily arising from a coalition or comparison of common sentiments, may be with great justice suspected whenever they are found a second time. Thus Waller probably owed to Grotius an elegant compliment.

Here lies the learned Savil's heir,
So early wise, and lasting fair,
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old. WALLER.

Unica lux sæcli, genitoris, gloria, nemo
Quem puerum, nemo credidit esse senem. GROT.

The age's miracle, his father's joy!
Nor old you would pronounce him, nor a boy.
F. LEWIS.

And Prior was indebted for a pretty illustration to Alleyne's poetical history of Henry the Seventh:

For nought but life itself itself can show,
And only kings can write what kings can do. ALLEYNE.

Your music's power your music must disclose,
For what light is 'tis only light that shows. PRIOR.

And with yet more certainty may the same writer be censured, for endeavouring the clandestine appropriation of a thought which he borrowed, surely without thinking himself disgraced, from an epigram of Plato:

Τη Παφιη το κατοπτρον· επει τοιη μεν ορασθαι
Ουκ εθελω, οιη δ' ην παρος, ου δυναμαι.

Venus, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

As not every instance of similitude can be considered as a proof of imitation, so not every imitation ought to be stigmatised as plagiarism. The adop-

tion of a noble sentiment, or the insertion of a borrowed ornament, may sometimes display so much judgment as will almost compensate for invention; and an inferior genius may, without any imputation of servility, pursue the paths of the ancients, provided he declines to tread in their footsteps.

No. 144. SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1751.

Daphnidis arcum
Fregisti et calamos: quæ tu, perverse Menalca,
Et cum vidisti puero donàta, dolebas;
Et si non aliqua nocuisses, mortuus esses. VIRG.

The bow of Daphnis and the shafts you broke;
When the fair boy received the gift of right;
And but for mischief you had died for spite. DRYDEN.

It is impossible to mingle in conversation without observing the difficulty with which a new name makes its way into the world. The first appearance of excellence unites multitudes against it; unexpected opposition rises up on every side; the celebrated and the obscure join in the confederacy; subtlety furnishes arms to impudence, and invention leads on credulity.

The strength and unanimity of this alliance is not easily conceived. It might be expected that no man should suffer his heart to be inflamed with malice but by injuries; that none should busy himself in contesting the pretensions of another but when some right of his own was involved in the question; that at least hostilities commenced without cause should quickly cease; that the armies of malignity should soon disperse, when no common interest could be found to hold them together; and that the attack upon a rising character should be left to

those who had something to hope or fear from the event.

The hazards of those that aspire to eminence would be much diminished if they had none but acknowledged rivals to encounter. Their enemies would then be few, and what is of yet greater importance, would be known. But what caution is sufficient to ward off the blows of invisible assailants, or what force can stand against unintermitted attacks and a continual succession of enemies? Yet such is the state of the world, that no sooner can any man emerge from the crowd, and fix the eyes of the public upon him, than he stands as a mark to the arrows of lurking calumny, and receives, in the tumult of hostility, from distant and from nameless hands, wounds not always easy to be cured.

It is probable that the onset against the candidates for renown is originally incited by those who imagine themselves in danger of suffering by their success; but when war is once declared, volunteers flock to the standard, multitudes follow the camp only for want of employment, and flying squadrons are dispersed to every part, so pleased with an opportunity of mischief that they toil without prospect of praise, and pillage without hope of profit.

When any man has endeavoured to deserve distinction, he will be surprised to hear himself censured where he could not expect to have been named; he will find the utmost acrimony of malice among those whom he never could have offended.

As there are to be found in the service of envy men of every diversity of temper, and degree of understanding, calumny is diffused by all arts and methods of propagation. Nothing is too gross or too refined, too cruel or too trifling to be practised; very little regard is had to the rules of honourable

ostility, but every weapon is accounted lawful, nd those that cannot make a thrust at life are con- ent to keep themselves in play with petty malevo- ence, to tease with feeble blows and impotent dis- urbance.

But as the industry of observation has divided the ost miscellaneous and confused assemblages into roper classes, and ranged the insects of the sum- ner, that torment us with their drones or stings by heir several tribes; the persecutors of merit, not- vithstanding their numbers, may be likewise com- nodiously distinguished into Roarers, Whisperers, nd Moderators.

The Roarer is an enemy rather terrible than dan- gerous. He has no other qualification for a cham- pion of controversy than a hardened front and strong voice. Having seldom so much desire to confute as to silence, he depends rather upon vociferation than argument, and has very little care to adjust one part of his accusation to another, to preserve decency in his language or probability in his narra- tives. He has always a store of reproachful epi- thets and contemptuous appellations ready to be produced as occasion may require, which by con- stant use he pours out with resistless volubility. If the wealth of a trader is mentioned, he without hesitation devotes him to bankruptcy; if the beauty and elegance of a lady be commended, he wonders how the town can fall in love with rustic deformity; if a new performance of genius happens to be cele- brated, he pronounces the writer a hopeless idiot, without knowledge of books or life, and without the understanding by which it must be acquired. His exaggerations are generally without effect upon those whom he compels to hear them; and though it will sometimes happen that the timorous are awed by his violence, and the credulous mistake

his confidence for knowledge, yet the opinions which he endeavours to suppress soon recover their former strength, as the trees that bend to the tempest erect themselves again when its force is past.

The Whisperer is more dangerous. He easily gains attention by a soft address, and excites curiosity by an air of importance. As secrets are not to be made cheap by promiscuous publication, he calls a select audience about him, and gratifies their vanity with an appearance of trust by communicating his intelligence in a low voice. Of the trader he can tell, that though he seems to manage an extensive commerce, and talks in high terms of the funds, yet his wealth is not equal to his reputation; he has lately suffered much by an expensive project, and had a greater share than is acknowledged in the rich ship that perished by the storm. Of the beauty he has little to say, but that they who see her in a morning do not discover all those graces which are admired in the park. Of the writer he affirms with great certainty, that, though the excellence of the work be incontestable, he can claim but a small part of the reputation; that he owed most of the images and sentiments to a secret friend; and that the accuracy and equality of the style was produced by the successive correction of the chief critics of the age.

As every one is pleased with imagining that he knows something not yet commonly divulged, secret history easily gains credit; but it is for the most part believed only while it circulates in whispers; and when once it is openly told, is openly confuted.

The most pernicious enemy is the man of Moderation. Without interest in the question, or any motive but honest curiosity, this impartial and zealous inquirer after truth is ready to hear either side, and always disposed to kind interpretations and favour-

able opinions. He has heard the trader's affairs reported with great variation, and, after a diligent comparison of the evidence, concludes it probable that the splendid superstructure of business, being originally built upon a narrow basis, has lately been found to totter; but between dilatory payment and bankruptcy there is a great distance; many merchants have supported themselves by expedients for a time without any final injury to their creditors; and what is lost by one adventure may be recovered by another. He believes that a young lady pleased with admiration, and desirous to make perfect what is already excellent, may heighten her charms by artificial improvements, but surely most of her beauties must be genuine, and who can say that he is wholly what he endeavours to appear? The author he knows to be a man of diligence, who perhaps does not sparkle with the fire of Homer, but has the judgment to discover his own deficiencies, and to supply them by the help of others; and in his opinion modesty is a quality so amiable and rare, that it ought to find a patron wherever it appears, and may justly be preferred by the public suffrage to petulant wit and ostentatious literature.

He who thus discovers failings with unwillingness, and extenuates the faults which cannot be denied, puts an end at once to doubt or vindication; his hearers repose upon his candour and veracity, and admit the charge without allowing the excuse.

Such are the arts by which the envious, the idle, the peevish, and the thoughtless obstruct that worth which they cannot equal, and by artifices thus easy, sordid, and detestable, is industry defeated, beauty blasted, and genius depressed.

No. 145. TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1751.

Non si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Ceæque et Alcæi minaces
Stesichorique graves Camænæ. HOR.

What though the muse her Homer throues
High above all the' immortal quire;
Nor Pindar's rapture she disowns,
Nor hides the plaintive Cæan lyre.
Alcæus strikes the tyrant's soul with dread,
Nor yet is grave Stesichorus unread. FRANCIS.

IT is allowed that vocations and employments of least dignity are of the most apparent use; that the meanest artisan or manufacturer contributes more to the accommodation of life than the profound scholar and argumentative theorist; and that the public would suffer less present inconvenience from the banishment of philosophers than from the extinction of any common trade.

Some have been so forcibly struck with this observation, that they have, in the first warmth of their discovery, thought it reasonable to alter the common distribution of dignity, and ventured to condemn mankind of universal ingratitude. For justice exacts, that those by whom we are most benefited should be most honoured. And what labour can be more useful than that which procures to families and communities those necessaries which supply the wants of nature, or those conveniences by which ease, security, and elegance are conferred?

This is one of the innumerable theories which the first attempt to reduce them into practice certainly destroys. If we estimate dignity by immediate use-

fulness, agriculture is undoubtedly the first and noblest science; yet we see the plough driven, the clod broken, the manure spread, the seeds scattered, and the harvest reaped, by men whom those that feed upon their industry will never be persuaded to admit into the same rank with heroes or with sages; and who, after all the confessions which truth may extort in favour of their occupation, must be content to fill up the lowest class of the commonwealth, to form the base of the pyramid of subordination, and lie buried in obscurity themselves, while they support all that is splendid, conspicuous, or exalted.

It will be found, upon a closer inspection, that this part of the conduct of mankind is by no means contrary to reason or equity. Remuneratory honours are proportioned at once to the usefulness and difficulty of performances, and are properly adjusted by comparison of the mental and corporeal abilities which they appear to employ. That work, however necessary, which is carried on only by muscular strength and manual dexterity, is not of equal esteem, in the consideration of rational beings, with the tasks that exercise the intellectual powers, and require the active vigour of imagination, or the gradual and laborious investigations of reason.

The merit of all manual occupations seems to terminate in the inventor; and surely the first ages cannot be charged with ingratitude; since those who civilised barbarians, and taught them how to secure themselves from cold and hunger, were numbered amongst their deities. But these arts once discovered by philosophy, and facilitated by experience, are afterwards practised with very little assistance from the faculties of the soul; nor is any thing necessary to the regular discharge of these inferior duties, beyond that rude observation which the most sluggish intellect may practise, and that

industry which the stimulations of necessity naturally enforce.

Yet though the refusal of statues and panegyric to those who employ only their hands and feet in the service of mankind may be easily justified, I am far from intending to incite the petulance of pride, to justify the superciliousness of grandeur, or to intercept any part of that tenderness and benevolence which by the privilege of their common nature one man may claim from another.

That it would be neither wise nor equitable to discourage the husbandman, the labourer, the miner, or the smith, is generally granted; but there is another race of beings equally obscure and equally indigent, who, because their usefulness is less obvious to vulgar apprehensions, live unrewarded and die unpitied, and who have been long exposed to insult without a defender, and to censure without an apologist.

The authors of London were formerly computed by Swift at several thousands, and there is not any reason for suspecting that their number has decreased. Of these only a few can be said to produce, or endeavour to produce new ideas, to extend any principle of science, or gratify the imagination with any uncommon train of images or contexture of events; the rest, however laborious, however arrogant, can only be considered as the drudges of the pen, the manufacturers of literature, who have set up for authors, either with or without a regular initiation, and, like other artificers, have no other care than to deliver their tale of wares at the stated time.

It has been formerly imagined that he who intends the entertainment or instruction of others must feel in himself some peculiar impulse of genius, that he must watch the happy minute in which his natural fire is excited, in which his mind is elevated

with nobler sentiments, enlightened with clearer views, and invigorated with stronger comprehension; that he must carefully select his thoughts and polish his expressions; and animate his efforts with the hope of raising a monument of learning, which neither time nor envy shall be able to destroy.

But the authors whom I am now endeavouring to recommend have been too long *hackneyed in the ways of men* to indulge the chimerical ambition of immortality; they have seldom any claim to the trade of writing, but that they have tried some other without success; they perceive no particular summons to composition, except the sound of the clock; they have no other rule than the law of the fashion for admitting their thoughts or rejecting them; and about the opinion of posterity they have little solicitude, for their productions are seldom intended to remain in the world longer than a week.

That such authors are not to be rewarded with praise is evident, since nothing can be admired when it ceases to exist; but surely though they cannot aspire to honour they may be exempted from ignominy, and adopted into that order of men which deserves our kindness, though not our reverence. These papers of the day, the ephemeræ of learning, have uses more adequate to the purposes of common life than more pompous and durable volumes. If it is necessary for every man to be more acquainted with his contemporaries than with past generations, and to rather know the events which may immediately affect his fortune or quiet than the revolutions of ancient kingdoms, in which he has neither possessions nor expectations; if it be pleasing to hear of the preferment and dismission of statesmen, the birth of heirs, and the marriage of beauties, the humble author of journals and gazettes must be considered as a liberal dispenser of beneficial knowledge.

Even the abridger, compiler, and translator, though their labours cannot be ranked with those of the diurnal historiographer, yet must not be rashly doomed to annihilation. Every size of readers requires a genius of correspondent capacity; some delight in abstracts and epitomes, because they want room in their memory for long details, and content themselves with effects, without inquiry after causes; some minds are overpowered by splendour of sentiment, as some eyes are offended by a glaring light; such will gladly contemplate an author in an humble imitation, as we look without pain upon the sun in the water.

As every writer has his use, every writer ought to have his patrons; and since no man, however high he may now stand, can be certain that he shall not be soon thrown down from his elevation by criticism or caprice, the common interest of learning requires that her sons should cease from intestine hostilities, and instead of sacrificing each other to malice and contempt, endeavour to avert persecution from the meanest of their fraternity.

No. 146. SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1751.

Sunt illic duo, tresve, qui revolvant
Nostrarum tineas ineptiarum:
Sed cum sponsio, fabulæque lassæ
De scorpo fuerint et incitato. MART.

'Tis possible that one or two
These fooleries of mine may view;
But then the bettings must be o'er,
Nor Crab or Childers talk'd of more. F. LEWIS.

NONE of the projects or designs which exercise the mind of man are equally subject to obstructions and disappointments with the pursuit of fame. Riches

annot easily be denied to them who have some-
ing of greater value to offer in exchange; he
hose fortune is endangered by litigation will not
fuse to augment the wealth of the lawyer; he
hose days are darkened by languor, or whose
erves are excruciated by pain, is compelled to pay
ibute to the science of healing. But praise may
e always omitted without inconvenience. When
nce a man has made celebrity necessary to his
ppiness, he has put it in the power of the weakest
nd most timorous malignity, if not to take away
is satisfaction, at least to withhold it. His ene-
ies may indulge their pride by airy negligence,
nd gratify their malice by quiet neutrality. They
hat could never have injured a character by invec-
ves may combine to annihilate it by silence; as
he women of Rome threatened to put an end to
onquest and dominion, by supplying no children
o the commonwealth.

When a writer has with long toil produced a
work intended to burst upon mankind with unex-
pected lustre, and withdraw the attention of the
earned world from every other controversy or in-
quiry, he is seldom contented to wait long without
he enjoyment of his new praises. With an imagi-
nation full of his own importance, he walks out like
a monarch in disguise to learn the various opinions
of his readers. Prepared to feast upon admiration,
composed to encounter censures without emotion,
nd determined not to suffer his quiet to be injured
by a sensibility too exquisite of praise or blame,
but to laugh with equal contempt at vain objections
nd injudicious commendations, he enters the places
f mingled conversation, sits down to his tea in an
bscure corner, and while he appears to examine a
ile of antiquated journals, catches the conversa-
ion of the whole room. He listens, but hears no

mention of his book, and therefore supposes that he has disappointed his curiosity by delay; and that as men of learning would naturally begin their conversation with such a wonderful novelty, they had digressed to other subjects before his arrival. The company disperses and their places are supplied by others equally ignorant, or equally careless. The same expectation hurries him to another place, from which the same disappointment drives him soon away. His impatience then grows violent and tumultuous; he ranges over the town with restless curiosity, and hears in one quarter of a cricket-match, in another of a pickpocket; is told by some of an unexpected bankruptcy, by others of a turtle feast; is sometimes provoked by importunate inquiries after the white bear, and sometimes with praises of the dancing dog; he is afterwards entreated to give his judgment upon a wager about the height of the Monument; invited to see a foot-race in the adjacent villages; desired to read a ludicrous advertisement; or consulted about the most effectual method of making inquiry after a favourite cat. The whole world is busied in affairs which he thinks below the notice of reasonable creatures, and which are nevertheless sufficient to withdraw all regard from his labours and his merits.

He resolves at last to violate his own modesty, and to recall the talkers from their folly by an inquiry after himself. He finds every one provided with an answer; one has seen the work advertised, but never met with any that had read it; another has been so often imposed upon by specious titles that he never buys a book till its character is established; a third wonders what any man can hope to produce after so many writers of greater eminence; the next has inquired after the author, but can hear no account of him, and therefore suspects the name

to be fictitious; and another knows him to be a man condemned by indigence to write too frequently what he does not understand.

Many are the consolations with which the unhappy author endeavours to allay his vexation and fortify his patience. He has written with too little indulgence to the understanding of common readers; he has fallen upon an age in which solid knowledge and delicate refinement have given way to low merriment and idle buffoonery, and therefore no writer can hope for distinction, who has any higher purpose than to raise laughter. He finds that his enemies, such as superiority will always raise, have been industrious, while his performance was in the press, to vilify and blast it; and that the bookseller, whom he had resolved to enrich, has rivals that obstruct the circulation of his copies. He at last reposes upon the consideration, that the noblest works of learning and genius have always made their ways slowly against ignorance and prejudice; and that reputation, which is never to be lost, must be gradually obtained, as animals of longest life are observed not soon to attain their full stature and strength.

By such arts of voluntary delusion does every man endeavour to conceal his own unimportance from himself. It is long before we are convinced of the small proportion which every individual bears to the collective body of mankind; or learn how few can be interested in the fortune of any single man; how little vacancy is left in the world for any new object of attention; to how small extent the brightest blaze of merit can be spread amidst the mists of business and folly; and how soon it is clouded by the intervention of other novelties. Not only the writer of books, but the commander of armies, and the deliverer of nations, will easily outlive all noisy

and popular reputation: he may be celebrated for a time by the public voice, but his actions and his name will soon be considered as remote and unaffecting, and be rarely mentioned but by those whose alliance gives them some vanity to gratify by frequent commemoration.

It seems not to be sufficiently considered how little renown can be admitted in the world. Mankind are kept perpetually busy by their fears or desires, and have not more leisure from their own affairs than to acquaint themselves with the accidents of the current day. Engaged in contriving some refuge from calamity, or in shortening the way to some new possession, they seldom suffer their thoughts to wander to the past or future; none but a few solitary students have leisure to inquire into the claims of ancient heroes or sages; and names which hoped to range over kingdoms and continents shrink at last into cloisters or colleges.

Nor is it certain, that even of these dark and narrow habitations, these last retreats of fame, the possession will be long kept. Of men devoted to literature very few extend their views beyond some particular science, and the greater part seldom inquire, even in their own profession, for any authors but those whom the present mode of study happens to force upon their notice; they desire not to fill their minds with unfashionable knowledge, but contentedly resign to oblivion those books which they now find censured or neglected.

The hope of fame is necessarily connected with such considerations as must abate the ardour of confidence, and repress the vigour of pursuit. Whoever claims renown from any kind of excellence, expects to fill the place which is now possessed by another; for there are already names of every class sufficient to employ all that will desire to remember:

them; and surely he that is pushing his predecessors into the gulf of obscurity, cannot but sometimes suspect, that he must himself sink in like manner, and as he stands upon the same precipice, be swept away with the same violence.

It sometimes happens that fame begins when life is at an end; but far the greater number of candidates for applause have owed their reception in the world to some favourable casualties, and have therefore immediately sunk into neglect, when death stripped them of their casual influence, and neither fortune nor patronage operated in their favour. Among those who have better claims to regard, the honour paid to their memory is commonly proportionate to the reputation which they enjoyed in their lives, though still growing fainter, as it is at a greater distance from the first emission; and since it is so difficult to obtain the notice of contemporaries, how little it is to be hoped from future times? What can merit effect by its own force, when the help of art or friendship can scarcely support it?

No. 147. TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1751.

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ. HOR.

——You are of too quick a sight,
Not to discern which way your talent lies. ROSCOMMON.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"As little things grow great by continual accumulation, I hope you will not think the dignity of your character impaired by an account of a ludicrous persecution, which, though it produces no scenes of horror or of ruin, yet, by incessant importunity of

vexation, wears away my happiness, and consu
those years which nature seems particularly to h
assigned to cheerfulness, in silent anxiety and h
less resentment.

" I am the eldest son of a gentleman, who hav
inherited a large estate from his ancestors, and f
ing no desire either to increase or lessen it, has fr
the time of his marriage generally resided at his
seat; where, by dividing his time among the du
of a father, a master, and a magistrate, the study
literature, and the offices of civility, he finds m
to rid himself of the day, without any of th
amusements which all those with whom my r
dence in this place has made me acquainted th
necessary to lighten the burden of existence.

" When my age made me capable of instruc
my father prevailed upon a gentleman, long k
at Oxford for the extent of his learning and p
of his manners, to undertake my education.
regard with which I saw him treated dispose
to consider his instructions as important, a
therefore soon formed a habit of attention, by w
I made very quick advances in different kin
learning, and heard, perhaps too often, very fl
ing comparisons of my own proficiency with t
others, either less docile by nature, or less h
forwarded by instruction. I was caressed
that exchanged visits with my father; and as
men are with little difficulty taught to judge f
ably of themselves, began to think that close
cation was no longer necessary, and that th
was now come when I was at liberty to rea
for amusement, and was to receive the rewar
fatigues in praise and admiration.

" While I was thus banqueting upon
perfections, and longing in secret to esc
tutorage, my father's brother came from I

ummer at his native place. A lucrative
ent which he possessed, and a fondness for
ersation and diversions of the gay part of
, had so long kept him from rural excur-
it I had never seen him since my infancy.
osity was therefore strongly excited by the
observing a character more nearly, which I
rto reverenced only at a distance.
m all private and intimate conversation I
; withheld by the perpetual confluence of
with whom the first news of my uncle's
rowded the house; but was amply recom-
y seeing an exact and punctilious practice
s of a courtier, in all the stratagems of en-
, the gradations of respect, and variations
sy. I remarked with what justice of dis-
he divided his talk to a wide circle; with
lress he offered to every man an occasion
ing some favourite topic, or displaying some
r attainment; the judgment with which he
l his inquiries after the absent; and the care
ich he showed all the companions of his
ars how strongly they were infixed in his
by the mention of past incidents, and the
f puerile kindnesses, dangers, and frolics.
iscovered that he possessed some science
sness and attraction which books had not
nd of which neither I nor my father had
vledge; that he had the power of obliging
om he did not benefit; that he diffused,
cursory behaviour and most trifling actions,
of softness and delicacy by which every
dazzled; and that by some occult method
ration, he animated the timorous, softened
rcilious, and opened the reserved. I could
epine at the inelegance of my own manners,
ft me no hopes but not to offend, and at the

inefficacy of rustic benevolence, which gained no friends but by real service.

"My uncle saw the veneration with which I caught every accent of his voice, and watched every motion of his hand; and the awkward diligence with which I endeavoured to imitate his embrace of fondness, and his bow of respect. He was, like others, easily flattered by an imitator by whom he could not fear ever to be rivaled, and repaid my assiduities with compliments and professions. Our fondness was so increased by a mutual endeavour to please each other that, when he returned to London, he declared himself unable to leave a nephew so amiable and so accomplished behind him; and obtained my father's permission to enjoy my company for a few months, by a promise to initiate me in the arts of politeness, and introduce me into public life.

"The courtier had little inclination to fatigue, and therefore, by traveling very slowly, afforded me time for more loose and familiar conversation: but I soon found, that by a few inquiries which he was not well prepared to satisfy, I had made him weary of his young companion. His element was a mixed assembly, were ceremony and healths, compliments and common topics, kept the tongue employed with very little assistance from memory or reflection; but in the chariot, where he was necessitated to support a regular tenor of conversation, without any relief from a new comer, or any power of starting into gay digressions, or destroying argument by a jest, he soon discovered that poverty of ideas which had been hitherto concealed under the tinsel of politeness. The first day he entertained me with the novelties and wonders with which I should be astonished at my entrance into London, and cautioned me, with apparent admiration of his

own wisdom, against the arts by which rusticity is frequently deluded. The same detail and the same advice he would have repeated on the second day; but as I every moment diverted the discourse to the history of the towns by which we passed, or some other object of learning or of reason, he soon lost his vivacity, grew peevish and silent, wrapped his cloak about him, composed himself to slumber, and reserved his gaiety for fitter auditors.

"At length I entered London, and my uncle was reinstated in his superiority. He awaked at once to loquacity as soon as our wheels rattled on the pavement, and told me the name of every street as we crossed it, and owner of every house as we passed by. He presented me to my aunt, a lady of great eminence for the number of her acquaintance and splendour of her assemblies, and either in kindness or revenge consulted with her, in my presence, how I might be most advantageously dressed for my first appearance, and most expeditiously disencumbered from my villatic bashfulness. My indignation at familiarity thus contemptuous flushed on my face; they mistook anger for shame, and alternately exerted their eloquence upon the benefits of public education, and the happiness of an assurance early acquired.

"Assurance is indeed the only qualification to which they seem to have annexed merit, and assurance therefore is perpetually recommended to me as the supply of every defect, and the ornament of every excellence. I never sit silent in company when secret history is circulating, but I am reproached for want of assurance. If I fail to return the stated answer to a compliment; if I am disconcerted by unexpected raillery; if I blush when I am discovered gazing on a beauty; or hesitate when I find myself embarrassed in an argument; if I am

unwilling to talk of what I do not understand, timorous in undertaking offices which I can gracefully perform; if I suffer a more lively tatt to recount the casualties of a game, or a nimb fop to pick up a fan, I am censured between p and contempt, as a wretch doomed to grovel in s scurity for want of assurance.

"I have found many young persons harassed the same manner, by those to whom age has giv nothing but the assurance which they recommen and therefore cannot think it useful to inform the that cowardice and delicacy are not to be confoun ed; and that he whose stupidity has armed h against the shafts of ridicule will always act a speak with greater audacity than they whose s sibility represses their ardour, and who dare no let their confidence outgrow their abilities."

No. 148. SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 175

Me pater sævis onerat catenis
Quod viro clemens misero peperci,
Me vel extremis Numidarum in oris
Classe relegit. HOR.

Me let my father load with chains,
Or banish to Numidia's farthest plains!
My crime, that I, a loyal wife,
In kind compassion spared my husband's life.
FRANCIS.

POLITICIANS remark, that no oppression is heavy or lasting as that which is inflicted by t perversion and exorbitance of legal authority. T robber may be seized, and the invader repell whenever they are found; they who pretend right but that of force may be punished or s pressed. But when plunder bears the name of

post, and murder is perpetrated by a judicial sentence, fortitude is intimidated and wisdom confounded; resistance shrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains secure in the robes of the magistrate.

Equally dangerous and equally detestable are the cruelties often exercised in private families, under the venerable sanction of parental authority; the power which we are taught to honour from the first moments of reason; which is guarded from insult and violation by all that can impress awe upon the mind of man; and which therefore may wanton in cruelty without control, and trample the bounds of right with innumerable transgressions, before duty and piety will dare to seek redress, or think themselves at liberty to recur to any other means of deliverance than supplications by which insolence is elated, and tears by which cruelty is gratified.

It was for a long time imagined by the Romans, that no son could be the murderer of his father; and they had therefore no punishment appropriated to parricide. They seem likewise to have believed with equal confidence, that no father could be cruel to his child; and therefore they allowed every man the supreme judicature in his own house, and put the lives of his offspring into his hands. But experience informed them by degrees, that they had determined too hastily in favour of human nature; they found that instinct and habit were not able to contend with avarice or malice; that the nearest relation might be violated; and that power, to whomsoever intrusted, might be ill employed. They were therefore obliged to supply and to change their institutions; to deter the parricide by a new law, and to transfer capital punishment from the parent to the magistrate.

There are indeed many houses which it is impossible to enter familiarly, without discovering that parents are by no means exempt from the intoxications of dominion; and that he who is in no danger of hearing remonstrances but from his own conscience will seldom be long without the art of controling his convictions, and modifying justice by his own will.

If in any situation the heart were inaccessible to malignity, it might be supposed to be sufficiently secured by parental relation. To have voluntarily become to any being the occasion of its existence produces an obligation to make that existence happy. To see helpless infancy stretching out her hands, and pouring out her cries in testimony of dependence, without any powers to alarm jealousy, or any guilt to alienate affection, must surely awaken tenderness in every human mind; and tenderness once excited will be hourly increased by the natural contagion of felicity, by the repercussion of communicated pleasure, by the consciousness of the dignity of benefaction. I believe no generous or benevolent man can see the vilest animal courting his regard, and shrinking at his anger, playing his gambols of delight before him, calling on him in distress, and flying to him in danger, without more kindness than he can persuade himself to feel for the wild and unsocial inhabitants of the air and water. We naturally endear to ourselves those to whom we impart any kind of pleasure, because we imagine their affection and esteem secured to us by the benefits which they receive.

There is indeed another method by which the pride of superiority may be likewise gratified. He that has extinguished all the sensations of humanity, and has no longer any satisfaction in the re-

flection that he is loved as the distributer of happiness, may please himself with exciting terror as the inflicter of pain: he may delight his solitude with contemplating the extent of his power and the force of his commands, in imagining the desires that flutter on the tongue which is forbidden to utter them, or the discontent which preys on the heart in which fear confines it: he may amuse himself with new contrivances of detection, multiplications of prohibitions, and varieties of punishment; and swell with exultation when he considers how little of the homage that he receives he owes to choice.

That princes of this character have been known, the history of all absolute kingdoms will inform us; and since, as Aristotle observes, *η οικονομικη μοναρχια, the government of a family is naturally monarchical*, it is like other monarchies too often arbitrarily administered. The regal and parental tyrant differ only in the extent of their dominions, and the number of their slaves. The same passions cause the same miseries; except that seldom any prince, however despotic, has so far shaken off all awe of the public eye as to venture upon those freaks of injustice which are sometimes indulged under the secrecy of a private dwelling. Capricious injunctions, partial decisions, unequal allotments, distributions of reward not by merit but by fancy, and punishments regulated not by the degree of offence, but by the humour of the judge, are too frequent where no power is known but that of a father.

That he delights in the misery of others no man will confess, and yet what other motive can make a father cruel? The king may be instigated by one man to the destruction of another; he may sometimes think himself endangered by the virtues of a subject; he may dread the successful general or the

popular orator; his avarice may point out golden confiscations; and his guilt may whisper that he can only be secure by cutting off all power of revenge.

But what can a parent hope from the oppression of those who were born to his protection, of those who can disturb him with no competition, who can enrich him with no spoils? Why cowards are cruel may be easily discovered; but for what reason, not more infamous than cowardice, can that man delight in oppression who has nothing to fear?

The unjustifiable severity of a parent is loaded with this aggravation, that those whom he injures are always in his sight. The injustice of a prince is often exercised upon those of whom he never had any personal or particular knowledge; and the sentence which he pronounces, whether of banishment, imprisonment, or death, removes from his view the man whom he condemns. But the domestic oppressor dooms himself to gaze upon those faces which he clouds with terror and with sorrow; and beholds every moment the effect of his own barbarities. He that can bear to give continual pain to those who surround him, and can walk with satisfaction in the gloom of his own presence; he that can see submissive misery without relenting, and meet without emotion the eye that implores mercy or demands justice, will scarcely be amended by remonstrance or admonition; he has found means of stopping the avenues of tenderness, and arming his heart against the force of reason.

Even though no consideration should be paid to the great law of social beings, by which every individual is commanded to consult the happiness of others, yet the harsh parent is less to be vindicated than any other criminal, because he less provides for the happiness of himself. Every man, however

e loves others, would willingly be loved;
nan hopes to live long, and therefore hopes
t time at which he shall sink back to imbeci-
d must depend for ease and cheerfulness upon
ciousness of others. But how has he obvi-
e inconveniences of old age, who alienates
im the assistance of his children, and whose
ist be surrounded in his last hours, in the hours
uor and dejection, of impatience and of pain,
ngers to whom his life is indifferent, or by
s to whom his death is desirable?

y will indeed in good minds overcome pro-
n, and those who have been harassed by
y will forget the injuries which they have
d so far as to perform the last duties with
r and zeal. But surely no resentment can
ally painful with kindness thus undeserved,
severer punishment be imprecated upon a
ot wholly lost in meanness and stupidity, than,
h the tediousness of decrepitude, to be re-
ed by the kindness of his own children, to
not the tribute but the alms of attendance,
owe every relief of his miseries, not to grati-
ut to mercy.

No. 149. TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1751.

Quod non sit Pylades hoc tempore, non sit Orestes,
Miraris? Pylades, Marce, bibebat idem.
Nec melior panis, turdusve dabatur Oresti:
Sed par, atque eadem cœna duobus erat.——
Te Cadmæa Tyros, me pinguis Gallia vestit:
Vis te purpureum, Marce, sagatus amem?
Ut præstem Pyladen, aliquis mihi præstet Orestem:
Hoc non fit verbis: Marce, ut ameris, ama.
MART. vi. 11.

You wonder now that no man sees
Such friends as those of ancient Greece.
Here lay the point——Orestes' meat
Was just the same his friend did eat;
Nor can it yet be found, his wine
Was better, Pylades, than thine.
In homespun russet I am dress'd,
Your cloth is always of the best;
But honest Marcus, if you please
To choose me for your Pylades,
Remember, words alone are vain;
Love——if you would be loved again. F. LEWIS.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"No depravity of the mind has been more frequently or justly censured than ingratitude. There is indeed sufficient reason for looking on those that can return evil for good, and repay kindness and assistance with hatred or neglect, as corrupted beyond the common degrees of wickedness; nor will he who has once been clearly detected in acts of injury to his benefactor, deserve to be numbered among social beings; he has endeavoured to destroy confidence, to intercept sympathy, and to turn every man's attention wholly on himself.

"There is always danger lest the honest abhorrence

me should raise the passions with too much
s against the man to whom it is imputed.
ortion as guilt is more enormous, it ought to
rtained by stronger evidence. The charge
ingratitude is very general; almost every
n tell what favours he has conferred upon
ility, and how much happiness he has be-
without return; but perhaps, if these patrons
tectors were confronted with any whom they
f having befriended, it would often appear
y consulted only their pleasure or vanity,
aid themselves their petty donations by gra-
ns of insolence and indulgence of contempt.
as happened that much of my time has been
in a dependent state, and consequently I
ceived many favours in the opinion of those
e expense I have been maintained; yet I do
in my heart any burning gratitude or tumul-
fection; and, as I would not willingly sup-
yself less susceptible of virtuous passions
rest of mankind, I shall lay the history of
before you, that you may, by your judgment
onduct, either reform or confirm my present
nts.

father was the second son of a very ancient
lthy family. He married a lady of equal
hose fortune, joined to his own, might have
d his posterity in honour; but being gay
itious, he prevailed on his friends to procure
ost which gave him an opportunity of dis-
his elegance and politeness. My mother
ally pleased with splendour, and equally
of expense; they both justified their profu-
themselves, by endeavouring to believe it
y to the extension of their acquaintance, and
ment of their interest; and whenever any
ecame vacant, they expected to be repaid.

In the midst of these hopes, my father was snatched away by an apoplexy; and my mother, who had no pleasure but in dress, equipage, assemblies, and compliments, finding that she could live no longer in her accustomed rank, sunk into dejection, and in two years wore out her life with envy and discontent.

"I was sent with a sister one year younger than myself to the elder brother of my father. We were not yet capable of observing how much fortune influences affection, but flattered ourselves on the road with the tenderness and regard with which we should be treated by our uncle. Our reception was rather frigid than malignant; we were introduced to our young cousins, and for the first month more frequently consoled than upbraided; but in a short time we found our prattle repressed, our dress neglected, our endearments unregarded, and our requests referred to the housekeeper.

"The forms of decency were now violated, and every day produced new insults. We were soon brought to the necessity of receding from our imagined equality with our cousins, to whom we sunk into humble companions without choice or influence, expected only to echo their opinions, facilitate their desires, and accompany their rambles; it was unfortunate that our early introduction into polite company, and habitual knowledge of the arts of civility, had given us such an appearance of superiority to the awkward bashfulness of our relations as naturally drew respect and preference from every stranger; and my aunt was forced to assert the dignity of her own children, while they were sculking in corners for fear of notice, and hanging down their heads in silent confusion, by relating the indiscretion of our father, displaying her own kindness, lamenting the misery of birth without estate, and declaring her anxiety for

future provision, and the expedients which she formed to secure us from those follies or crimes which the conjunction of pride and want often es occasion. In a short time care was taken to vent such vexatious mistakes; we were told that clothes would only fill our heads with false ex-tations, and our dress was therefore accommo-ed to our fortune.

'Childhood is not easily dejected or mortified. e felt no lasting pain from insolence or neglect; t, finding that we were favoured and commended all whose interest did not prompt them to discoun-ance us, preserved our vivacity and spirit to years greater sensibility. It then became irksome and gusting to live without any principle of action but e will of another, and we often met privately in e garden to lament our condition, and to ease our arts with mutual narratives of caprice, peevishness, d affront.

"There are innumerable modes of insult and to-es of contempt for which it is not easy to find a me, which vanish to nothing in an attempt to de-ibe them, and yet may, by continual repetition, ke day pass after day in sorrow and in terror. races of cursory compliment and established salu-ion may, by a different modulation of the voice, ast of the countenance, convey contrary mean-s, and be changed from indications of respect to ressions of scorn. The dependent who cultivates icacy in himself very little consults his own tran-llity. My unhappy vigilance is every moment covering some petulance of accent, or arrogance nien, some vehemence of interrogation, or quick-s of reply, that recalls my poverty to my mind, l which I feel more acutely as I know not how esent it.

'You are not however to imagine that I

myself discharged from the duties of gratitude, only because my relations do not adjust their looks or tune their voices to my expectation. The insolence of benefaction terminates not in negative rudeness or obliquities of insult. I am often told in express terms of the miseries from which charity has snatched me, while multitudes are suffered by relations equally near to devolve upon the parish: and have more than once heard it numbered among other favours, that I am admitted to the same table with my cousins.

"That I sit at the first table I must acknowledge, but I sit there only that I may feel the stings of inferiority. My inquiries are neglected, my opinion is overborne; my assertions are controverted; and as insolence always propagates itself, the servants overlook me, in imitation of their master; if I call modestly, I am not heard; if loudly, my usurpation of authority is checked by a general frown. I am often obliged to look uninvited upon delicacies, and sometimes desired to rise upon very slight pretences.

"The incivilities to which I am exposed would give me less pain were they not aggravated by the tears of my sister, whom the young ladies are hourly tormenting with every art of feminine persecution. As it is said of the supreme magistrate of Venice, that he is a prince in one place and a slave in another, my sister is a servant to her cousins in their apartments, and a companion only at the table. Her wit and beauty draw so much regard away from them that they never suffer her to appear with them in any place where they solicit notice or expect admiration; and when they are visited by neighbouring ladies, and pass their hours in domestic amusements, she is sometimes called to fill a vacancy, insulted with contemptuous freedoms, and dismissed to her needle when her place is supplied. The heir

as of late, by the instigation of his sisters, begun o harass her with clownish jocularity; he seems inlined to make his first rude essays of waggery upn her; and by the connivance, if not encouragement of his father, treats her with such licentious brulity as I cannot bear, though I cannot punish it.

"I beg to be informed, Mr. Rambler, how much re can be supposed to owe to beneficence, exerted n terms like these? To beneficence which pollutes a gifts with contumely, and may be truly said to ander to pride? I would willingly be told whether nsolence does not reward its own liberalities, and hether he that exacts servility can with justice at ne same time expect affection.

"I am, Sir, &c.

"HYPERDULUS."

No. 150. SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1751.

O munera nondúm
Intellecta Deúm! LUCAN.

——————Thou chiefest good!
Bestow'd by Heaven, but seldom understood. ROWE.

As daily experience makes it evident that misfornes are unavoidably incident to human life, that alamity will neither be repelled by fortitude nor scaped by flight; neither awed by greatness, nor luded by obscurity; philosophers have endeavoured reconcile us to that condition which they cannot each us to mend, by persuading us that most of our vils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverseness, and that nature has annexed to every icissitude of external circumstances some advanage sufficient to overbalance all its inconveniencies.

This attempt may perhaps be justly suspect resemblance to the practice of physicians, who, they cannot mitigate pain, destroy sensibility, endeavour to conceal by opiates the ineffica their other medicines. The panegyrists of cala have more frequently gained applause to thei than acquiescence to their arguments; nor h appeared that the most musical oratory or s ratiocination has been able long to overpow anguish of oppression, the tediousness of lan or the longings of want.

Yet it may be generally remarked, that w much has been attempted, something has been formed: though the discoveries or acquisiti man are not always adequate to the expectatic his pride, they are at least sufficient to anima industry. The antidotes with which philosoph medicated the cup of life, though they cannot it salubrity and sweetness, have at least alley bitterness and contempered its malignity; the which she drops upon the wounds of the mind a their pain, though it cannot heal them.

By suffering willingly what we cannot avoi secure ourselves from vain and immoderate dis we preserve for better purposes that strength would be unprofitably wasted in wild efforts o peration, and maintain that circumspection may enable us to seize every support and im every alleviation. This calmness will be mo sily obtained, as the attention is more powe withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingle abated evil, and diverted to those accidental b which prudence may confer on every state.

Seneca has attempted not only to pacify misfortune, but almost to allure us to it, by senting it as necessary to the pleasures of the

le that never was acquainted with adversity, says he, *as seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant f half the scenes of nature.* He invites his pupil o calamity, as the Sirens allured the passenger o their coasts, by promising that he shall return *πλειονα ειδως*, with increase of knowledge, with enarged views, and multiplied ideas.

Curiosity is, in great and generous minds, the first assion and the last; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the strength of the contemplative faculties. He who easily comprehends all that is before him, and soon exhausts any single subject, is always eager for new inquiries; and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider prospect, it must be gratified with variety, by more rapid flights and bolder excursions; nor perhaps can there be proposed to those who have been accustomed to the pleasures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any undertaking than the hope of filling their fancy with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reason.

When Jason, in Valerius Flaccus, would incline he young prince Acastus to accompany him in the irst essay of navigation, he disperses his apprehension of danger by representations of the new tracts of earth and heaven which the expedition would spread before their eyes: and tells him with what grief he will hear, at their return, of the countries which they shall have seen, and toils which they have surmounted.

O quantum terræ, quantum cognoscere cœli,
Permissum est! pelagus quantos aperimus in usus!
Nunc forsan grave reris opus: sed læta recurret
Cum ratis, et caram cum jam mihi reddet Iolcon;
Quis pudor heu nostros tibi tunc audire labores!
Quam referam visas tua per suspiria gentes!

Led by our stars, what tracts immense we trace!
From seas remote what funds of science raise!

A pain to thought! but when the' heroic band
Returns applauded to their native land,
A life domestic you will then deplore,
And sigh, while I describe the various shore.

EDW. CAVE.

Acastus was soon prevailed upon by his curiosity to set rocks and hardships at defiance, and commit his life to the winds; and the same motives have in all ages had the same effect upon those whom the desire of fame or wisdom has distinguished from the lower orders of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that distress is necessary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy situation hides from us so large a part of the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the sight of affluence and splendour will be much diminished; for such is the delight of mental superiority that none on whom nature or study have conferred it would purchase the gifts of fortune by its loss.

It is certain that, however the rhetoric of Seneca may have dressed adversity with extrinsic ornaments, he has justly represented it as affording some opportunities of observation, which cannot be found in continual success; he has truly asserted that to escape misfortune is to want instruction, and that to live at ease is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happiness without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of better fortune; for the good of our present state is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be sufficient to disturb and harass him if he does not know how much he escapes. The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the shades. The highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensi-

tive perception, is that of rest after fatigue; yet that state which labour heightens into delight is of itself only ease, and is incapable of satisfying the mind without the superaddition of diversified amusements.

Prosperity, as is truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers by unactive speculation. The fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which, therefore, the true value cannot be assigned. *He that traverses the lists without an adversary may receive*, says the philosopher, *the reward of victory, but he has no pretensions to the honour.* If it be the highest happiness of man to contemplate himself with satisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own conscience, he whose courage has made way against the turbulence of opposition, and whose vigour has broken through the snares of distress, has many advantages over those that have slept in the shades of indolence, and whose retrospect of time can entertain them with nothing but day rising upon day, and year gliding after year.

Equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their subjects, find it necessary to steal away from guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power of doing good or harm, nothing is shown in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reasonings de-

termined by his opinions; whatever can alarm suspicion or excite resentment is carefully suppressed, and nothing appears but uniformity of sentiment and ardour of affection. It may be observed that the unwearied complaisance which ladies have the right of exacting keeps them generally unskilled in human nature; prosperity will always enjoy the female prerogatives, and therefore must be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is scarcely to be heard but by those from whom it can serve no interest to conceal it.

No. 151. TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1751.

Αμφι δ ανθρω-	τουτο δ' αμηχανον ευρειν
πων φρεσιν αμπλακιαι	Οτι νυν, και εν τελευ-
αναριθμητοι κρεμανται.	τα φερτατον ανδρι τυχειν.

PIND.

But wrapp'd in error is the human mind,
And human bliss is ever insecure:
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
Know we how long the present shall endure? WARN.

THE writers of medicine and physiology have traced, with great appearance of accuracy, the effects of time upon the human body, by marking the various periods of the constitution, and the several stages by which animal life makes its progress from infancy to decrepitude. Though their observations have not enabled them to discover how manhood may be accelerated, or old age retarded, yet surely, if they be considered only as the amusements of curiosity, they are of equal importance with conjectures on things more remote, with catalogues of the fixed stars, and calculations of the bulk of planets.

It had been a task worthy of the moral philosophers to have considered with equal care the climacterics of the mind; to have pointed out the time at which every passion begins and ceases to predominate, and noted the regular variations of desire, and the succession of one appetite to another.

The periods of mental change are not to be stated with equal certainty: our bodies grow up under the care of nature, and depend so little on our own management that something more than negligence is necessary to discompose their structure, or impede their vigour. But our minds are committed in a great measure, first to the direction of others, and afterwards of ourselves. It would be difficult to protract the weakness of infancy beyond the usual time, but the mind may be very easily hindered from its share of improvement, and the bulk and strength of manhood must, without the assistance of education and instruction, be informed only with the understanding of a child.

Yet, amidst all the disorder and inequality which variety of discipline, example, conversation, and employment produce in the intellectual advances of different men, there is still discovered, by a vigilant spectator, such a general and remote similitude as may be expected in the same common nature affected by external circumstances indefinitely varied. We all enter the world in equal ignorance, gaze round about us on the same objects, and have our first pains and pleasures, our first hopes and fears, our first aversions and desires from the same causes; and, though, as we proceed farther, life opens wider prospects to our view, and accidental impulses determine us to different paths, yet as every mind, however vigorous or abstracted, is necessitated, in its present state of union, to receive its informations and execute its purposes by the inter-

vention of the body, the uniformity of our corporeal nature communicates itself to our intellectual operations; and those whose abilities or knowledge incline them most to deviate from the general round of life are recalled from eccentricity by the laws of their existence.

If we consider the exercises of the mind, it will be found that in each part of life some particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treasures of knowledge are first opened before us, while novelty blooms alike on either hand, and everything equally unknown and unexamined seems of equal value, the power of the soul is principally exerted in a vivacious and desultory curiosity. She applies by turns to every object, enjoys it for a short time, and flies with equal ardour to another. She delights to catch up loose and unconnected ideas, but starts away from systems and complications which would obstruct the rapidity of her transitions, and detain her long in the same pursuit.

When a number of distinct images are collected by these erratic and hasty surveys, the fancy is busied in arranging them; and combines them into pleasing pictures with more resemblance to the realities of life as experience advances and new observations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters; but in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourselves with living nature, we are sooner disgusted with copies in which there appears no resemblance. We first discard absurdity and impossibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at last become cold and insensible to the charms of falsehood, however specious, and from the imita-

tions of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itself.

Now commences the reign of judgment or reason; we begin to find little pleasure but in comparing arguments, stating propositions, disentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducing consequences. The painted vales of imagination are deserted, and our intellectual activity is exercised in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy, and toiling with firm and cautious steps up the narrow tracks of demonstration. Whatever may lull vigilance or mislead attention is contemptuously rejected, and every disguise in which error may be concealed is carefully observed, till by degrees a certain number of incontestable or unsuspected propositions are established, and at last concatenated into arguments, or compacted into systems.

At length weariness succeeds to labour, and the mind lies at ease in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any desire of new conquests or excursions. That is the age of recollection and narrative; the opinions are settled, and the avenues of apprehension shut against any new intelligence; the days that are to follow must pass in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and assertion of tenets already received: nothing is henceforward so odious as opposition, so insolent as doubt, or so dangerous as novelty.

In like manner the passions usurp the separate command of the successive periods of life. To the happiness of our first years nothing more seems necessary than freedom from restraint: every man may remember that, if he was left to himself and indulged in the disposal of his own time, he was once content without the superaddition of an actual pleasure. The new world is itself a banquet; and till we have exhausted the freshness of life, we have

always about us sufficient gratifications; the sun shine quickens us to play, and the shade invites us to sleep.

But we soon become unsatisfied with negative felicity, and are solicited by our senses and appetites to more powerful delights, as the taste of him who has satisfied his hunger must be excited by artificial stimulations. The simplicity of natural amusement is now past, and art and contrivance must improve our pleasure; but in time art, like nature, is exhausted, and the senses can no longer supply the cravings of the intellect.

The attention is then transferred from pleasure to interest, in which pleasure is perhaps included, though diffused to a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Nothing now dances before the eyes but wealth and power, nor rings in the ear but the voice of fame; wealth, to which, however variously denominated, every man at some time or other aspires; power, which all wish to obtain within their circle of action; and fame, which no man, however high or mean, however wise or ignorant, was yet able to despise. Now prudence and foresight exert their influence; no hour is devoted wholly to any present enjoyment, no act or purpose terminates in itself, but every motion is referred to some distant end; the accomplishment of one design begins another, and the ultimate wish is always pushed off to its former distance.

At length fame is observed to be uncertain, and power to be dangerous; the man, whose vigour and alacrity begin to forsake him, by degrees contracts his designs, remits his former multiplicity of pursuits, and extends no longer his regard to any other honour than the reputation of wealth, or any other influence than its power. Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has

een squandered in pleasure, and the second de-oted to ambition. He that sinks under the fatigue f getting wealth lulls his age with the milder busi-ess of saving it.

I have in this view of life considered men as ac-uated only by natural desires, and yielding to their wn inclinations, without regard to superior princi-les by which the force of external agents may be ounteracted, and the temporary prevalence of pas-ions restrained. Nature will indeed always ope-ate, human desires will be always ranging; but hese motions, though very powerful, are not resist-ess; nature may be regulated and desires governed; nd to contend with the predominance of successive assions, to be endangered first by one affection, nd then by another, is the condition upon which e are to pass our time, the time of our preparation or that state which shall put an end to experiment, o disappointment, and to change.

No. 152. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1751.

Tristia mœstum
Vultum verba decent, iratum plena minarum. HOR.

Disastrous words can best disaster show;
In angry phrase the angry passions glow. ELPHINSTON.

'IT was the wisdom," says Seneca, "of ancient imes to consider what is most useful as most illus-rious." If this rule be applied to works of genius, carcely any species of composition deserves more o be cultivated than the epistolary style, since none of more various or frequent use, through the whole ubordination of human life.

It has yet happened that among the numerous

writers which our nation has produced, equal perhaps always in force and genius, and of late in elegance and accuracy, to those of any other country, very few have endeavoured to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in the discharge of public trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs; which, though they afford precedents to the minister, and memorials to the historian, are of no use as examples of the familiar style, or models of private correspondence.

If it be inquired by foreigners how this deficiency has happened in the literature of a country, where all indulge themselves with so little danger in speaking and writing, may we not without either bigotry or arrogance inform them, that it must be imputed to our contempt of trifles, and our due sense of the dignity of the public? We do not think it reasonable to fill the world with volumes from which nothing can be learned, nor expect that the employments of the busy or the amusements of the gay should give way to narratives of our private affairs, complaints of absence, expressions of fondness, or declarations of fidelity.

A slight perusal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of France have signalized their names will prove that other nations need not be discouraged from the like attempts by the consciousness of inability; for surely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, to magnify familiar incidents, repeat adulatory professions, accumulate servile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the despicable remains of Voiture and Scarron.

Yet as much of life must be passed in affairs considerable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleasure which our condition allows,

be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it essary to learn how to become little without ning mean, to maintain the necessary inter- e of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions greeable appearances. It had, therefore, been vantage, if such of our writers as have excelled art of decorating insignificance, had supplied th a few sallies of innocent gaiety, effusions of t tenderness, or exclamations of unimportant

ecept has generally been posterior to perform-

The art of composing works of genius has been taught but by the example of those who med it by natural vigour of imagination, and ide of judgment. As we have few letters we ikewise few criticisms upon the epistolary style. bservations with which Walsh has introduced ages of inanity are such as give him little to the rank assigned him by Dryden among ritics. *Letters*, says he, *are intended as re- mces of conversation, and the chief excellences versation are good humour and good breeding.* remark, equally valuable for its novelty and iety, he dilates and enforces with an appear- of complete acquiescence in his own disco-

man was ever in doubt about the moral qua- of a letter. It has been always known that o endeavours to please must appear pleased, e who would not provoke rudeness must not se it. But the question among those who lish rules for an epistolary performance is how or civility may be properly expressed, as g the critics in history is not contested whe- ruth ought to be preserved, but by what mode tion it is best adorned.

letters are written on all subjects, in all states

of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to rules, or described by any single charac and we may safely disentangle our minds fi tical embarrassments, by determining that has no peculiarity but its form, and that no to be refused admission, which would be pr any other method of treating the same The qualities of the epistolary style most fre required are ease and simplicity, an even unlaboured diction, and an artless arrange obvious sentiments. But these directions sooner applied to use than their scantiness perfection become evident. Letters are wr the great and to the mean, to the learned ignorant, at rest and in distress, in sport and sion. Nothing can be more improper than e laxity of expression, when the importanc subject impresses solicitude, or the dignit person exacts reverence.

That letters should be written with strict mity to nature is true, because nothing but mity to nature can make any composition l or just. But it is natural to depart from fa of language upon occasions not familiar. ever elevates the sentiments will consequen the expression; whatever fills us with hop ror, will produce some perturbation of ima some figurative distortions of phrase. W we are studious to please, we are afraid of our first thoughts, and endeavour to recomm opinion by studied ornaments, accuracy of and elegance of style.

If the personages of the comic scene be by Horace to raise the language in the tr of anger to the turgid vehemence of trag epistolary writer may likewise without censu ply with the varieties of his matter. If grea

be related, he may, with all the solemnity of orian, deduce them from their causes, connect with their concomitants, and trace them to consequences. If a disputed position is to be lished, or a remote principle to be investigated, ay detail his reasonings with all the nicety of gistic method. If a menace is to be averted, benefit implored, he may, without any violation le edicts of criticism, call every power of rheto- o his assistance, and try every inlet at which or pity enters the heart.

tters that have no other end than the entertain- of the correspondent are more properly regu- by critical precepts, because the matter and are equally arbitrary, and rules are more ne- ry, as there is a larger power of choice. In s of this kind some perceive art graceful, and s think negligence amiable; some model them e sonnet, and will allow them no means of hting but the soft lapse of calm mellifluence; s adjust them by the epigram, and expect ed sentences and forcible periods. The one considers exemption from faults as the height cellence, the other looks upon neglect of excel- as the most disgusting fault; one avoids cen- the other aspires to praise, one is always in r of insipidity, the other continually on the of affection.

hen the subject has no intrinsic dignity it must sarily owe its attractions to artificial embel- ents, and may catch at all advantages which t of writing can supply. He that, like Pliny, his friend a portion for his daughter, will, ut Pliny's eloquence or address find means of ng gratitude and securing acceptance; but he as no present to make but a garland, a ribbon, me petty curiosity, must endeavour to recom- l it by his manner of giving it.

The purpose for which letters are written when no intelligence is communicated or business transacted, is to preserve in the minds of the absent either love or esteem; to excite love we must impart pleasure, and to raise esteem we must discover abilities. Pleasure will generally be given as abilities are displayed by scenes of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected sallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building which has no strength can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble must be polished with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things.

No. 153. TUESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1751.

Turba Remi sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit Damnatos. Juv.

The fickle crowd with fortune comes and goes;
Wealth still finds followers, and misfortune foes.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"THERE are occasions on which all apology is rudeness. He that has an unwelcome message to deliver may give some proof of tenderness and delicacy, by a ceremonial introduction and gradual discovery, because the mind, upon which the weight of sorrow is to fall, gains time for the collection of its powers; but nothing is more absurd than to delay the communication of pleasure, to torment curiosity by impatience, and to delude hope by anticipation.

"I shall, therefore, forbear the arts by which correspondents generally secure admission, for I have too long remarked the power of vanity, to

oubt that I shall be read by you with a disposition
approve when I declare that my narrative has no
ther tendency than to illustrate and corroborate
our own observations.

"I was the second son of a gentleman, whose
atrimony had been wasted by a long succesion of
uanderers, till he was unable to support any of his
hildren, except his heir, in the hereditary dignity of
leness. Being therefore obliged to employ that
rt of life in study which my progenitors had de-
oted to the hawk and hound, I was in my eigh-
enth year dispatched to the university without
y rural honours. I had never killed a single
oodcock, nor partaken one triumph over a con-
uered fox.

"At the university I continued to enlarge my
quisitions with little envy of the noisy happiness
hich my elder brother had the fortune to enjoy;
d, having obtained my degree, retired to consider
leisure to what profession I should confine that
plication which had hitherto been dissipated in
neral knowledge. To deliberate upon a choice
ich custom and honour forbid to be retracted is
rtainly reasonable, yet to let loose the attention
ually to the advantages and inconveniences of
ery employment is not without danger; new mo-
es are every moment operating on every side; and
mechanics have long ago discovered, that con-
riety of equal attractions is equivalent to rest.

"While I was thus trifling in uncertainty, an old
venturer, who had been once the intimate friend
my father, arrived from the Indies with a large
tune; which he had so much harassed himself in
taining that sickness and infirmity left him no
ier desire than to die in his native country. His
alth easily procured him an invitation to pass his
with us, and, being incapable of any amusement

but conversation, he necessarily became familia
to me, whom he found studious and domesti
Pleased with an opportunity of imparting my k
ledge, and eager of any intelligence that migh
crease it, I delighted his curiosity with histo
narratives and explications of nature, and gra
his vanity by inquiries after the products of di
countries, and the customs of their inhabitants.

" My brother saw how much I advanced i
favour of our guest, who being without heir
naturally expected to enrich the family of his fr
but neither attempted to alienate me, nor to i
tiate himself. He was indeed little qualified t
licit the affection of a traveller, for the remis
of his education had left him without any r
action but his present humour. He often fo
the old gentleman in the midst of an adventur
cause the horn sounded in the court-yard, and
have lost an opportunity, not only of knowi
history, but sharing the wealth of the mogul, f
trial of a new pointer, or the sight of a horse-

" It was therefore not long before our new
declared his intention of bequeathing to me th
fits of his commerce, as the only man in the
by whom he could expect them to be rational
joyed. This distinction drew upon me the en
only of my brother but my father.

" As no man is willing to believe that he
by his own fault, they imputed the preference
I had obtained to adulatory compliances or
nant calumnies. To no purpose did I call up
patron to attest my innocence, for who will b
what he wishes to be false? In the heat of
pointment they forced their inmate by repeat
sults to depart from the house; and I was so
the same treatment, obliged to follow him.

" He chose his residence in the confines o

don, where rest, tranquillity, and medicine restored him to part of the health which he had lost. I pleased myself with perceiving that I was not likely to obtain an immediate possession of wealth which no labour of mine had contributed to acquire; and that he, who had thus distinguished me, might hope to end his life without a total frustration of those blessings, which, whatever be their real value, he had sought with so much diligence, and purchased with so many vicissitudes of danger and fatigue.

"He indeed left me no reason to repine at his recovery, for he was willing to accustom me early to the use of money, and set apart for my expenses such a revenue as I had scarcely dared to image. I can yet congratulate myself that fortune has seen her golden cup once tasted without inebriation. Neither my modesty nor prudence were overwhelmed by affluence; my elevation was without insolence, and my expense without profusion. Employing the influence which money always confers to the improvement of my understanding, I mingled in parties of gaiety, and in conferences of learning, appeared in every place where instruction was to be found, and imagined that by ranging through all the diversities of life, I had acquainted myself fully with human nature, and learned all that was to be known of the ways of men.

"It happened, however, that I soon discovered how much was wanted to the completion of my knowledge, and found that, according to Seneca's remark, I had hitherto seen the world but on one side. My patron's confidence in his increase of strength tempted him to carelessness and irregularity; he caught a fever by riding in the rain, of which he died delirious on the third day. I buried him without any of the heir's affected grief or secret exultation; then preparing to take a legal posses-

sion of his fortune, opened his closet, where I found a will, made at his first arrival, by which my father was appointed the chief inheritor, and nothing was left me but a legacy sufficient to support me in the prosecution of my studies.

"I had not yet found such charms in prosperity as to continue it by any acts of forgery or injustice, and made haste to inform my father of the riches which had been given him, not by the preference of kindness, but by the delays of indolence and cowardice of age. The hungry family flew like vultures on their prey, and soon made my disappointment public by the tumult of their claims and the splendour of their sorrow.

"It was now my part to consider how I should repair the disappointment. I could not but triumph in my long list of friends, which comprised almost every name that power or knowledge intitled to eminence, and in the prospect of the innumerable roads to honour and preferment, which I had laid open to myself by the wise use of temporary riches. I believed nothing necessary but that I should continue that acquaintance to which I had been so readily admitted, and which had hitherto been cultivated on both sides with equal ardour.

"Full of these expectations, I one morning ordered a chair, with an intention to make my usual circle of morning visits. Where I first stopped I saw two footmen lolling at the door, who told me without any change of posture or collection of countenance, that their master was at home; and suffered me to open the inner door without assistance. I found my friend standing, and as I was tattling with my former freedom, was formally entreated to sit down; but did not stay to be favoured with any further condescensions.

"My next experiment was made at the levee of

a statesman, who received me with an embrace of tenderness, that he might with more decency publish my change of fortune to the sycophants about him. After he had enjoyed the triumph of condolence, he turned to a wealthy stock jobber, and left me exposed to the scorn of those who had lately courted my notice and solicited my interest.

"I was then set down at the door of another, who upon my entrance advised me with great solemnity to think of some settled provision for life. I left him, and hurried away to an old friend, who professed himself unsusceptible of any impressions from prosperity or misfortune, and begged that he might see me when he was more at leisure.

"Of sixty-seven doors at which I knocked in the first week after my appearance in a mourning dress, I was denied admission at forty-six; was suffered at fourteen to wait in the outer room till business was dispatched; at four was entertained with a few questions about the weather; at one heard the footman rated for bringing my name; and at two was informed, in the flow of casual conversation, how much a man of rank degrades himself by mean company.

"My curiosity now led me to try what reception I should find among the ladies; but I found that my patron had carried all my powers of pleasing to the grave. I had formerly been celebrated as a wit, and not perceiving any languor in my imagination, I essayed to revive that gaiety which had hitherto broken out involuntarily before my sentences were finished. My remarks were now heard with a steady countenance, and if a girl happened to give way to habitual merriment, her forwardness was repressed with a frown from her mother or her aunt.

"Wherever I come, I scatter infirmity and disease; every lady whom I meet in the Mall is too

weary to walk; all whom I entreat to sing [illegible] troubled with colds: if I propose cards, they [illegible] afflicted with the headach; if I invite them to [illegible] gardens, they cannot bear a crowd.

"All this might be endured; but there is a [illegible] of mortals who think my understanding impeached with my fortune, exalt themselves to the dignity of advice, and whenever we happen to meet, presume to prescribe my conduct, regulate my economy, and direct my pursuits. Another race, equally impertinent and equally despicable, are every moment recommending to me an attention to my interest, and think themselves entitled, by their superior prudence, to reproach me if I speak or move without regard to profit.

"Such, Mr. Rambler, is the power of wealth that it commands the ear of greatness and the eye of beauty, gives spirit to the dull and authority to the timorous, and leaves him from whom it departs without virtue and without understanding, the sport of caprice, the scoff of insolence, the slave of meanness, and the pupil of ignorance.

"I am, &c."

No. 154. SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1751.

Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG.

For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclosed in ancient days;
Once more unlock for thee the sacred spring.
DRYDEN.

THE direction of Aristotle to those that study politics is, first to examine and understand what has been written by the ancients upon government;

then to cast their eyes round upon the world, and consider by what cause the prosperity of communities is visibly influenced, and why some are worse, and others better administered.

The same method must be pursued by him who hopes to become eminent in any other part of knowledge. The first task is to search books, the next to contemplate nature. He must first possess himself of the intellectual treasures which the diligence of former ages has accumulated, and then endeavour to increase them by his own collections.

The mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely wholly upon unassisted genius and natural sagacity. The wits of these happy days have discovered a way to fame, which the dull caution of our laborious ancestors durst never attempt; they cut the knots of sophistry, which it was formerly the business of years to untie, solve difficulties by sudden irradiations of intelligence, and comprehend long processes of argument by immediate intuition.

Men who have flattered themselves into this opinion of their own abilities, look down on all who waste their lives over books, as a race of inferior beings condemned by nature to perpetual pillage, and fruitlessly endeavouring to remedy their barrenness by incessant cultivation, or succour their feebleness by subsidiary strength. They presume that none would be more industrious than they, if they were not more sensible of deficiences; and readily conclude, that he who places no confidence in his own powers owes his modesty only to his weakness.

It is however certain, that no estimate is more in danger of erroneous calculations than those by which a man computes the force of his own genius. It

generally happens at our entrance into t
that by the natural attraction of similitude
ciate with men like ourselves, young, spri
ignorant, and rate our accomplishments
parison with theirs; when we have once
an acknowledged superiority over our
ances, imagination and desires easily exte
the rest of mankind, and if no accident
into new emulations, we grow old and di
ration of ourselves.

Vanity, thus confirmed in her dominic
listens to the voice of idleness, and s
slumber of life with continual dreams of
and greatness. A man, elated by confid
natural vigour of fancy and sagacity of
soon concludes that he already possesses
toil and inquiry can confer. He then li
eagerness to the wild objections which
raised against the common means of imp
talks of the dark chaos of indigested k
describes the mischievous effects of hete
sciences fermenting in the mind; relates
ders of lettered ignorance; expatiates on
merit of those who deviate from presc
shake off authority; and gives vent to th
of his heart by declaring that he owes
pedants and universities.

All these pretensions, however confider
often vain. The laurels which superficial
gains in triumphs over ignorance, unsu
vivacity, are observed by Locke to be l
ever real learning and rational diligen
against her; the sallies of gaiety are soon
by calm confidence; and the artifices c
are readily detected by those who, havin
studied the question, are not easily con
surprised.

at though the contemner of books had neither
deceived by others nor himself, and was really
with a genius surpassing the ordinary abilities
ankind; yet surely such gifts of Providence
be more properly urged as incitements to la-
than encouragements to negligence. He that
ects the culture of ground naturally fertile is
shamefully culpable than he whose field would
ely recompense his husbandry.

cero remarks, that not to know what has been
acted in former times is to continue always a
. If no use is made of the labours of past
, the world must remain always in the infancy
owledge. The discoveries of every man must
nate in his own advantage, and the studies of
age be employed on questions which the past
ation had discussed and determined. We
with as little reproach borrow science as ma-
tures from our ancestors; and it is as rational
e in caves till our own hands have erected a
e, as to reject all knowledge of architecture,
our understandings will not supply.

the strongest and quickest mind it is far easier
arn than to invent. The principles of arith-
and geometry may be comprehended by a
attention in a few days; yet who can flatter
lf that the study of a long life would have
led him to discover them, when he sees them
nknown to so many nations, whom he cannot
se less liberally endowed with natural reason,
the Grecians or Egyptians?

ery science was thus far advanced towards
ction, by the emulous diligence of contempo-
students, and the gradual discoveries of one
mproving on another. Sometimes unexpected
es of instruction were struck out by the for-
is collision of happy incidents, or an involun-

tary concurrence of ideas, in which the philosoph to whom they happened had no other merit than th of knowing their value, and transmitting, uncloud to posterity, that light which had been kindled causes out of his power. The happiness of th casual illuminations no man can promise to hi self, because no endeavours can procure them; a therefore, whatever be our abilities or applicati we must submit to learn from others what perh would have lain hid for ever from human penet tion, had not some remote inquiry brought it to vie as treasures as thrown up by the ploughman and digger in the rude exercise of their common occu tions.

The man whose genius qualifies him for great dertakings must at least be content to learn fr books the present state of human knowledge; t he may not ascribe to himself the invention of generally known; weary his attention with exp ments of which the event has been long registere and waste in attempts, which have already s ceeded or miscarried, that time which might h been spent with usefulness and honour upon n undertakings.

But though the study of books is necessary, it not sufficient to constitute literary eminence. that wishes to be counted among the benefactors posterity must add by his own toil to the acqui tions of his ancestors, and secure his memory fr neglect by some valuable improvement. This only be effected by looking out upon the wastes the intellectual world, and extending the power learning over regions yet undisciplined and barb ous; or by surveying more exactly her ancient minions, and driving ignorance from the fortres and retreats where she skulks undetected and disturbed. Every science has its difficulties wh

et call for solution before we attempt new systems f knowledge; as every country has its forests and arshes, which it would be wise to cultivate and rain, before distant colonies are projected as a neessary discharge of the exuberance of inhabitants.

No man ever yet became great by imitation. Whatever hopes for the veneration of mankind must ave invention in the design or the execution; either he effect must itself be new, or the means by which is produced. Either truths hitherto unknown must e discovered, or those which are already known enforced by stronger evidence, facilitated by clearer ethod, or elucidated by brighter illustrations.

Fame cannot spread wide or endure long that is ot rooted in nature, and manured by art. That hich hopes to resist the blast of malignity, and tand firm against the attacks of time, must contain n itself some original principle of growth. The reutation which arises from the detail or transposiion of borrowed sentiments, may spread for a while ike ivy on the rind of antiquity, but will be torn way by accident or contempt, and suffered to rot nheeded on the ground.

No. 155. TUESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1751.

——Steriles transmisimus annos,
Hæc ævi mihi prima dies, hæc limina vitæ. STAT.

——Our barren years are pass'd;
Be this of life the first, of sloth the last.
ELPHINSTON.

No weakness of the human mind has more frequently incurred animadversion than the negligence with which men overlook their own faults, however

flagrant, and the easiness with which they pardon them, however frequently repeated.

It seems generally believed, that, as the eye cannot see itself, the mind has no faculties by which it can contemplate its own state, and that therefore we have not means of becoming acquainted with our real characters; an opinion which, like innumerable other postulates, an inquirer finds himself inclined to admit upon very little evidence, because it affords a ready solution of many difficulties. It will explain why the greatest abilities frequently fail to promote the happiness of those who possess them; why those who can distinguish with the utmost nicety the boundaries of vice and virtue suffer them to be confounded in their own conduct; why the active and vigilant resign their affairs implicitly to the management of others; and why the cautious and fearful make hourly approaches towards ruin, without one sigh of solicitude or struggle for escape.

When a position teems thus with commodious consequences, who can without regret confess it to be false? Yet it is certain that declaimers have indulged a disposition to describe the dominion of the passions as extended beyond the limits that nature assigned. Self-love is often rather arrogant than blind; it does not hide our faults from ourselves, but persuades us that they escape the notice of others, and disposes us to resent censures lest we should confess them to be just. We are secretly conscious of defects and vices which we hope to conceal from the public eye, and please ourselves with innumerable impostures, by which, in reality, nobody is deceived.

In proof of the dimness of our internal sight, or the general inability of man to determine rightly concerning his own character, it is common to urge the success of the most absurd and incredible flat-

tery, and the resentment always raised by advice, however soft, benevolent, and reasonable. But flattery, if its operation be nearly examined, will be found to owe its acceptance, not to our ignorance but knowledge of our failures, and to delight us rather as it consoles our wants than displays our possessions. He that shall solicit the favour of his patron by praising him for qualities which he can find in himself, will be defeated by the more daring panegyrist who enriches him with adscititious excellence. Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present. The acknowledgment of those virtues on which conscience congratulates us is a tribute that we can at any time exact with confidence; but the celebration of those which we only feign, or desire without any vigorous endeavours to attain them, is received as a confession of sovereignty over regions never conquered, as a favourable decision of disputable claims, and is more welcome as it is more gratuitous.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which had escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as to ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes that superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desired to conceal.

For this reason advice is commonly ineffectual. If those who follow the call of their desires, without inquiry whither they are going, had deviated ignorantly from the paths of wisdom, and were rushing upon dangers unforeseen, they would readily listen to information that recalls them from their errors, and catch the first alarm by which destruction or infamy is denounced. Few that wander in the

wrong way mistake it for the right; they only fin
it more smooth and flowery, and indulge their ow
choice rather than approve it: therefore few are pe
suaded to quit it by admonition or reproof, since i
impresses no new conviction, nor confers any powe
of action or resistance. He that is gravely informe
how soon profusion will annihilate his fortune, beca
with little advantage what he knew before, eit
catches at the next occasion of expense, becau
advice has no force to suppress his vanity. H
that is told how certainly intemperance will hur
him to the grave runs with his usual speed to a ne
course of luxury, because his reason is not invig
rated, nor his appetite weakened.

The mischief of flattery is, not that it persuad
any man that he is what he is not, but that it su
presses the influence of honest ambition, by raisi
an opinion that honour may be gained without th
toil of merit; and the benefit of advice arises co
monly, not from any new light imparted to the min
but from the discovery which it affords of the publ
suffrages. He that could withstand conscience
frighted at infamy, and shame prevails when reas
is defeated.

As we all knew our own faults, and knew the
commonly with many aggravations which huma
perspicacity cannot discover, there is, perhaps, n
man, however hardened by impudence or dissipat
by levity, sheltered by hypocrisy, or blasted by di
grace, who does not intend sometime to review h
conduct, and to regulate the remainder of his life b
the laws of virtue. New temptations indeed atta
him, new invitations are offered by pleasure and i
terest, and the hour of reformation is always d
layed; every delay gives vice another opportuni
of fortifying itself by habit; and the change of ma
ners, though sincerely intended and rational

planned, is referred to the time when some craving passion shall be fully gratified, or some powerful allurement cease its importunity.

Thus procrastination is accumulated on procrastination, and one impediment succeeds another, till age shatters our resolution, or death intercepts the project of amendment. Such is often the end of salutary purposes, after they have long delighted the imagination, and appeased that disquiet which every mind feels from known misconduct, when the attention is not diverted by business or by pleasure.

Nothing surely can be more unworthy of a reasonable nature than to continue in a state so opposite to real happiness, and that all the peace of solitude, and felicity of meditation, must arise from resolutions of forsaking it. Yet the world will often afford examples of men who pass months and years in a continual war with their own convictions, and are daily dragged by habit, or betrayed by passion, into practices which they closed and opened their eyes with purposes to avoid; purposes which, though settled on conviction, the first impulse of momentary desire totally overthrows.

The influence of caution is indeed such, that to conquer it will require the utmost efforts of fortitude and virtue; nor can I think any man more worthy of veneration and renown, than those who have burst the shackles of habitual vice. This victory however has different degrees of glory as of difficulty; it is more heroic as the objects of guilty gratification are more familiar, and the recurrence of solicitation more frequent. He that from experience of the folly of ambition resigns his offices may set himself free at once from temptation to squander his life in courts, because he cannot regain his former station. He who is enslaved by an amorous passion may quit his tyrant in disgust, and absence will, without

the help of reason, overcome by degrees the desire of returning. But those appetites to which every place affords their proper object, and which require no preparatory measures or gradual advances, are more tenaciously adhesive; the wish is so near the enjoyment that compliance often precedes consideration, and before the powers of reason can be summoned, the time for employing them is passed.

Indolence is therefore one of the vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed. Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art or accident which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increased. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse to indolence is soft and imperceptible, because it is only a mere cessation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to motion, from privation to reality.

Facilis descensus averni:
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est. VIRG.

The gates of Hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way;
But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies. DRYDEN.

Of this vice, as of all others, every man who indulges it is conscious; we all know our own state, if we could be induced to consider it: and it might perhaps be useful to the conquest of all these ensnarers of the mind, if at certain stated days life was reviewed. Many things necessary are omitted, because we vainly imagine that they may be always performed; and what cannot be done without pain

will for ever be delayed, if the time of doing it be left unsettled. No corruption is great but by long negligence, which can scarcely prevail in a mind regularly and frequently awakened by periodical remorse. He that thus breaks his life into parts will find in himself a desire to distinguish every stage of his existence by some improvement, and delight himself with the approach of the day of recollection, as of the time which is to begin a new series of virtue and felicity.

No. 156. SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1751.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit. JUV.
For Wisdom ever echoes Nature's voice.

EVERY government, say the politicians, is perpetually degenerating towards corruption, from which it must be rescued at certain periods by the resuscitation of its first principles, and the reestablishment of its original constitution. Every animal body, according to the methodic physicians, is, by the predominance of some exuberant quality, continually declining towards disease and death, which must be obviated by a seasonable reduction of the present humour to the just equipoise which health requires.

In the same manner the studies of mankind, all at least which, not being subject to rigorous demonstration, admit the influence of fancy and caprice, are perpetually tending to error and confusion. Of the great principles of truth which the first speculatists discovered, the simplicity is embarrassed by ambitious additions, or the evidence obscured by inaccurate argumentations; and as they descend from one succession of writers to another, like light

transmitted from room to room, lose their strengt and splendour, and fade at last in total evanescenc

The systems of learning therefore must be some times reviewed, complications analyzed into prin ciples, and knowledge disentangled from opinion It is not always possible, without a close inspection to separate the genuine shoots of consequential rea soning, which grow out of some radical postulate from the branches which art has engrafted on i The accidental prescriptions of authority, when tim has procured them veneration, are often confounde with the laws of nature, and those rules are sup posed coeval with reason, of which the first ris cannot be discovered.

Criticism has sometimes permitted fancy t dictate the laws by which fancy ought to be re strained, and fallacy to perplex the principles by which fallacy is to be detected; her superintendenc of others has betrayed her to negligence of herself and, like the ancient Scythians, by extending he conquests over distant regions, she has left he throne vacant to her slaves.

Among the laws of which the desire of extendin authority, or ardour of promoting knowledge, ha prompted the prescription, all which writers hav received had not the same original right to our re gard. Some are to be considered as fundamental and indispensable, others only as useful and conve nient; some as dictated by reason and necessity others as enacted by despotic antiquity; some a invincibly supported by their conformity to the or der of nature and operations of the intellect, other are formed by accident, or instituted by example and therefore always liable to dispute and alteration

That many rules have been advanced withou consulting nature or reason, we cannot but suspect when we find it peremptorily decreed by the ancien

masters, that *only three speaking personages should appear at once upon the stage;* a law which, as the variety and intricacy of modern plays has made it impossible to be observed, we now violate without scruple, and, as experience proves, without inconvenience.

The original of this precept was merely accidental. Tragedy was a monody or solitary song in honour of Bacchus, improved afterwards into a dialogue by the addition of another speaker; but the ancients, remembering that the tragedy was at first pronounced only by one, durst not for some time venture beyond two; at last, when custom and impunity had made them daring, they extended their liberty to the admission of three, but restrained themselves by a critical edict from further exorbitance.

By what accident the number of acts was limited to five, I know not that any author has informed us; but certainly it is not determined by any necessity arising either from the nature of action or propriety of exhibition. An act is only the representation of such a part of the business of the play as proceeds in an unbroken tenor, or without any intermediate pause. Nothing is more evident than that of every real, and by consequence of every dramatic action, the intervals may be more or fewer than five; and indeed the rule is upon the English stage every day broken in effect, without any other mischief than that which arises from an absurd endeavour to observe it in appearance. Whenever the scene is shifted the act ceases, since some time is necessarily supposed to elapse while the personages of the drama change their place.

With no greater right to our obedience have the critics confined the dramatic action to a certain number of hours. Probability requires that the time of

action should approach somewhat nearly to exhibition, and those plays will always be most happily conducted which crowd the greatest variety into the least space. But since it will frequently happen that some delusion must be admitted, I know not where the limits of imagination can be fixed. It is rarely observed that minds not prepossessed by mechanical criticism, feel any offence from the extension of the intervals between the acts; nor can I conceive it absurd or impossible that he who can multiply three hours into twelve or twenty-four, might imagine with equal ease a greater number.

I know not whether he that professes to regard no other laws than those of nature will not be inclined to receive tragi-comedy to his protection, whom, however generally condemned, her own laurels have hitherto shaded from the fulminations of criticism. For what is there in the mingled drama which impartial reason can condemn? The connection of important with trivial incidents, since it is not only common but perpetual in the world, may surely be allowed upon the stage, which pretends only to be the mirror of life. The impropriety of suppressing passions before we have raised them to the intended agitation, and of diverting the expectation from an event which we keep suspended only to raise it, may be speciously urged. But will not experience show this objection to be rather subtle than just? Is it not certain that the tragic and comic affections have been moved alternately with equal force, and that no plays have oftener filled the eyes with tears and the breast with palpitation than those which are variegated with interludes of mirth?

I do not however think it safe to judge of works of genius merely by the event. The resistless vicissitudes of the heart, this alternate prevalence of merriment and solemnity, may sometimes be more

ɔribed to the vigour of the writer than
ɔf the design: and, instead of vindicating
y by the success of Shakspeare, we
ps to pay new honours to that transcen-
bounded genius that could preside over
in sport; who, to actuate the affections,
the slow gradation of common means,
l the heart with instantaneous jollity or
vary our disposition as he changed his
rhaps the effect even of Shakspeare's po-
ave been yet greater, had he not coun-
nself; and we might have been more
ı the distresses of his heroes, had we
frequently diverted by the jokes of his

other rules more fixed and obligatory.
ary that of every play the chief action
ıgle; for since a play represents some
through its regular maturation to its fi-
ɔo actions equally important must evi-
itute two plays.
ɜign of tragedy is to instruct by moving
it must always have a hero, a personage
nd incontestably superior to the rest,
the attention may be fixed and the
ended. For though of two persons op-
other with equal abilities and equal
ıditor will inevitably in time choose his
t as that choice must be without any
ɔonviction, the hopes or fears which it
faint and languid. Of two heroes act-
leracy against a common enemy, the
ngers will give little emotion, because
our concern with the same right, and
at rest between equal motives.
ɔ be the first endeavour of a writer to
ature from custom; or that which is

established because it is right, from that which is right only because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of beauties within his view, by a needless fear of breaking rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact.

No. 157. SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1751.

———Οι αιδως
Γιγνεται, ανδρας μεγα σινεται ηδ' ονινησιν. Hom.
Shame greatly hurts or greatly helps mankind.
Elphinston.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"THOUGH one of your correspondents has presumed to mention with some contempt that presence of attention and easiness of address, which the polite have long agreed to celebrate and esteem, yet I cannot be persuaded to think them unworthy of regard or cultivation; but am inclined to believe that as we seldom value rightly what we have never known the misery of wanting, his judgment has been vitiated by his happiness; and that a natural exuberance of assurance has hindered him from discovering its excellence and use.

"This felicity, whether bestowed by constitution or obtained by early habitudes, I can scarcely contemplate without envy. I was bred under a man of learning in the country, who inculcated nothing but the dignity of knowledge and the happiness of virtue. By frequency of admonition and confidence of assertion, he prevailed upon me to believe that

lendour of literature would always attract re-
ɔe, if not darkened by corruption. I therefore
ɔd my studies with incessant industry, and
ɔd every thing which I had been taught to con-
either as vicious or tending to vice, because I
led guilt and reproach as inseparably united,
ıought a tainted reputation the greatest cala-

ıt the university, I found no reason for chang-
y opinion; for though many among my fellow-
ıts took the opportunity of a more remiss dis-
ɔ to gratify their passions, yet virtue preserved
ıtural superiority, and those who ventured to
ɔt, were not suffered to insult her. The am-
of petty accomplishments found its way into
ɔceptacles of learning, but was observed to
commonly on those who either neglected the
ɔes or could not attain them; and I was there-
onfirmed in the doctrines of my old master,
hought nothing worthy of my care but the
ı of gaining or imparting knowledge.
his purity of manners and intenseness of ap-
ion soon extended my renown, and I was ap-
ed by those whose opinion I then thought un-
to deceive me, as a young man that gave un-
on hopes of future eminence. My perform-
in time reached my native province, and my
ɔns congratulated themselves upon the new
ırs that were added to their family.
returned home covered with academical lau-
and fraught with criticism and philosophy.
ɾit and the scholar excited curiosity, and my
intance was solicited by innumerable invita-
To please will always be the wish of bene-
ce, to be admired must be the constant aim of
ion; and I therefore considered myself as

about to receive the reward of my honest la
and to find the efficacy of learning and of vir

"The third day after my arrival I dined
house of a gentleman who had summoned a
tude of his friends to the annual celebration
wedding day. I set forward with great exul
and thought myself happy that I had an oppor
of displaying my knowledge to so numerous
sembly. I felt no sense of my own insuffic
till going up stairs to the dining-room, I hea
mingled roar of obstreperous merriment.
however disgusted rather than terrified, and
forward without dejection. The whole co
rose at my entrance; but when I saw so man
fixed at once upon me, I was blasted with a s
imbecility; I was quelled by some nameless
which I found impossible to be resisted. M
was dazzled, my cheeks glowed, my perce
were confounded; I was harassed by the mul
of eager salutations, and returned the commo
lities with hesitation and impropriety; the se
my own blunders increased my confusion, a
fore the exchange of ceremonies allowed me
down, I was ready to sink under the oppress
surprise; my voice grew weak, and my knees
bled.

"The assembly then resumed their places,
sat with my eyes fixed upon the ground.
questions of curiosity, or the appeals of co
sance, I could seldom answer but with ne
monosyllables, or professions of ignorance;
subjects on which they conversed were such
seldom discussed in books, and were therefo
of my range of knowledge. At length an ol
gyman, who rightly conjectured the reason
conciseness, relieved me by some questions

the present state of natural knowledge; and engaged me, by an appearance of doubt and opposition, in the explication and defence of the Newtonian philosophy.

"The consciousness of my own abilities roused me from depression, and long familiarity with my subject enabled me to discourse with ease and volubility; but however I might please myself, I found very little added by my demonstrations to the satisfaction of the company; and my antagonist, who knew the laws of conversation too well to detain their attention long upon an unpleasing topic, after he had commended my acuteness and comprehension, dismissed the controversy, and resigned me to my former insignificance and perplexity.

"After dinner I received from the ladies, who had heard that I was a wit, an invitation to the tea table. I congratulated myself upon an opportunity to escape from the company, whose gaiety began to be tumultuous, and among whom several hints had been dropped of the uselessness of universities, the folly of book learning, and the awkwardness of scholars. To the ladies therefore I flew as to a refuge from clamour, insult, and rusticity; but found my heart sink as I approached their apartment, and was again disconcerted by the ceremonies of entrance, and confounded by the necessity of encountering so many eyes at once.

"When I sat down I considered that something pretty was always said to ladies, and resolved to recover my credit by some elegant observation or graceful compliment. I applied myself to the recollection of all that I had read or heard in praise of beauty, and endeavoured to accommodate some classical compliment to the present occasion. I sunk into profound meditation, revolved the character of the heroines of old, considered whatever the

poets have sung in their praise, and after having borrowed and invented, chosen and rejected a thousand sentiments, which, if I had uttered them would not have been understood, I was awakened from my dream of learned gallantry by the servant who distributed the tea.

"There are not many situations more incessantly uneasy than that in which the man is placed who is watching an opportunity to speak without courage to take it when it is offered, and who, though he resolves to give a specimen of his abilities, always finds some reason or other for delaying it to the next minute. I was ashamed of silence, yet could find nothing to say of elegance or importance equal to my wishes. The ladies, afraid of my learning, thought themselves not qualified to propose any subject of prattle to a man so famous for dispute, and there was nothing on either side but impatience and vexation.

"In this conflict of shame, as I was reassembling my scattered sentiments, and, resolving to force my imagination to some sprightly sally, had just found a very happy compliment, by too much attention to my own meditations, I suffered the saucer to drop from my hand, the cup was broken, the lapdog was scalded, a brocaded petticoat was stained, and the whole assembly was thrown into disorder. I now considered all hopes of reputation as at an end, and while they were consoling and assisting one another, stole away in silence.

"The misadventures of this unhappy day are not yet at an end; I am afraid of meeting the meanest of them that triumphed over me in this state of stupidity and contempt, and feel the same terrors encroaching upon my heart at the sight of those who have once impressed them. Shame, above any other passion, propagates itself. Before those who

me confused I can never appear without
ıion, and the remembrance of the weak-
I formerly discovered hinders me from
peaking with my natural force.
ı this misery, Mr. Rambler, never to
.ave I spent my life in study only to be-
port of the ignorant, and debarred myself
: common enjoyments of youth to collect
ı must sleep in silence, and form opinions
ıust not divulge? Inform me, dear sir,
ıeans I may rescue my faculties from
ıles of cowardice, how I may rise to a
ny fellow beings, recall myself from this
involuntary subjection to the free exer-
intellects, and add to the power of rea-
liberty of speech.

" I am, sir, &c.

" VERECUNDULUS."

. SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, 1751.

ici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est. HOR.

ics yet contend,
ıeir vain disputings find no end. FRANCIS.

, though dignified from the earliest ages
ıurs of men eminent for knowledge and
ıd, since the revival of polite literature,
:e study of European scholars, has not
l the certainty and stability of science.
ıitherto received are seldom drawn from
principle or self-evident postulate, or
the natural and invariable constitution of
: will be found upon examination the
dicts of legislators, authorized only by
, who, out of various means by which the

same end may be attained, selected such as happened to occur to their own reflection, and then, by a law which idleness and timidity were too willing to obey, prohibited new experiments of wit, and strained fancy from the indulgence of her innate inclination to hazard and adventure, and condemned all future flights of genius to pursue the paths of the Mæonian eagle.

This authority may be more justly opposed, which is apparently derived from them whom they endeavour to control; for we owe few of the rules of writing to the acuteness of critics, who have generally no other merit than that, having read the works of great authors with attention, they have observed the arrangement of their matter, or the graces of their expression, and then expected honour and reverence for precepts which they never could have invented: so that practice has introduced rules, rather than rules have directed practice.

For this reason the laws of every species of writing have been settled by the ideas of him who first raised it to reputation, without inquiry whether his performances were not yet susceptible of improvement. The excellences and faults of celebrated writers have been equally recommended to posterity; and so far has blind reverence prevailed that even the number of their books has been thought worthy of imitation.

The imagination of the first authors of lyric poetry was vehement and rapid, and their knowledge various and extensive. Living in an age when science had been little cultivated, and when the minds of their auditors, not being accustomed to accurate inspection, were easily dazzled by glaring ideas, they applied themselves to instruct rather by short sentences and striking thoughts than by regular argumentation; and finding attention more successfully excited by sudden sallies and unexpected ex

nations than by the more artful and placid beau- of methodical deduction, they loosed their ius to its own course, passed from one sentiment nother without expressing the intermediate ideas, l roved at large over the ideal world with such tness and agility that their footsteps are scarcely be traced.

From this accidental peculiarity of the ancient ters the critics deduce the rules of lyric poetry, ich they have set free from all the laws by which er compositions are confined, and allow to neg- the niceties of transition, to start into remote ressions, and to wander without restraint from scene of imagery to another.

A writer of later times has, by the vivacity of his ays, reconciled mankind to the same licentious- s to short dissertations; and he, therefore, who nts skill to form a plan or diligence to pursue it, ds only entitle his performance an essay, to ac- re the right of heaping together the collections half his life, without order, coherence, or pro- ety.

In writing, as in life, faults are endured without gust when they are associated with transcendent rit, and may be sometimes recommended to weak gments by the lustre which they obtain from ir union with excellence; but it is the business those who presume to superintend the taste or rals of mankind to separate delusive combina- ns, and distinguish that which may be praised m that which can only be excused. As vices er promote happiness, though, when overpowered more active and more numerous virtues, they not totally destroy it; so confusion and irregu- ity produce no beauty, though they cannot al- ys obstruct the brightness of genius and learning. proceed from one truth to another, and connect

distant propositions by regular consequences, is the great prerogative of man. Independent and unconnected sentiments flashing upon the mind in quick succession may, for a time, delight by their novelty, but they differ from systematical reasoning as single notes from harmony, as glances of lightning from the radiance of the sun.

When rules are thus drawn rather from precedents than reason, there is danger not only from the faults of an author, but from the errors of those who criticise his works; since they may often mislead their pupils by false representations, as the Ciceronians of the sixteenth century were betrayed into barbarisms by corrupt copies of their darling writer.

It is established at present, that the proemial lines of a poem, in which the general subject is proposed, must be void of glitter and embellishment "The first lines of Paradise Lost," says Addison, "are perhaps as plain, simple, and unadorned as any of the whole poem; in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace."

This observation seems to have been made by an implicit adoption of the common opinion, without consideration either of the precepts or example. Had Horace been consulted, he would have been found to direct only what should be comprised in the proposition, not how it should be expressed, and to have commended Homer in opposition to a meaner poet, not for the gradual elevation of his diction, but the judicious expansion of his plan; for displaying unpromised events, not for producing unexpected elegances.

——*Speciosa dehinc miracula promit,*
Antiphaten Scyllumque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim.

But from a cloud of smoke he breaks to light,
And pours his specious miracles to sight;
Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars. FRANCIS.

If the exordial verses of Homer be compared with the rest of the poem, they will not appear remarkable for plainness or simplicity, but rather eminently adorned and illuminated.

Ανδρα μοι εννεπε Μουσα πολυτροπον, ος μαλα μολλα
Πλαγχθη, επει Τροιης ιερον πτολιεθρον επερσε·
Πολλων δ' ανθρωπων ιδεν αστεα, και νοον εγνω
Πολλα δ' ογ εν ποντω ωαθεν αλγεα ον κατε θυμον,
Αρνυμενος ην τε Ψυχην και νοστον εταιρων·
Αλλ' ουδ' ως εταρους ερρυσσατο ιεμενος περ·
Αυτων γαρ σφετερησιν ατασθαλιησιν ολοντο,
Νηπιοι οι κατα βους υπεριονος ηελιοιο
Ησθιον αυταρ ο τοισιν αφειλετο νοστιμον ημαρ,
Των αμοθεν γε, θεα, θυγατερ Διορ, ειπε και ημιν.

The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercised in woes, O muse! resound.
Who, when his arms had wrought the destined fall
Of sacred Troy, and razed her heaven-built wall,
Wandering from clime to clime observant stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:
Vain toils! their impious folly dared to prey
On herds devoted to the god of day:
The god vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah, men unbless'd!) to touch that natal shore.
O snatch some portion of these acts from fate,
Celestial muse! and to our world relate. POPE.

The first verses of the Iliad are in like manner particularly splendid, and the proposition of the Æneid closes with dignity and magnificence not often to be found even in the poetry of Virgil.

The intent of the introduction is to raise expectation and suspend it; something therefore must be discovered and something concealed; and the poet, while the fertility of his invention is yet unknown,

may properly recommend himself by the grace of his language.

He that reveals too much, or promises too little; he that never irritates the intellectual appetite, or that immediately satiates it, equally defeats his own purpose. It is necessary to the pleasure of the reader, that the events should not be anticipated, and how then can his attention be invited but by grandeur of expression?

No. 159. TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1751.

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem. HOR.

The power of words and soothing sounds appease
The raging pain, and lessen the disease. FRANCIS.

THE imbecility with which Verecundulus complains that the presence of a numerous assembly freezes his faculties, is particularly incident to the studious part of mankind, whose education necessarily secludes them in their earlier years from mingled converse, till at their dismission from schools and academies they plunge at once into the tumult of the world, and coming forth from the gloom of solitude are overpowered by the blaze of public life.

It is perhaps kindly provided by nature that, as the feathers and strength of a bird grow together, and her wings are not completed till she is able to fly, so some proportion should be preserved in the humankind between judgment and courage; the precipitation of inexperience is therefore restrained by shame, and we remain shackled by timidity till we have learned to speak and act with propriety.

I believe few can review the days of their youth

ithout recollecting temptations which shame, rather an virtue, enabled them to resist; and opinions hich, however erroneous in their principles and ngerous in their consequences, they have pursued advance at the hazard of contempt and hatred, hen they found themselves irresistibly depressed a languid anxiety, which seized them at the moent of utterance, and still gathered strength from eir endeavours to resist it.

It generally happens that assurance keeps an ven pace with ability, and the fear of miscarriage, hich hinders our first attempts, is gradually dispated as our skill advances towards certainty of ccess. That bashfulness therefore which prents disgrace, that short and temporary shame, hich secures us from the danger of lasting reoach, cannot be properly counted among our misrtunes.

Bashfulness, however it may incommode for a oment, scarcely ever produces evils of long conuance; it may flush the cheek, flutter in the art, deject the eyes, and enchain the tongue, but s mischiefs soon pass off without remembrance. t may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom pens any avenue to sorrow or remorse. It is obrved somewhere, that *few have repented of having rborne to speak.*

To excite opposition and enflame malevolence is e unhappy privilege of courage made arrogant by onsciousness of strength. No man finds in himself ny inclination to attack or oppose him who conesses his superiority by blushing in his presence. ualities exerted with apparent fearfulness receive pplause from every voice, and support from every and. Diffidence may check resolution and obruct performance, but compensates its embarrassents by more important advantages; it conciliates

the proud, and softens the severe; averts envy from excellence, and censure from miscarriage.

It may indeed happen that knowledge and virtue remain too long congealed by this frigorific power, as the principles of vegetation are sometimes obstructed by lingering frosts. He that enters late into a public station, though with all the abilities requisite to the discharge of his duty, will find his powers at first impeded by a timidity which he himself knows to be vicious, and must struggle long against dejection and reluctance, before he obtains the full command of his own attention, and adds the gracefulness of ease to the dignity of merit.

For this disease of the mind I know not whether any remedies of much efficacy can be found. To advise a man unaccustomed to the eyes of multitudes to mount a tribunal without perturbation; to tell him whose life has passed in the shades of contemplation, that he must not be disconcerted or perplexed in receiving and returning the compliments of a splendid assembly, is to advise an inhabitant of Brasil or Sumatra not to shiver at an English winter, or him who has always lived upon a plain to look from a precipice without emotion. It is to suppose custom instantaneously controlable by reason, and to endeavour to communicate by precepts that which only time and habit can bestow.

He that hopes by philosophy and contemplation alone to fortify himself against that awe which all at their first appearance on the stage of life, must feel from the spectators, will, at the hour of need, be mocked by his resolution; and I doubt whether the preservatives which Plato relates Alcibiades to have received from Socrates, when he was about to speak in public, proved sufficient to secure him from the powerful fascination.

Yet, as the effects of time may by art and indus-

be accelerated or retarded, it cannot be impro-
to consider how this troublesome instinct may
opposed when it exceeds its just proportion, and
tead of repressing petulance and temerity, si-
ces eloquence and debilitates force; since, though
cannot be hoped that anxiety should be immedi-
ly dissipated, it may be at least somewhat abated;
d the passions will operate with less violence,
en reason rises against them, than while she
her slumbers in neutrality, or, mistaking her in-
est, lends them her assistance.

No cause more frequently produces bashfulness
n too high an opinion of our own importance.
e that imagines an assembly filled with his merit,
ting with expectation, and hushed with atten-
n, easily terrifies himself with the dread of dis-
pointing them, and strains his imagination in
rsuit of something that may vindicate the vera-
y of fame, and show that his reputation was not
ned by chance. He considers that what he shall
y or do will never be forgotten, that renown or
amy are suspended upon every syllable, and that
thing ought to fall from him which will not bear
e test of time. Under such solicitude, who can
nder that the mind is overwhelmed, and by strug-
ng with attempts above her strength, quickly
ks into languishment and despondency?

The most useful medicines are often unpleasing to
e taste. Those who are oppressed by their own
putation will perhaps not be comforted by hear-
g that their cares are unnecessary. But the truth
that no man is much regarded by the rest of the
rld. He that considers how little he dwells upon
e condition of others will learn how little the at-
tion of others is attracted by himself. While
e see multitudes passing before us, of whom per-
ps not one appears to deserve our notice or excite

our sympathy, we should remember, that we like-wise are lost in the same throng, that the eye which happens to glance upon us is turned in a moment on him that follows us, and that the utmost which we can reasonably hope or fear, is to fill a vacant hour with prattle and be forgotten.

No. 160. SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1751.

——— Inter se convenit ursis. JUV.

Beasts of each kind their fellows spare;
Bear lives in amity with bear.

"THE world," says Locke, "has people of all sorts." As, in the general hurry produced by the superfluities of some and necessities of others, no man needs to stand still for want of employment; so in the innumerable gradations of ability, and endless varieties of study and inclination, no employment can be vacant for want of a man qualified to discharge it.

Such is probably the natural state of the universe, but it is so much deformed by interest and passion that the benefit of this adaptation of men to things is not always perceived. The folly or indigence of those who set their services to sale inclines them to boast of qualifications which they do not possess, and attempt business which they do not understand; and they who have the power of assigning to others the task of life are seldom honest or seldom happy in their nominations. Patrons are corrupted by avarice, cheated by credulity, or overpowered by resistless solicitation. They are sometimes too strongly influenced by honest prejudices of friend-

p, or the prevalence of virtuous compassion.—
r, whatever cool reason may direct, it is not easy
a man of tender and scrupulous goodness to
rlook the immediate effect of his own actions,
turning his eyes upon remoter consequences,
l to do that which must give present pain, for
sake of obviating evil yet unfelt, or securing ad-
itage in time to come. What is distant is in it-
obscure, and, when we have no wish to see it,
ily escapes our notice, or takes such a form as
ire or imagination bestows upon it.

Every man might, for the same reason, in the
ltitudes that swarm about him, find some kin-
d mind with which he could unite in confidence
friendship; yet we see many straggling single
ut the world, unhappy for want of an associate,
pining with the necessity of confining their sen-
ents to their own bosoms.

This inconvenience arises in like manner from
ggles of the will against the understanding. It
ot often difficult to find a suitable companion,
very man would be content with such as he is
lified to please. But if vanity tempts him to
ake his rank, and post himself among those
h whom no common interest or mutual pleasure
ever unite him, he must always live in a state
nsocial separation, without tenderness and with-
trust.

There are many natures which can never ap-
ach within a certain distance, and which, when
irregular motive impels them towards contact,
m to start back from each other by some invin-
le repulsion. There are others which immedi-
ly cohere whenever they come into the reach of
tual attraction, and, with very little formality of
paration, mingle intimately as soon as they meet.
ery man, whom either business or curiosity has

thrown at large into the world, will recollect m
instances of fondness and dislike, which have for
themselves upon him without the intervention of
judgment: of dispositions to court some and a
others, when he could assign no reason for the
ference, or none adequate to the violence of his
sions: of influence that acted instantaneously
his mind, and which no arguments or persua
could ever overcome.

Among those with whom time and interco
have made us familiar, we feel our affections
vided in different proportions without much re
to moral or intellectual merit. Every man ha
some whom he cannot induce himself to t
though he has no reason to suspect that they w
betray him: those to whom he cannot comp
though he never observed them to want com
sion; those in whose presence he never ca
gay, though excited by invitations to mirth
freedom; and those from whom he cannot be
tent to receive instruction, though they neve
sulted his ignorance by contempt or ostentatio

That much regard is to be had to those inst
of kindness and dislike, or that reason sh
blindly follow them, I am far from intending
culcate. It is very certain that by indulgenc
may give them strength which they have not
nature, and almost every example of ingrat
and treachery proves that, by obeying them
may commit our happiness to those who are
unworthy of so great a trust. But it may de
to be remarked, that since few contend much
their inclination, it is generally vain to solic
good will of those whom we perceive thus inv
tarily alienated from us; neither knowledge no
tue will reconcile antipathy; and though offi
ness may for a time be admitted, and diligenc

plauded, they will at last be dismissed with coldness or discouraged by neglect.

Some have indeed an occult power of stealing upon the affections, of exciting universal benevolence, and disposing every heart to fondness and friendship. But this is a felicity granted only to the favourites of nature. The greater part of mankind find a different reception from different dispositions; they sometimes obtain unexpected caresses from those whom they never flattered with uncommon regard, and sometimes exhaust all their arts of pleasing without effect. To these it is necessary to look round, and attempt every breast in which they find virtue sufficient for the foundation of friendship; to enter into the crowd, and try whom chance will offer to their notice, till they fix on some temper congenial to their own, as the magnet rolled in the dust collects the fragments of its kindred metal from a thousand particles of other substances.

Every man must have remarked the facility with which the kindness of others is sometimes gained by those to whom he never could have imparted his own. We are by our occupations, education, and habits of life, divided almost into different species, which regard one another for the most part with scorn and malignity. Each of these classes of the human race has desires, fears and conversation, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itself; cares which another cannot feel; pleasures which he cannot partake; and modes of expressing every sensation, which he cannot understand. That frolic which shakes one man with laughter will convulse another with indignation: the strain of jocularity which in one place obtains treats and patronage, would in another be heard with indifference, and in a third with abhorrence.

To raise esteem we must benefit others, to pro-

cure love we must please them. Aristotle observes that old men do not readily form friendships, because they are not easily susceptible of pleasure. He that can contribute to the hilarity of the vacant hour, or partake with equal gust the favourite amusements, he whose mind is employed on the same objects, and who therefore never harasses the understanding with unaccustomed ideas, will be welcomed with ardour and left with regret, unless he destroys those recommendations by faults with which peace and security cannot consist.

It were happy if, in forming friendships, virtue could concur with pleasure; but the greatest part of human gratifications approach so nearly to vice that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct can avoid disingenuous compliances; yet certainly he that suffers himself to be driven or allured from virtue, mistakes his own interest, since he gains succour by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wise, must scorn him, and for which at last he must scorn himself.

No. 161. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1751.

Οιη γαρ φυλλων γενεη, τοιηδε και' Ανδρων. Hom.

Frail the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"YOU have formerly observed that curiosity often terminates in barren knowledge, and that the mind is prompted to study and inquiry rather by the uneasiness of ignorance than the hope of profit. No-

be of less importance to any present in-
the fortune of those who have been long
grave, and from whom nothing now can
r feared. Yet to rouse the zeal of a true
little more is necessary than to mention
ıich mankind have conspired to forget;
ıke his way to remote scenes of action
bscurity and contradiction, as Tully
idst bushes and brambles the tomb of
s.

ıot easy to dicover how it concerns him
ɜ the produce, or receives the rent of an
now through what families the land has
o is registered in the Conqueror's survey
ssor, how often it has been forfeited by
how often sold by prodigality. The
wealth of the present inhabitants of a
nnot be much increased by an inquiry
ımes of those barbarians who destroyed
r twenty centuries ago, in contests for
of woods or convenience of pasturage.
that no man can be at rest in the enjoy-
ıew purchase till he has learned the his-
grounds from the ancient inhabitants of
and that no nation omits to record the
ıeir ancestors, however bloody, savage,
us.

me disposition, as different opportunities
discovers itself in great or little things.
ıys thought it unworthy of a wise man to
otal inactivity, only because he happens
employment equal to his ambition or
s therefore my custom to apply my at-
ıe objects before me, and as I cannot
lace wholly unworthy of notice that af-
itation to a man of letters, I have col-

[illegible] woman with whom I now lodge has l
[illegible] months in the house, and can g
count of its ancient inhabitants; the pla
ing, in her estimation, increased, by his v
al the smoky memorials which former t
left upon the ceiling, and perhaps drawn
[illegible] philosophers, an

"When I first engaged my lodgings
lady told me, that she hoped I was not
for the lodgers on the first floor had supp
the upper rooms should not be occupied
made. I very readily promised to give
house to her family, and soon dispatched
on the usual terms.

"I had not slept many nights in my
ment before I began to inquire after my
sors, and found my landlady, whose ima
filled chiefly with her own affairs, very re
me information.

"Curiosity, like all other desires, pro
as well as pleasure. Before she began
tive, I had heated my head with expe

ıt out, and was forced to make a precipitate at from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived the country, who lived for five weeks with : regularity, and became, by frequent treats, much the favourite of the family, but at last .ved visits so frequently from a cousin in Cheap- that she brought the reputation of the house danger, and was therefore dismissed with good ce.

The room then stood empty for a fortnight; my lady began to think that she had judged hardly, often wished for such another lodger. At last derly man of grave aspect read the bill, and ained for the room at the very first price that asked. He lived in close retirement, seldom t out till evening, and then returned early, some- s cheerful, and at other times dejected. It was ırkable, that whatever he purchased, he never small money in his pocket, and though cool and ıerate on other occasions, was always vehement stormy till he received his change. He paid rent with great exactness, and seldom failed ı a week to requite my landlady's civility with a ıer. At last, such is the fate of human felicity, ıouse was alarmed at midnight by the constable, demanded to search the garrets. My landlady ring him that he had mistaken the door, con- ed him up stairs, where he found the tools of a er; but the tenant had crawled along the roof n empty house, and escaped; much to the joy ıy landlady, who declares him a very honest , and wonders why any body should be hanged naking money when such numbers are in want . She however confesses that she shall for the re always question the character of those who her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window,

and the poor woman was teased for seven we by innumerable passengers, who obliged her climb with them every hour up five stories, then disliked the prospect, hated the noise of a lic street, thought the stairs narrow, objected to low ceiling, required the walls to be hung fresher paper, asked questions about the neighbo hood, could not think of living so far from their quaintance, wished the windows had looked to south rather than the west, told how the door chimney might have been better disposed, bid half the price that she asked, or promised to gi her earnest the next day, and came no more.

"At last, a short meagre man, in a tarnish waistcoat, desired to see the garret, and when had stipulated for two long shelves, and a larg table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair w completed, he looked round him with great satisfa tion, and repeated some words which the woma did not understand. In two days he brought great box of books, took possession of his room, and lived very inoffensively, except that he fre quently disturbed the inhabitants of the next floo by unseasonable noises. He was generally in be at noon, but, from evening to midnight, he some times talked aloud with great vehemence, some times stamped as in a rage, sometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then sat down in deep thought, and again burst out into loud vocif erations; sometimes he would sigh as oppressed with misery, and sometimes shake with convulsive laughter. When he encountered any of the family he gave way or bowed, but rarely spoke, except that as he went up stairs he often repeated,

——Ος υπερτατα δωματα ναιει,
This habitant the aerial regions boast,

hard words, to which his neighbours listened s

i that they learned them without understand-
hem. What was his employment she did not
ure to ask him, but at last heard a printer's
inquire for the author.

My landlady was very often advised to beware
his strange man, who, though he was quiet for
present, might perhaps become outrageous in
hot months; but as she was punctually paid,
could not find any sufficient reason for dismiss-
im, till one night he convinced her, by setting
to his curtains, that it was not safe to have an
or for her inmate.

She had then, for six weeks, a succession of
nts, who left her house on Saturday, and, in-
d of paying their rent stormed at their landlady.
last she took in two sisters, one of whom had
t her little fortune in procuring remedies for a
ering disease, and was now supported and at-
ed by the other: she climbed with difficulty to
apartment, where she languished eight weeks
out impatience or lamentation, except for the
nse and fatigue which her sister suffered, and
calmly and contentedly expired. The sister
wed her to the grave, paid the few debts which
had contracted, wiped away the tears of useless
ow, and, returning to the business of common
resigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, are the changes which
happened in the narrow space where my pre-
fortune has fixed my residence. So true it is
amusement and instruction are always at hand
hose who have skill and willingness to find
; and so just is the observation of Juvenal,
a single house will show whatever is done or
red in the world.

" I am, sir, &c."

No. 162. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 175

Orbus es, et locuples, et Bruto consule natus,
Esse tibi veras credis amicitias?
Sunt veræ; sed quas Juvenis, quas pauper habebas,
Quis tibus est, mortem ille tuam.

What old, and rich, and childless too,
And yet believe your friends are true?
Truth might perhaps to those belong,
To those who loved you poor and young;
But, trust me, for the new you have,
They'll love you dearly—in your grave. F. Lewis

ONE of the complaints uttered by Milton's Samson in the anguish of blindness is, that he shall pass life under the direction of others; that he can regulate his conduct by his own knowledge, but must lie at the mercy of those who undertake to guide him.

There is no state more contrary to the dignity wisdom than perpetual and unlimited dependance in which the understanding lies useless, and even motion is received from external impulse. Reason is the great distinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach the same degree of association with celestial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in its operation not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed is nearly the same.

Such is the weakness of man that the essence things is seldom so much regarded as external accidental appendages. A small variation of trifling circumstances, a slight change of form by an artificial dress, or a casual difference of appearance a new light and situation, will conciliate affection or excite abhorrence, and determine us to pursue to avoid. Every man considers a necessity of co

with any will but his own as the lowest
ignominy and meanness; few are so far lost
ardice or negligence as not to rouse at the
sult of tyranny, and exert all their force
him who usurps their property or invades
ivilege of speech or action. Yet we see
hose who never wanted spirit to repel en-
ment or oppose violence, at last, by a gradual
ion of vigilance, delivering up, without capi-
ı, the fortress which they defended against
, and laying down unbidden the weapons
they grasped the harder for every attempt to
them from their hands. Men eminent for
nd wisdom often resign themselves to volun-
pillage, and suffer their lives to be modeled
ious ignorance, and their choice to be regu-
y presumptuous stupidity.

unresisting acquiescence in the determina-
others, may be the consequence of applica-
some study remote from the beaten track of
me employment which does not allow leisure
ficient inspection of those petty affairs by
nature has decreed a great part of our dura-
be filled. To a mind thus withdrawn from
n objects it is more elegible to repose on the
ce of another than to be exposed every mo-
slight interruptions. The submission which
onfidence requires is paid without pain, be-
it implies no confession of inferiority. The
ss from which we withdraw our cognisance is
ve our abilities, but below our notice. We
our pride with the effect of our influence
eakly exerted, and fancy ourselves placed in
er orb, from which we regulate subordinate
by a slight and distant superintendance.
hatever vanity or abstraction may suggest,
n can safely do that by others which might

be done by himself; he that indulges negligence will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that trusts without reserve will at last be deceived.

It is, however, impossible but that, as the attention tends strongly towards one thing, it must recede from another; and he that omits the care of domestic business, because he is engrossed by inquiries of more importance to mankind, has at least the merit of suffering in a good cause. But there are many who can plead no such extenuation of their folly; who shake off the burden of their station, not that they may soar with less incumbrance to the height of knowledge or virtue, but that they may loiter in ease and sleep in quiet; and who select for friendship and confidence not the faithful and the virtuous, but the soft, the civil, and the compliant.

This openness to flattery is the common disgrace of declining life. When men feel weakness increasing on them they naturally desire to rest from the struggles of contradiction, the fatigue of reasoning, the anxiety of circumspection; when they are hourly tormented with pains and diseases, they are unable to bear any new disturbance, and consider all opposition as an addition to misery, of which they feel already more than they can patiently endure. Thus desirous of peace, and thus fearful of pain, the old man seldom inquires after any other qualities in those whom he caresses than quickness in conjecturing his desires, activity in supplying his wants, dexterity in intercepting complaints before they approach near enough to disturb him, flexibility to his present humour, submission to hasty petulance, and attention to wearisome narrations. By these arts alone many have been able to defeat the claims of kindred and of merit, and to enrich themselves with presents and legacies.

Thrasybulus inherited a large fortune, and augented it by the revenues of several lucrative emoyments, which he discharged with honour and xterity. He was at last wise enough to consider at life should not be devoted wholly to accumution, and therefore, retiring to his estate, applied mself to the education of his children, and the ltivation of domestic happiness.

He passed several years in this pleasing amuseent, and he saw his care amply recompensed; his ughters were celebrated for modesty and elegance, d his sons for learning, prudence, and spirit. In me the eagerness with which the neighbouring ntlemen courted his alliance obliged him to resign s daughters to other families; the vivacity and riosity of his sons hurried them out of rural priacy into the open world, from whence they had ot soon an inclination to return. This, however, e had always hoped; he pleased himself with the uccess of his schemes, and felt no inconvenience om solitude till an apoplexy deprived him of his ife.

Thrasybulus had now no companion; and the aladies of increasing years having taken from him uch of the power of procuring amusement for imself, he thought it necessary to procure some ferior friend who might ease him of his economical licitudes, and divert him by cheerful conversation. ll these qualities he soon recollected in Vafer, a erk in one of the offices over which he had forerly presided. Vafer was invited to visit his old tron, and being by his station acquainted with e present modes of life, and by constant practice xterous in business, entertained him with so many velties, and so readily disentangled his affairs, at he was desired to resign his clerkship, and acpt a liberal salary in the house of Thrasybulus.

Vafer, having always lived in a state of dependence, was well versed in the arts by which favour is obtained, and could without repugnance or hesitation accommodate himself to every caprice, and echo every opinion. He never doubted but to be convinced, nor attempted opposition but to flatter Thrasybulus with pleasure of a victory. By this practice he found his way into his patron's heart, and having first made himself agreeable, soon became important. His insidious diligence, by which the laziness of age was gratified, engrossed the management of affairs; and his petty offices of civility and occasional intercessions persuaded the tenants to consider him as their friend and benefactor, and to entreat his enforcement of their representations of hard years, and his countenance to petition for abatement of rent.

Thrasybulus had now banqueted on flattery till he could no longer bear the harshness of remonstrance, or the insipidity of truth. All contrariety to his own opinion shocked him like a violation of some natural right, and all recommendation of his affairs to his own inspection was dreaded by him as a summons to torture. His children were alarmed by the sudden riches of Vafer, but their complaints were heard by their father with impatience, as the result of a conspiracy against his quiet, and a design to condemn him, for their own advantage, to grow out his last hours in perplexity and drudgery. The daughters retired with tears in their eyes, but the son continued his importunities till he found his inheritance hazarded by his obstinacy. Vafer triumphed over all their efforts, and continuing to confirm himself in authority, at the death of his master, purchased an estate, and bade defiance to inquiry and justice.

. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1751.

ıperba pati fastidia, spemque caducam
ice; vive tibi, nam moriere tibi. SENECA.

› no patron's insolence; rely
frail hopes, in freedom live and die.
F. LEWIS.

' the cruelties exercised by wealth and
›n indigence and dependence is more mis-
in its consequences, or more frequently
with wanton negligence, than the encou-
of expectations which are never to be
and the elation and depression of the
needless vicissitudes of hope and disap-

man is rich or poor according to the pro-
etween his desires and enjoyments; any
ent of wishes is therefore equally destruc-
ppiness with the diminution of possession,
hat teaches another to long for what he
ll obtain is no less an enemy to his quiet
had robbed him of part of his patrimony.
›resentations thus refined exhibit no ade-
a of the guilt of pretended friendship; of
›y which followers are attracted only to
the retinue of pomp, and swell the shout of
/, and to be dismissed with contempt and
, when their leader has succeeded or mis-
vhen he is sick of show, and weary of
While a man, infatuated with the promises
ess, wastes his hours and days in attend-
solicitation, the honest opportunities of
; his condition pass by without his notice;
ts to cultivate his own barren soil, because
s every moment to be placed in regions of

spontaneous fertility, and is seldom roused his delusion but by the gripe of distress, whi cannot resist, and the sense of evils which c be remedied.

The punishment of Tantalus in the inferna gions affords a just image of hungry servility, tered with the approach of advantage, doome lose it before it comes into his reach, always w a few days of felicity, and always sinking bac his former wants.

Και μεν Ταντάλον εισιδον χαλεπ' αλγε' εχοντα
Εσαοτ' εν λιμνη, η δε προσεπλαζε γενειω·
Στευτο δε διψαων· πιειν δ' ουκ ειχεν ελεσθαι.
Οσσακι γαρ κυψει ο γερων πιειν μενεαινων,
Τοσσαχ' υδωρ αχολεσκετ αναβροχθεν· αμφι δυ ποσσι
Γαια μελαινα φανεσκε· καταζηνασκε δε δαιμων.
Δενδρεα δ' υψιπιτηλα καταχρηθεν χεε καρπον,
'Οχναι και' ροιαι, και' μηλεαι αλγαοκαρποι.
Συκαι τε γλυκεραι, και' ελαιαι τηλεθοωσαι.
Των οποτ' ιθυσει ο γερων επι χερσι μασασθαι
Τας δ' ανεμος ριπτασκε ποτι νεφεα σκιοεντα.

"I saw," says Homer's Ulysses, "the se punishment of Tantalus. In a lake, whose wa approached to his lips, he stood burning with th without the power to drink. Whenever he incl his head to the stream, some deity commande to be dry, and the dark earth appeared at his Around him lofty trees spread their fruits to vi the pear, the pomegranate, and the green olive, the luscious fig quivered before him, which, w ever he extended his hands to seize them, w snatched by the winds into clouds and obscurit

This image of misery was perhaps originally gested to some poet by the conduct of his pa by the daily contemplation of splendour whic never must partake, by fruitless attempts to c at interdicted happiness, and by the sudden evi cence of his reward, when he thought his lat

most at an end. To groan with poverty, when all ɔout him was opulence, riot, and superfluity, and find the favours which he had long been encou-ɹged to hope, and had long endeavoured to de-ɜrve, squandered, at last, on nameless ignorance, as to thirst with water flowing before them, and ɔ see the fruits to which his hunger was hastening ɔattered by the wind. Nor can my correspon-ent, whatever he may have suffered, express with ıore justness or force the vexations of depen-ence.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

I AM one of those mortals who have been courted nd envied as the favourites of the great. Having ften gained the prize of composition at the univer-ty, I began to hope that I should obtain the same stinction in every other place, and determined to rsake the profession to which I was destined by y parents, and in which the interest of my family ould have procured me a very advantageous settle-ent. The pride of wit fluttered in my heart, and hen I prepared to leave the college, nothing en-red my imagination but honours, caresses, and re-ards, riches without labour, and luxury without pense.

"I however delayed my departure for a time, to ish the performance by which I was to draw the st notice of mankind upon me. When it was com-eted, I hurried to London, and considered every oment that passed before its publication as lost in kind of neutral existence, and cut off from the gol-n hours of happiness and fame. The piece was last printed and disseminated by a rapid sale; wandered from one place of concourse to another, asted from morning to night on the repetition of y own praises, and enjoyed the various conjectures

of critics, the mistaken candour of my friends, and the impotent malice of my enemies. Some had read the manuscript, and rectified its inaccuracies; others had seen it in a state so imperfect that they could not forbear to wonder at its present excellence; some had conversed with the author at the coffee-house; and others gave hints that they had lent him money.

"I knew that no performance is so favourably read as that of a writer who suppresses his name, and therefore resolved to remain concealed till those by whom literary reputation is established had given their suffrages too publicly to retract them. At length my bookseller informed me that Aurantius, the standing patron of merit, had sent inquiries after me, and invited me to his acquaintance.

"The time which I had long expected was now arrived. I went to Aurantius with a beating heart, for I looked upon our interview as the critical moment of my destiny. I was received with civilities, which my academic rudeness made me unable to repay; but when I had recovered from my confusion, I prosecuted the conversation with such liveliness and propriety that I confirmed my new friend in his esteem of my abilities, and was dismissed with the utmost ardour of profession and raptures of fondness.

"I was soon summoned to dine with Aurantius, who had assembled the most judicious of his friends to partake of the entertainment. Again I exerted my powers of sentiment and expression, and again found every eye sparkling with delight, and every tongue silent with attention. I now became familiar at the table of Aurantius, but could never, in his most private or jocund hours, obtain more from him than general declarations of esteem, or endearments of tenderness, which included no particular promise, and therefore conferred no claim. This frigid re-

rve somewhat disgusted me, and when he com-
ained of three days' absence, I took care to inform
m with how much importunity of kindness I had
ɔen detained by his rival Pollio.

"Aurantius now considered his honour as endan-
ɔred by the desertion of a wit, and lest I should
ave an inclination to wander, told me that I could
ever find a friend more constant or zealous than
imself; that indeed he had made no promises, be-
ause he hoped to surprise me with advancement,
ut had been silently promoting my interest, and
ould continue his good offices, unless he found the
indness of others more desired.

"If you, Mr. Rambler, have ever ventured your
hilosophy within the attraction of greatness, you
now the force of such language introduced with a
mile of gracious tenderness, and impressed at the
onclusion with an air of solemn sincerity. From
at instant I gave myself up wholly to Aurantius,
nd as he immediately resumed his former gaiety,
xpected every moment a summons to some employ-
ent of dignity and profit. One month succeeded
nother, and in defiance of appearances I still fan-
ied myself nearer to my wishes, and continued to
ream of success, and wake to disappointment. At
st the failure of my little fortune compelled me to
ate the finery which I hitherto thought necessary
the company with whom I associated, and the
nk to which I should be raised. Aurantius, from
e moment in which he discovered my poverty,
nsidered me as fully in his power, and afterwards
ther permitted my attendance than invited it;
ought himself at liberty to refuse my visits when-
er he had other amusements within reach; and
ten suffered me to wait, without pretending any
cessary business. When I was admitted to his
ble, if any man of equal rank to his own was pre-
nt, he took occasion to mention my writings, and

commend my ingenuity, by which he intended t
apologize for the confusion of distinctions, and th
improper assortment of his company; and ofte
called upon me to entertain his friends with my pro
ductions, as a sportsman delights the squires of hi
neighbourhood with the curvets of his horse, or th
obedience of his spaniels.

"To complete my mortification, it was his prac
tise to impose tasks upon me, by requiring me t
write upon such subjects as he thought susceptibl
of ornament and illustration. With these extorte
performances he was little satisfied, because h
rarely found in them the ideas which his own imag
nation suggested, and which he therefore thought
more natural than mine.

"When the pale of ceremony is broken, rudenes
and insult soon enter the breach. He now found
that he might safely harass me with vexation; tha
he had fixed the shackles of patronage upon me, an
that I could neither resist him nor escape. At last
in the eighth year of my servitude, when the clamour
of creditors was vehement, and my necessity known
to be extreme, he offered me a small office, but
hinted his expectation that I should marry a young
woman with whom he had been acquainted.

"I was not so far depressed by my calamities as
to comply with his proposal; but knowing that
complaints and expostulations would but gratify his
insolence, I turned away with that contempt with
which I shall never want spirit to treat the wretch
who can outgo the guilt of a robber without the
temptation of his profit, and who lures the credulous
and thoughtless to maintain the show of his level
and the mirth of his table, at the expense of honour,
happiness, and life.

"I am, Sir, &c.

"LIBERALIS."

I. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1751.

——*Vitium, Gaure, Catonis habes* MART.

urus pretends to Cato's fame;
id proves——by Cato's vice, his claim.

CTION is so pleasing to the pride of man
reat part of the pain and pleasure of life
om the gratification or disappointment of
sant wish for superiority, from the success
rriage of secret competitions, from victories
ats, of which, though they appear to us of
portance, in reality none are conscious ex-
selves.

ortionate to the prevalence of this love of
the variety of means by which its attain-
attempted. Every man, however hopeless
nsions may appear to all but himself, has
ject by which he hopes to rise to reputa-
me art by which he imagines that the notice
orld will be attracted; some quality, good
which discriminates him from the common
mortals, and by which others may be per-
o love, or compelled to fear him. The as-
honour, however steep, never appear inac-
; he that despairs to scale the precipices by
arning and valour have conducted their fa-
, discovers some by-path, or easier acclivity,
hough it cannot bring him to the summit,
enable him to overlook those with whom he
ontending for eminence; and we seldom re-
ore to the happiness of the present hour
urpass him that stands next before us.

e greater part of humankind speak and act
by imitation, most of those who aspire to

honour and applause propose to themselves so
example which serves as the model of their conda
and the limit of their hopes. Almost every man,
closely examined, will be found to have enlist
himself under some leader whom he expects to co
duct him to renown; to have some hero or oth
living or dead, in his view, whose character he e
deavours to assume, and whose performances he l
bours to equal.

When the original is well chosen and judicious
copied, the imitator often arrives at excellence wh
he could never have attained without direction; f
few are formed with abilities to discover new po
bilities of excellence, and to distinguish themselv
by means never tried before.

But folly and idleness often contrive to grat
pride at a cheaper rate: not the qualities which
most illustrious, but those which are of easiest a
tainments, are selected for imitation; and the ho
nours and rewards which public gratitude has paid
to the benefactors of mankind are expected b
wretches who can only imitate them in their vic
and defects, or adopt some petty singularities,
which those from whom they are borrowed wer
secretly ashamed.

No man rises to such a height as to become co
spicuous, but he is on one side censured by und
cerning malice, which reproaches him for his be
actions, and slanders his apparent and incontestabl
excellences; and idolized on the other by ignora
admiration, which exalts his faults and follies in
virtues. It may be observed, that he by whose i
timacy his acquaintances imagine themselves digni
fied, generally diffuses among them his mien an
his habits; and indeed without more vigilance tha
is generally applied to the regulation of the minute
parts of behaviour, it is not easy, when we conver

ı with one whose general character excites our
ration, to escape all contagion of his peculiari-
even when we do not deliberately think them
hy of our notice, and when they would have
ed laughter or disgust had they not been pro-
d by their alliance to nobler qualities, and ac-
ıtally consorted with knowledge or with virtue.
ıe faults of a man loved or honoured sometimes
secretly and imperceptibly upon the wise and
ous, but by injudicious fondness or thoughtless
y are adopted with design. There is scarce
failing of mind or body, any error of opinion or
ıvity of practice, which, instead of producing
ıe and discontent, its natural effects, has not at
ime or other gladdened vanity with the hopes
raise, and been displayed with ostentatious in-
y by those who sought kindred minds among
vits or heroes, and could prove their relation
by similitude of deformity.

consequence of this perverse ambition, every
; which reason condemns may be indulged and
ed. When a man is upbraided with his faults,
ay indeed be pardoned if he endeavours to run
helter to some celebrated name: but it is not
ə suffered that, from the retreats to which he
from infamy, he should issue again with the
dence of conquests, and call upon mankind for
e. Yet we see men that waste their patrimony
xury, destroy their health with debauchery, and
rate their minds with idleness, because there
been some whom luxury never could sink into
ɛmpt, nor idleness hinder from the praise of
ıs.

ıis general inclination of mankind to copy cha-
rs in the gross, and the force which the recom-
lation of illustrious examples adds to the allure-
s of vice, ought to be considered by all whose

character excludes them from the shades of secrecy as incitements to scrupulous caution and univer purity of manners. No man, however enslaved his appetites, or hurried by his passions, can, whi he preserves his intellects unimpaired, please himse with promoting the corruption of others. He who merit has enlarged his influence would surely wi to exert it for the benefit of mankind. Yet suc will be the effect of his reputation, while he suffe himself to indulge in any favourite fault, that the who have no hope to reach his excellence will catc at his failings, and his virtues will be cited to justif the copiers of his vices.

It is particularly the duty of those who consig illustrious names to posterity, to take care lest the readers be misled by ambiguous examples. Th writer may be justly condemned as an enemy goodness, who suffers fondness or interest to co found right with wrong, or to shelter the faults wh even the wisest and the best have committed fro that ignominy which guilt ought always to suffe and with which it should be more deeply stigmatis when dignified by its neighbourhood to uncomm worth, since we shall be in danger of beholding without abhorrence, unless its turpitude be laid open and the eye secured from the deception of surround ing splendour.

No. 165. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1751.

Ἦν νεος, αλλα πενης; νον γηρων, πλουσιος ειμι.
Ὦ μονος εκ παντων οικτρος εν αμφοτεροις,
Ὁς τοτε μεν χρησθαι δυναμην, οποτ' ουδε εν ειχνο.
Νυν δ' οποτε χρησθαι μη δυναμαι, τοτ' εχω.

ANTIPHILUS.

Young was I once and poor, now rich and old;
A harder case than mine was never told;
Bless'd with the power to use them—I had none;
Loaded with riches now, the power is gone. F. LEWIS.

" TO THE RAMBLER.

" SIR,

" THE writers who have undertaken the unpromising ask of moderating desire exert all the power of heir eloquence, to show that happiness is not the ot of man, and have by many arguments and exam-les proved the instability of every condition by which envy or ambition are excited. They have set before our eyes all the calamities to which we are exposed from the frailty of nature, the influence of accident, or the stratagems of malice; they have terrified greatness with conspiracies, and riches with anxieties, wit with criticism, and beauty with dis-ease.

" All the force of reason and all the charms of language are indeed necessary to support positions which every man hears with a wish to confute them. Truth finds an easy entrance into the mind when she is introduced by desire, and attended by plea-sure; but when she intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear and sorrow in her train, the passes of the ntellect are barred against her by prejudice and passion; if she sometimes forces her way by the batteries of argument, she seldom long keeps pos-

session of her conquests, but is ejected by some favoured enemy, or at best obtains only a nominal sovereignty, without influence and without authority.

"That life is short we are all convinced, and yet suffer not that conviction to repress our projects or limit our expectations; that life is miserable we all feel, and yet we believe that the time is near when we shall feel it no longer. But to hope happiness and immortality is equally vain. Our state may indeed be more or less imbittered as our duration may be more or less contracted; yet the utmost felicity which we can ever attain will be little better than alleviation of misery, and we shall always feel more pain from our wants than pleasure from our enjoyments. The incident which I am going to relate will show that, to destroy the effect of all our success, it is not necessary that any signal calamity should fall upon us, that we should be harassed by implacable persecution, or excruciated by irremediable pains; the brightest hours of prosperity have their clouds, and the stream of life, if it is not ruffled by obstructions, will grow putrid by stagnation.

"My father, resolving not to imitate the folly of his ancestors, who had hitherto left the younger sons incumbrances on the eldest, destined me to a lucrative profession; and I, being careful to lose no opportunity of improvement, was, at the usual time in which young men enter the world, well qualified for the exercise of the business which I had chosen.

"My eagerness to distinguish myself in public, and my impatience of the narrow scheme of life to which my indigence confined me, did not suffer me to continue long in the town where I was born. I went away as from a place of confinement, with a resolution to return no more, till I should be able to dazzle with my splendour those who now looked upon me with contempt, or reward those who had

id honours to my dawning merit, and to show all
o had suffered me to glide by them unknown and
glected, how much they mistook their interest in
itting to propitiate a genius like mine.

" Such were my intentions when I sallied forth
o the unknown world, in quest of riches and
ours, which I expected to procure in a very short
e; for what could withhold them from industry
knowledge? He that indulges hope will always
disappointed. Reputation I very soon obtained;
as merit is much more cheaply acknowledged
n rewarded, I did not find myself yet enriched
proportion to my celebrity.

' I had however in time surmounted the obstacles
which envy and competition obstruct the first
mpts of a new claimant, and saw my opponents
censurers tacitly confessing their despair of
cess, by courting my friendship and yielding to
influence. They who once pursued me were
satisfied to escape from me; and they who had
ore thought me presumptuous in hoping to over-
e them had now their utmost wish, if they were
mitted at no great distance quietly to follow me.

' My wants were not madly multiplied as my ac-
uitions increased, and the time came at length,
n I thought myself enabled to gratify all reason-
e desires, and when, therefore, I resolved to en-
that plenty and serenity which I had been
erto labouring to procure, to enjoy them while I
yet neither crushed by age into infirmity, nor
abituated to a particular manner of life as to be
ualified for new studies or entertainments.

I now quitted my profession, and to set myself
nce free from all importunities to resume it,
nged my residence, and devoted the remaining
of my time to quiet and amusement. Amidst
merable projects of pleasure which restless

idleness incited me to form, and of which mo
when they came to the moment of execution, w
rejected for others of no longer continuance, so
accident revived in my imagination the pleas
ideas of my native place. It was now in my po
to visit those from whom I had been so long abse
in such a manner as was consistent with my for
resolution, and I wondered how it could happen t
I had so long delayed my own happiness.

"Full of the admiration which I should exc
and the homage which I should receive, I dres
my servants in a more ostentatious livery, purcha
a magnificent chariot, and resolved to dazzle
inhabitants of the little town with an unexpec
blaze of greatness.

"While the preparations that vanity required w
made for my departure, which, as workmen will
easily be hurried beyond their ordinary rate,
thought very tedious, I solaced my impatience w
imagining the various censures that my appear
would produce, the hopes which some would
from my bounty, the terror which my power wo
strike on others, the awkward respect with whic
should be accosted by timorous officiousness,
the distant reverence with which others, less fa
liar to splendour and dignity, would be content
gaze upon me. I deliberated a long time, whe
I should immediately descend to a level with
former acquaintances, or make my condescen
more grateful by a gentle transition from haughti
and reserve. At length I determined to forget s
of my companions, till they discovered themse
by some indubitable token, and to receive the
gratulations of others upon my good fortune
indifference, to show that I always expected w
I had now obtained. The acclamations of the p
lace I purposed to reward with six hogshead

le, and a roasted ox, and then recommend to them
return to their work.

"At last all the trappings of grandeur were fitted,
nd I began the journey of triumph, which I could
ve wished to have ended in the same moment,
t my horses felt none of their master's ardour,
d I was shaken four days upon rugged roads. I
en entered the town, and having graciously let fall
e glasses, that my person might be seen, passed
wly through the street. The noise of the wheels
ought the inhabitants to their doors, but I could
t perceive that I was known by them. At last I
ghted, and my name, I suppose, was told by my
rvants, for the barber stepped from the opposite
use, and seized me by the hand with honest joy
his countenance, which, according to the rule
at I had prescribed to myself, I repressed with a
gid graciousness. The fellow, instead of sinking
o dejection, turned away with contempt, and left
e to consider how the second salutation should be
ceived. The next friend was better treated, for
soon found that I must purchase by civility that
gard which I had expected to enforce by inso-
nce.

"There was yet no smoke of bonfires, no harmony
bells, no shout of crowds, nor riot of joy; the
siness of the day went forward as before; and
er having ordered a splendid supper, which no
an came to partake, and which my chagrin hin-
red me from tasting, I went to bed, where the
xation of disappointment overpowered the fatigue
my journey and kept me from sleep.

"I rose so much humbled by those mortifica-
ns as to inquire after the present state of the
wn, and found that I had been absent too long to
tain the triumph which had flattered my expecta-
on. Of the friends whose complimen

pected, some had long ago moved to distant pro-
vinces, some had lost, in the maladies of age, t
sense of another's prosperity, and some had forg-
ten our former intimacy amidst care and distress
Of three whom I had resolved to punish for th
former offences by a longer continuance of negl
one was, by his own industry, raised above
scorn, and two were sheltered from it in the gr
All those whom I loved, feared, or hated, all wh
envy or whose kindness I had hopes of cont
plating with pleasure, were swept away, and th
place was filled by a new generation with o
views and other competitions; and among m
proofs of the impotence of wealth, I found that
conferred upon me very few distinctions in my
tive place.

"I am, sir, &c.

"SEROTINUS."

No. 166. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 17

Semper eris pauper, si pauper es Æmiliane:
Dantur opis nulli nunc, nisi, divitibus. MART.

Once poor, my friend, still poor you must remain,
The rich alone have all the means of gain.

EDW. CAV

No complaint has been more frequently repe
in all ages than that of the neglect of merit a
ciated with poverty, and the difficulty with wh
valuable or pleasing qualities force themselves
view, when they are obscured by indigence.
has been long observed, that native beauty has li
power to charm without the ornaments which f
tune bestows, and that to want the favour of oth
is often sufficient to hinder us from obtaining it.

very day discovers that mankind are not yet
inced of their error, or that their conviction is
out power to influence their conduct; for po-
y still continues to produce contempt, and still
ructs the claims of kindred and of virtue. The
of wealth is elevated towards higher stations,
seldom descends to examine the actions of those
are placed below the level of its notice, and
in distant regions and lower situations are
ggling with distress, or toiling for bread.—
ong the multitudes overwhelmed with insuper-
calamity, it is common to find those whom a
little assistance would enable to support them-
es with decency, and who yet cannot obtain
near relations what they see hourly lavished
itentation, luxury, or frolic.

here are natural reasons why poverty does not
y conciliate affection. He that has been con-
l from his infancy to the conversation of the
est classes of mankind must necessarily want
e accomplishments which are the usual means
ttracting favour; and though truth, fortitude,
probity give an indisputable right to reverence
kindness, they will not be distinguished by
mon eyes, unless they are brightened by ele-
ce of manners, but are cast aside like unpolished
s, of which none but the artist knows the in-
ic value, till their asperities are smoothed and
incrustations rubbed away.

he grossness of vulgar habits obstructs the effi-
r of virtue, as impurity and harshness of style
air the force of reason, and rugged numbers turn
he mind from artifice of disposition and fertility
vention. Few have strength of reason to over-
the perceptions of sense; and yet fewer have
osity or benevolence to struggle long against the
impression: he therefore who fails to please in

his salutation and address is at once rejected, and never obtains an opportunity of showing his latent excellences or essential qualities.

It is indeed not easy to prescribe a successful manner of approaching to the distressed or necessitous, whose condition subjects every kind of behaviour equally to miscarriage. He whose confidence of merit incites him to meet without any apparent sense of inferiority the eyes of those who flattered themselves with their own dignity is considered as an insolent leveller, impatient of the just prerogatives of rank and wealth, eager to usurp the station to which he has no right, and to confound the subordinations of society; and who would contribute to the exaltation of that spirit which even want and calamity are not able to restrain from rudeness and rebellion.

But no better success will commonly be found to attend servility and dejection, which often give pride the confidence to treat them with contempt. A request made with diffidence and timidity is easily denied, because the petitioner himself seems to doubt its fitness.

Kindness is generally reciprocal; we are desirous of pleasing others, because we receive pleasure from them; but by what means can the man please, whose attention is engrossed by his distresses, and who has no leisure to be officious; whose will is restrained by his necessities, and who has no power to confer benefits; whose temper is perhaps vitiated by ignorance?

It is yet a more offensive discouragement, that the same actions performed by different hands produce different effects, and instead of rating the man by his performances, we rate too frequently the performance by the man. It sometimes happens in the combinations of life, that important services are

ormed by inferiors; but though their zeal and vity may be paid by pecuniary rewards, they lom excite that flow of gratitude, or obtain that umulation of recompense, with which all think it r duty to acknowledge the favour of those who cend to their assistance from a higher elevation. be obliged is to be in some respect inferior to ther; and few willingly indulge the memory of ıction which raises one whom they have always n accustomed to think below them, but satisfy nselves with faint praise and penurious payment, then drive it from their own minds, and endea- r to conceal it from the knowledge of others.

t may be always objected to the services of those) can be supposed to want a reward, that they e produced not by kindness but interest; they therefore, when they are no longer wanted, ily disregarded as arts of insinuation, or strata- ıs of selfishness. Benefits which are received ifts from wealth, are exacted as debts from in- ence; and he that in a high station is celebrated superfluous goodness would, in a meaner con- on, have barely been confessed to have done his y.

t is scarcely possible for the utmost benevolence blige, when exerted under the disadvantages of ıt inferiority; for, by the habitual arrogance of ılth, such expectations are commonly formed as zeal or industry can satisfy; and what regard he hope, who has done less than was demanded n him?

here are indeed kindnesses conferred which e never purchased by precedent favours; and e is an affection not arising from gratitude or ıs interest, by which similar natures are at- ted to each other, without prospect of any other antage than the pleasure of exchanging senti-

ments, and the hope of confirming their esteem of themselves by the approbation of each other. But this spontaneous fondness seldom rises at the sight of poverty, which every one guards with habitual contempt, and of which the applause is no more courted by vanity than the countenance is solicited by ambition. The most generous and disinterested friendship must be resolved at last into the love of ourselves; he therefore whose reputation or dignity inclines us to consider his esteem as a testimony of desert, will always find our hearts open to his endearments. We every day see men of eminence followed with all the obsequiousness of dependence and courted with all the blandishments of flattery by those who want nothing from them but professions of regard, and who think themselves liberally rewarded by a bow, a smile, or an embrace.

But those prejudices which every mind feels more or less in favour of riches ought, like other opinions which only custom and example have impressed upon us, to be in time subjected to reason. We must learn how to separate the real character from extraneous adhesions and casual circumstances, to consider closely him whom we are about to adopt or to reject; to regard his inclinations as well as his actions; to trace out those virtues which lie torpid in the heart for want of opportunity, and those vices that lurk unseen by the absence of temptation; that when we find worth faintly shooting in the shades of obscurity, we may let in light and sunshine upon it, and ripen benevolition into efficacy and power.

. 167. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1751.

Candida perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat ipsa senem quondam, sed et ipsa marito
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

Their nuptial bed may smiling concord dress,
And Venus still the happy union bless!
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recall the bloom of youth.

F. Lewis.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

T is not common to envy those with whom we not easily be placed in comparison. Every ı sees without malevolence the progress of ano- r in the tracks of life, which he has himself no ire to tread, and hears, without inclination to ils or contradiction, the renown of those whose ance will not suffer them to draw the attention mankind from his own merit. The sailor never ıks it necessary to contest the lawyer's abilities; would the Rambler, however jealous of his re- ation, be much disturbed by the success of rival s at Agra or Ispahan.

'We do not therefore ascribe to you any super- ve degree of virtue, when we believe that we y inform you of our change of condition without ıger of malignant fascination; and that when ı read of the marriage of your correspondents menæus and Tranquilla, you will join your hes to those of their other friends for the happy nt of an union in which caprice and selfishness l so little part.

"There is at least this reason why we should b less deceived in our connubial hopes than m who enter into the same state, that we have allow our minds to form no unreasonable expectatio nor vitiated our fancies, in the soft hours of co ship, with visions of felicity which human pow cannot bestow, or of perfection which human vir cannot attain. That impartiality with which we e deavoured to inspect the manners of all whom have known was never so much overpowered b our passion, but that we discovered some faults a weaknesses in each other; and joined our hands conviction, that as there are advantages to be e joyed in marriage, there are inconveniences likewi to be endured; and that, together with confeder intellects and auxiliary virtues, we must find di ferent opinions and opposite inclinations.

"We however flatter ourselves, for who is no flattered by himself as well as by others on the de of marriage, that we are eminently qualified to giv mutual pleasure. Our birth is without any such re markable disparity as can give either an opportunit of insulting the other with pompous names an splendid alliances, or of calling in upon any domestic controversy the overbearing assistance of powerfu relations. Our fortune was equally suitable, so that we meet without any of those obligations which al ways produce reproach or suspicion of reproach, which, though they may be forgotten in the gaieties of the first month, no delicacy will always suppress, or of which the suppression must be considered as a new favour, to be repaid by tameness and submission, till gratitude takes the place of love, and the desire of pleasing degenerates by degrees into the fear of offending.

"The settlements caused no delay; for we did not trust our affairs to the negociation of wretches

o would have paid their court by multiplying ulations. Tranquilla scorned to detain any part her fortune from him into whose hands she deli-ed up her person; and Hymenæus thought no of baseness more criminal than his who enslaves wife by her own generosity, who by marrying hout a jointure condemns her to all the dangers accident and caprice, and at last boasts his liber-y, by granting what only the indiscretion of her dness enabled him to withhold. He therefore eived, on the common terms, the portion which y other woman might have brought him, and re-ved all the exuberance of acknowledgment for se excellences which he has yet been able to cover only in Tranquilla.

"We did not pass the weeks of courtship like se who consider themselves as taking the last aught of pleasure, and resolve not to quit the wl without a surfeit, or who know themselves out to set happiness to hazard, and endeavour to se their sense of danger in the ebriety of perpetual ausement, and whirl round the gulf before they ak. Hymenæus often repeated a medical axiom, at *the succours of sickness ought not to be wasted health.* We know that however our eyes may it sparkle, and our hearts bound at the presence of ch other, the time of listlessness and satiety, of evishness and discontent, must come at last, in hich we shall be driven for relief to shows and re-eations; that the uniformity of life must be some-nes diversified, and the vacuities of conversation metimes supplied. We rejoice in the reflection at we have stores of novelty yet unexhausted, hich may be opened when repletion shall call for ange, and gratifications yet untasted, by which e, when it shall become vapid or bitter, may be stored to its former sweetness and sprightliness,

and again rouse the appetite, and again sparkle in the cup.

"... it time will probably be less tasteless than that of those whom the authority and avarice of parents unite almost without their consent in the early years, before they have accumulated any fund of reflection, or collected materials for mutual entertainment. Such we have often seen rising in the morning to cards, and retiring in the afternoon to dine, whose happiness was celebrated by their neighbours because they happened to grow rich by parsimony, and to be kept quiet by insensibility, and agreed to eat and to sleep together.

"We have both mingled with the world, and are therefore no strangers to the faults and virtues, the designs and competitions, the hopes and fears of our contemporaries. We have both amused our leisure with books, and can therefore recount the events of former times, or cite the dictates of ancient wisdom. Every occurrence furnishes us with some hint which one or the other can improve, and if it should happen that memory or imagination fail us, we can retire to no idle or unimproving solitude.

"Though our characters, beheld at a distance, exhibit this general resemblance, yet a nearer inspection discovers such a dissimilitude of our habitudes and sentiments as leaves each some peculiar advantages, and affords that *concordia discors*, that suitable disagreement which is always necessary to intellectual harmony. There may be a total diversity of ideas which admits no participation of the same delight, and there may likewise be such a conformity of notions as leaves neither any thing to add to the decisions of the other. With such contrariety there can be no peace, with such similarity there can be no pleasure. Our reasonings, though

formed upon different views, terminate gene- in the same conclusion. Our thoughts, like ets issuing from distant springs, are each im- nated in its course with various mixtures, and ed by infusions unknown to the other, yet at easily unite in one stream, and purify them- es by the gentle effervescence of contrary qua- s.

These benefits we receive in a greater degree, e converse without reserve, because we have ing to conceal. We have no debts to be paid mperceptible deductions from avowed expenses, abits to be indulged by the private subserviency favoured servant, no private interviews with ly relations, no intelligence with spies placed each other. We considered marriage as the t solemn league of perpetual friendship, a state which artifice and concealment are to be ba- ed for ever, and in which every act of dissimu- n is a breach of faith.

The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ar- of desire which the first sight of pleasure na- lly produces, have long ceased to hurry us into ularity and vehemence; and experience has vn us that few gratifications are too valuable to crificed to complaisance. We have thought it enient to rest from the fatigue of pleasure, and only continue that course of life into which we before entered, confirmed in our choice by mu- approbation, supported in our resolution by al encouragement, and assisted in our efforts utual exhortation.

Such, Mr. Rambler, is our prospect of life, a pect which, as it is beheld with more attention, s to open more extensive happiness, and ds by degrees into the boundless regions of ity. But if all our prudence has been vain,

and we are doomed to give one instance more of t uncertainty of human discernment, we shall com ourselves amidst our disappointments, that we w not betrayed but by such delusions as caution co not escape, since we sought happiness only in t arms of virtue.

"We are,
"Sir,
"Your humble servants,
"HYMENÆUS,
"TRANQUILLA."

No. 168. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 175

——— Decipit
Frons prima multos, rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo. PHÆDRUS.

The tinsel glitter and the specious mien,
Delude the most; few pry behind the scene.

IT has been observed by Boileau that, "a mean o common thought, expressed in pompous diction, generally pleases more than a new or noble sentiment delivered in low and vulgar language; becaus the number is greater of those whom custom ha enabled to judge of words than whom study ha qualified to examine things."

This solution might satisfy, if such only were o fended with meanness of expression as are unabl to distinguish propriety of thought, and to separat propositions or images from the vehicles by whic they are conveyed to the understanding. But th kind of disgust is by no means confined to the ign rant or superficial; it operates uniformly and u versally upon readers of all classes: every ma however profound or abstracted, perceives hims

lienated by low terms; they who pro-
t zealous adherence to truth are forced
ıt she owes part of her charms to her
and loses much of her power over the
ıhe appears disgraced by a dress un-
ıdjusted.

.ll offended by low terms, but are not
ke by the same compositions, because
;ree to censure the same terms as low.
naturally or intrinsically meaner than
· opinion therefore of words, as of other
·arily and capriciously established, de-
y upon accident and custom. The cot-
those apartments splendid and spacious
ıabitant of palaces will despise for their
and to him who has passed most of his
:he delicate and polite, many expres-
ɜm sordid which another, equally acute,
thout offence; but a mean term never
ease him to whom it appears mean, as
:rtainly and invariably despised, though
ɔor in the eyes of some, may by others
r his wealth.

:come low by the occasions to which
lied, or the general character of them
m; and the disgust which they produce
the revival of those images with which
ınmonly united. Thus if, in the most
ɔurse, a phrase happens to occur which
ɔcessfully employed in some ludicrous
e gravest auditor finds it difficult to re-
ughter, when they who are not prepos-
.he same accidental association, are
le to guess the reason of his merriment.
:h convey ideas of dignity in one age
l from elegant writing or conversation
because they are in time debased by

vulgar mouths, and can be no longer heard without the involuntary recollection of unpleasant images.

When Macbeth is confirming himself in the horrid purpose of stabbing his king, he breaks out amidst his emotions into a wish natural to a murderer:

> ——————Come, thick night!
> And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
> That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
> Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
> To cry, Hold! hold!

In this passage is exerted all the force of poetry, that force which calls new powers into being, which embodies sentiment, and animates matter; yet perhaps scarce any man now peruses it without some disturbance of his attention from the counteraction of the words to the ideas. What can be more dreadful than to implore the presence of night, invested not in common obscurity, but in the smoke of hell? Yet the efficacy of this invocation is destroyed by the insertion of an epithet now seldom heard but in the stable, and *dun* night may come or go without any other notice than contempt.

If we start into raptures when some hero of the Iliad tells us that δορυ μαινεται, his lance rages with eagerness to destroy; if we are alarmed at the terror of the soldiers commanded by Cæsar to hew down the sacred grove, who dreaded, says Lucan, lest the axe aimed at the oak should fly back upon the striker,

> ——*Si robora sacra ferirent,*
> *In sua credebant redituras membra secures.*
>
> None dares with impious steel the grove to rend,
> Lest on himself the destined stroke descend;

we cannot surely but sympathize with the horrors of a wretch about to murder his master, his friend, his benefactor, who suspects that the weapon will re-

its office, and start back from the breast which is preparing to violate. Yet this sentiment is awakened by the name of an instrument used by itchers and cooks in the meanest employments; e do not immediately conceive that any crime of portance is to be committed with a knife; or who es not, at last, from the long habit of connecting knife with sordid offices, feel aversion rather than rror?

Macbeth proceeds to wish, in the madness of ilt, that the inspection of heaven may be interpted, and that he may, in the involutions of innal darkness escape the eye of providence. This the utmost extravagance of determined wickedss; yet this is so debased by two unfortunate rds, that while I endeavour to impress on my der the energy of the sentiment, I can scarce eck my risibility when the expression forces itself on my mind; for who, without some relaxation of gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt *peeping through a blanket?*

These imperfections of diction are less obvious the reader as he is less acquainted with common ages; they are therefore wholly imperceptible to foreigner, who learns our language from books, d will strike a solitary academic less forcibly than modish lady.

Among the numerous requisites that must concur complete an author, few are of more importance an an early entrance into the living world. The ed of knowledge may be planted in solitude, but ust be cultivated in public. Argumentation may taught in colleges, and theories formed in retirement; but the artifice of embellishment and the wers of attraction can be gained only by a genel converse.

An acquaintance with prevailing customs and

fashionable elegance is necessary likewise for other purposes. The injury that grand imagery suffers from unsuitable language, personal merit may fear from rudeness and indelicacy. When the success of Æneas depended on the favour of the queen upon whose coasts he was driven, his celestial protectress thought him not sufficiently secured against rejection by his piety or bravery, but decorated him for the interview with preternatural beauty. Whoever desires, for his writings or himself, what he can reasonably contemn, the favour of mankind, must add grace to strength, and make his thoughts agreeable as well as useful. Many complain of neglect who never tried to attract regard. It cannot be expected that the patrons of science or virtue should be solicitous to discover excellences, which they who possess them shade and disguise. Few have abilities so much needed by the rest of the world as to be caressed on their own terms; and he that will not condescend to recommend himself by external embellishments must submit to the fate of just sentiment meanly expressed, and be ridiculed and forgotten before he is understood.

No. 169. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1751.

Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorsos sapit ungues. PERSIUS.

No blood from bitten nails those poems drew;
But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.
DRYDEN.

NATURAL historians assert, that whatever is formed for long duration arrives slowly to its maturity. Thus the firmest timber is of tardy growth, and animals generally exceed each other in longevity, in

ortion to the time between their conception and
r birth.
he same observation may be extended to the
ring of the mind. Hasty compositions, how-
they please at first by flowery luxuriance, and
ad in the sunshine of temporary favour, can sel-
endure the change of seasons, but perish at the
blast of criticism or frost of neglect. When
lles was reproached with the paucity of his
luctions, and the incessant attention with which
etouched his pieces, he condescended to make
ther answer than that *he painted for perpe-*
l.
o vanity can more justly incur contempt and
gnation than that which boasts of negligence
hurry. For who can bear with patience the
er who claims such superiority to the rest of his
ies as to imagine that mankind are at leisure
attention to his extemporary sallies, and that
erity will reposit his casual effusions among the
sures of ancient wisdom?
len have sometimes appeared of such transcen-
abilities that their slightest and most cursory
ormances excel all that labour and study can
le meaner intellects to compose; as there are
ns of which the spontaneous products cannot
qualed in other soils by care and culture. But
no less dangerous for any man to place himself
is rank of understanding, and fancy that he is
to be illustrious without labour, than to omit
ares of husbandry, and expect from his ground
lossoms of Arabia.
ie greatest part of those who congratulate
iselves upon their intellectual dignity, and usurp
rivileges of genius, are men whom only them-
s would ever have marked out as enriched by
mmon liberalities of nature, or entitled to ve-

neration and immortality on easy terms. T
dour of confidence is usually found among
who, having not enlarged their notions by bo
conversation, are persuaded, by the partiality
we all feel in our own favour, that they have r
the summit of excellence, because they di
none higher than themselves, and who acqui
the first thoughts that occur, because their
ness of knowledge allows them little choic
the narrowness of their views affords th
glimpse of perfection of that sublime idea
human industry has from the first ages been
toiling to approach. They see a little, and
that there is nothing beyond their sphere of
as the Patuecos of Spain, who inhabited
valley, conceived the surrounding mountain
the boundaries of the world. In proportion
fection is more distinctly conceived, the ples
contemplating our own performances will b
ened; it may therefore be observed, that th
most deserve praise are often afraid to de
favour of their own performances; they kn
much is still wanting to their completion, a
with anxiety and terror the determination
public. "I please every one else," says
"but never satisfy myself."

It has often been inquired why, notwiths
the advances of latter ages in science and the
ance which the infusion of so many new id
given us, we still fall below the ancients in
of composition. Some part of their superior
be justly ascribed to the graces of their la
from which the most polished of the presen
pean tongues are nothing more than barbar
generations. Some advantage they migh
merely by priority, which put them in posse
the most natural sentiments, and left us not

ile repetition or forced conceits. But the greater of their praise seems to have been the just ard of modesty and labour. Their sense of an weakness confined them commonly to one y, which their knowledge of the extent of every ice engaged them to prosecute with indefatiga- diligence.

mong the writers of antiquity I remember none ept Statius who ventures to mention the speedy luction of his writings, either as an extenuation is faults or a proof of his facility. Nor did ius, when he considered himself as a candidate asting reputation, think a closer attention unne- ary, but amidst all his pride and indigence, the great hasteners of modern poems, employed ve years upon the Thebaid, and thinks his claim enown proportionate to his labour.

Thebais, multa cruciata lima,
Tentat, auduci fide, Mantuanæ
Guadia famæ.

Polish'd with endless toil, my lays
At length aspire to Mantuan praise.

vid, indeed, apologizes in his banishment for the erfection of his letters, but mentions his want of ire to polish them as an addition to his calami- ; and was so far from imagining revisals and ections unnecessary that, at his departure from ne, he threw his Metamorphoses into the fire, he should be disgraced by a book which he d not hope to finish.

seems not often to have happened that the e writer aspired to reputation in verse and prose; of those few that attempted such diversity of llence, I know not that even one succeeded. rary characters they never imagined a single l able to support, and therefore no man is re- ed to have undertaken more than one kind of natic poetry.

What they had written they did not venture in their first fondness to thrust into the world, but considering the impropriety of sending forth inconsiderately that which cannot be recalled deferred publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of Horace, yet till their fancy was cool after the raptures of invention, and glare of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment.

There were in those days no weekly or diurnal writers; *multa dies, et multa litura*, much time and many rasures, were considered as indispensable requisites; and that no other method of attaining lasting praise has been yet discovered, may be conjectured from the blotted manuscripts of Milton now remaining, and from the tardy emission of Pope's compositions, delayed more than once till the incidents to which they alluded were forgotten, till his enemies were secure from his satire, and what to an honest mind must be more painful, his friends were deaf to his encomiums.

To him whose eagerness of praise hurries his productions soon into the light many imperfections are unavoidable, even where the mind furnishes the materials as well as regulates their disposition, and nothing depends upon search or information. Delay opens new veins of thought, the subject dismissed for a time appears with a new train of dependent images, the accidents of reading or conversation supply new ornaments or allusions, or mere intermission of the fatigue of thinking enables the mind to collect new force and make new excursions. But all those benefits come too late for him who when he was weary with labour, snatched at the recompense, and gave his work to his friends or his enemies, as soon as impatience and pride persuaded him to conclude it.

One of the most pernicious effects of haste is security. He that teems with a quick succession

[illegible], and perceives how one sentiment produces [illegible]ther, easily believes that he can clearly express [illegible]t he so strongly comprehends; he seldom sus[illegible]ts his thoughts of embarrassment while he pre[illegible]ves in his own memory the series of connection, [illegible]his diction of ambiguity while only one sense is [illegible]esent to his mind. Yet if he has been employed [illegible] an abstruse or complicated argument, he will [illegible]d, when he has a while withdrawn his mind, and [illegible]rns as a new reader to his work, that he has [illegible]ly a conjectural glimpse of his own meaning, and [illegible]t to explain it to those whom he desires to in[illegible]ruct, he must open his sentiments, disentangle his [illegible]ethod, and alter his arrangement.

Authors and lovers always suffer some infatua[illegible]on, from which only absence can set them free; [illegible]d every man ought to restore himself to the full [illegible]xercise of his judgment, before he does that which [illegible]e cannot do improperly, without injuring his ho[illegible]nour and his quiet.

No. 170. SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1751.

Confiteor; si quid protest delicta fateri. OVID.
I grant the charge; forgive the fault confess'd.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"I AM one of those beings from whom many, that melt at the sight of all other misery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; one whom the rigour of virtuous indignation dooms to suffer without complaint, and perish without regard; and whom I myself have formerly insulted in the pride of reputation and security of innocence.

"I am of a good family, but my father was burthened with more children than he could decently support. A wealthy relation, as he traveled from London to his country seat, condescending to make him a visit, was touched with compassion of his narrow fortune, and resolved to ease him of part of his charge, by taking the care of a child upon himself. Distress on one side, and ambition on the other, were too powerful for parental fondness, and the little family passed in review before him, that he might make his choice. I was then ten years old, and without knowing for what purpose I was called to my great cousin, endeavoured to recommend myself by my best courtesy, sung him my prettiest song, told the last story that I had read, and so much endeared myself by my innocence that he declared his resolution to adopt me, and to educate me with his own daughters.

"My parents felt the common struggles at the thought of parting, and *some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon.* They considered, not without that false estimation of the value of wealth which poverty long continued always produces, that I was raised to higher rank than they could give me, and to hopes of more ample fortune than they could bequeath. My mother sold some of her ornaments to dress me in such a manner as might secure me from contempt at my first arrival; and when she dismissed me, pressed me to her bosom with an embrace that I still feel, gave me some precepts of piety, which, however neglected, I have not forgotten, and uttered prayers for my final happiness, of which I have not yet ceased to hope that they will at last be granted.

"My sisters envied my new finery, and seemed not much to regret our separation; my father conducted me to the stagecoach with a kind of cheerful

rness; and in a very short time, I was trans-
d to splendid apartments and a luxurious table,
rew familiar to show, noise, and gaiety.
In three years my mother died, having implored
ssing on her family with her last breath. I had
opportunity to indulge a sorrow which there
none to partake with me, and therefore soon
d to reflect much upon my loss. My father
d all his care upon his other children, whom
fortunate adventures and unexpected legacies
led him, when he died four years after my mo-
to leave in a condition above their expecta-

I should have shared the increase of his fortune,
had once a portion assigned me in his will; but
ousin assuring him that all care for me was
less, since he had resolved to place me happily
e world, directed him to divide my part amongst
isters.

Thus I was thrown upon dependence without
rce. Being now at an age in which young
en are initiated into company, I was no longer
supported in my former character, but at con-
able expense; so that partly lest I should
e money, and partly lest appearance might
too many compliments and assiduities, I was
sibly degraded from my equality, and enjoyed
rivileges above the head servant, but that of
ving no wages.

I felt every indignity, but knew that resentment
d precipitate my fall. I therefore endeavoured
ntinue my importance by little services and ac-
officiousness, and for a time preserved myself
neglect, by withdrawing all pretences to com-
on, and studying to please rather than to shine.
my interest, notwithstanding the expedient,

hourly declined, and my cousin's favourite maid began to exchange repartees with me, and consult me about the alterations of a cast gown.

"I was now completely depressed; and though I had seen mankind enough to know the necessity of outward cheerfulness, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, or turn my condition in my mind, and examine by what means I might escape from perpetual mortification. At last my schemes and sorrows were interrupted by a sudden change of my relation's behaviour, who one day took an occasion when we were left together in a room to bid me suffer myself no longer to be insulted, but assume the place which he always intended me to hold in the family. He assured me that his wife's preference of her own daughters should never hurt me: and, accompanying his professions with a purse of gold, ordered me to bespeak a rich suit at the mercer's, and to apply privately to him for money when I wanted it, and insinuate that my other friends supplied me, which he would take care to confirm.

"By this stratagem, which I did not then understand, he filled me with tenderness and gratitude, compelled me to repose on him as my only support, and produced a necessity of private conversation. He often appointed interviews at the house of an acquaintance, and sometimes called on me with a coach, and carried me abroad. My sense of his favour, and the desire of retaining it disposed me to unlimited complaisance, and though I saw his kindness grow every day more fond, I did not suffer any suspicion to enter my thoughts. At last the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the submission which he exacted as my benefactor, to complete the ruin

orphan, whom his own promises had made in-
, whom his indulgence had melted, and his
ity subdued.

know not why it should afford subject of ex-
n, to overpower on any terms the resolution,
prise the caution of a girl; but of all the
rs that deck themselves in the spoils of inno-
and beauty, they surely have the least pre-
ns to triumph, who submit to owe their suc-
o some casual influence. They neither em-
he graces of fancy nor the force of under-
ng in their attempts; they cannot please their
with the art of their approaches, the delicacy
ir adulations, the elegance of their address, or
ficacy of their eloquence; nor applaud them-
as possessed of any qualities by which af-
n is attracted. They surmount no obstacles,
defeat no rivals, but attack only those who
t resist, and are often content to possess the
without any solicitude to gain the heart.

Many of these despicable wretches does my
t acquaintance with infamy and wickedness
e me to number among the heroes of debau-
. Reptiles whom their own servants would
despised, had they not been their servants,
ith whom beggary would have disdained in-
rse, had she not been allured by hopes of re-
Many of the beings which are now rioting in
s, or shivering in the streets, have been cor-
l not by arts of gallantry which stole gradually
the affections and laid prudence asleep, but by
ar of losing benefits which were never intended,
incurring resentment which they could not
e; some have been frightened by masters, and
awed by guardians into ruin.

Our crime had its usual consequence, and he
perceived that I could not long continue in his

family. I was distracted at the thought of the reproach which I now believed inevitable. He comforted me with hopes of eluding all discovery, and often upbraided me with the anxiety which perhaps none but himself saw in my countenance; but at last mingled his assurances of protection and maintenance with menaces of total desertion, if in the moments of perturbation I should suffer his secret to escape, or endeavour to throw on him any part of my infamy.

"Thus passed the dismal hours till my retreat could no longer be delayed. It was pretended that my relations had sent for me to a distant county, and I entered upon a state which shall be described in my next letter.

"I am, sir, &c.

"MISELLA."

No. 171. TUESDAY, NOV. 5, 1751.

Tædet cœli convexa tueri. VIRG.

Dark is the sun, and loathsome is the day.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"MISELLA now sits down to continue her narrative. I am convinced that nothing would more powerfully preserve youth from irregularity, or guard inexperience from seduction, than a just description of the condition into which the wanton plunges herself, and therefore hope that my letter may be a sufficient antidote to my example.

"After the distraction, hesitation, and delays which the timidity of guilt naturally produces, I

removed to lodgings in a distant part of the
, under one of the characters commonly as-
d upon such occasions. Here being by my
mstances condemned to solitude, I passed most
y hours in bitterness and anguish. The con-
tion of the people with whom I was placed
ıot at all capable of engaging my attention, or
ssessing the reigning ideas. The books which
ried to my retreat were such as heightened my
rrence of myself; for I was not so far aban-
d as to sink voluntarily into corruption, or
ıvour to conceal from my own mind the enor-
of my crime.

My relation remitted none of his fondness, but
:d me so often that I was sometimes afraid
his assiduity should expose him to suspicion.
never he came he found me weeping, and was
fore less delightfully entertained than he ex-
:d. After frequent expostulations upon the
ısonableness of my sorrow, and innumerable
:stations of everlasting regard, he at last found
I was more affected with the loss of my inno-
e than the danger of my fame, and that he
t not be disturbed by my remorse, began to
my conscience with the opiates of irreligion.
arguments were such as my course of life has
: exposed me often to the necessity of hearing,
ır, empty, and fallacious; yet they at first con-
ded me by their novelty, filled me with doubt
perplexity, and interrupted that peace which I
n to feel from the sincerity of my repentance,
ɔut substituting any other support. I listened
ile to his impious gabble, but its influence was
overpowered by natural reason and early edu-
n, and the convictions which this new attempt
me of his baseness completed my abhorrence.
ve heard of barbarians, who when tempests

drive ships upon their coast, decoy them to
rocks that they may plunder their lading; and
always thought that wretches, thus merciless
their depredations, ought to be destroyed by a
neral insurrection of all social beings; yet
light is this guilt to the crime of him, who in
agitations of remorse cuts away the anchor of
and when he has drawn aside credulity from
paths of virtue, hides the light of heaven
would direct her to return. I hitherto consider
him as a man equally betrayed with myself by
concurrence of appetite and opportunity; but I
saw with horror that he was contriving to perpetu
his gratification, and was desirous to fit me to
purpose by complete and radical corruption.

"To escape, however, was not yet in my po
I could support the expense of my condition,
by the continuance of his favour. He provided
that was necessary, and, in a few weeks, congra
lated me upon my escape from the danger which
had both expected with so much anxiety. I
began to remind him of his promise to restore
with my fame uninjured to the world. He
mised me in general terms, that nothing should
wanting which his power could add to my ha
ness, but forbore to release me from my con
ment. I knew how much my reception in the wo
depended upon my speedy return, and was
fore outrageously impatient of his delays, which
now perceived to be only artifices of lewdness.
told me, at last, with an appearance of sorrow,
all hopes of restoration to my former state were
ever precluded; that chance had discovered
secret, and malice divulged it; and that not
now remained, but to seek a retreat more priva
where curiosity or hatred could never find us.

"The rage, anguish, and resentment, which I

this account are not to be expressed. I was in much dread of reproach and infamy, which he presented as pursuing me with full cry, that I elded myself implicitly to his disposal, and was re-oved, with a thousand studied precautions, through r-ways and dark passages to another house, where harassed him with perpetual solicitations for a hall annuity, that might enable me to live in the ountry in obscurity and innocence.

"This demand he at first evaded with ardent pro-ssions, but in time appeared offended at my im-ortunity and distrust; and having one day endea-oured to sooth me with uncommon expressions of nderness, when he found my discontent immove-ble, left me with some inarticulate murmurs of nger. I was pleased that he was at last roused to nsibility, and expecting that at his next visit he ould comply with my request, lived with great anquillity upon the money in my hands, and was o much pleased with this pause of persecution, at I did not reflect how much his absence had ex-eeded the usual intervals, till I was alarmed with e danger of wanting subsistence. I then suddenly ontracted my expenses, but was unwilling to sup-licate for assistance. Necessity, however, soon vercame my modesty or my pride, and I applied o him by a letter, but had no answer. I writ in rms more pressing, but without effect. I then ent an agent to inquire after him, who informed e that he had quitted his house, and was gone ith his family to reside for some time upon his es-te in Ireland.

"However shocked at this abrupt departure, I as yet unwilling to believe that he could wholly andon me, and therefore, by sale of my clothes, I pported myself, expecting that every post would ng me relief. Thus I passed seven months be-

tween hope and dejection, in a gradual ap
poverty and distress, emaciated with disco
bewildered with uncertainty. At last my
after many hints of the necessity of a n
took the opportunity of my absence to s
boxes, and, missing some of my apparel,
remainder for rent, and led me to the door

"To remonstrate against legal cruelty
to supplicate obdurate brutality was ho
went away I knew not whither, and wand
without any settled purpose, unacquainte
usual expedients of misery, unqualified for
offices, afraid to meet an eye that had se
fore, and hopeless of relief from those
strangers to my former condition. Nigh
in the midst of my distraction, and I still
to wander till the menaces of the watch o
to shelter myself in a covered passage.

"Next day, I procured a lodging in the
garret of a mean house, and employed my
to inquire for a service. My applications
rally rejected for want of a character.
I was received at a draper's; but when it
to my mistress that I had only one gown
of silk, she was of opinion that I looked li
and without warning hurried me away. I
to support myself by my needle; and, by
lady's recommendation, obtained a little
a shop, and for three weeks without rep
when my punctuality had gained me so n
tation that I was trusted to make up a he
value, one of my fellow-lodgers stole the
I was obliged to fly from a prosecution.

"Thus driven again into the streets, I
the least that could support me, and at ni
modated myself under penthouses as
could. At length I became absolutely

having strolled all day without sustenance, was, e close of evening, accosted by an elderly man, an invitation to a tavern. I refused him with ation; he seized me by the hand, and drew me a neighbouring house, where, when he saw my pale with hunger, and my eyes swelling with , he spurned me from him, and bade me cant and e in some other place; he for his part would care of his pockets.

I still continued to stand in the way, having ɔely strength to walk further, when another soon essed me in the same manner. When he saw same tokens of calamity, he considered that I ıt be obtained at a cheap rate, and therefore kly made overtures, which I had no longer firm- to reject. By this man I was maintained four ths in penurious wickedness, and then aban- ɔd to my former condition, from which I was de- ed by another keeper.

In this abject state I have now passed four s, the drudge of extortion and the sport of drun- ıess; sometimes the property of one man, and ɛtimes the common prey of accidental lewdness; ıe time tricked up for sale by the mistress of a hel, at another begging in the streets to be re- ɔd from hunger by wickedness; without any ; in the day but of finding some whom folly or ɛss may expose to my allurements, and without reflections at night, but such as guilt and terror ess upon me.

If those who pass their days in plenty and secu- could visit for an hour the dismal receptacles hich the prostitute retires from her nocturnal ırsions, and see the wretches that lie crowded ther, mad with intemperance, ghastly with fa- , nauseous with filth, and noisome with disease; ɔuld not be easy for any degree of abhorrence

to harden them against compassion, or to repress the desire which they must immediately feel to rescue such numbers of human beings from a state so dreadful.

"It is said that in France they annually evacuate their streets, and ship their prostitutes and vagabonds to their colonies. If the women that infest this city had the same opportunity of escaping from their miseries, I believe very little force would be necessary; for who among them can dread any change? Many of us indeed are wholly unqualified for any but the most servile employments, and those perhaps would require the care of a magistrate to hinder them from following the same practices in another country; but others are only precluded by infamy from reformation, and would gladly be delivered on any terms from the necessity of guilt and the tyranny of chance. No place but a populous city can afford opportunities for open prostitution, and where the eye of justice can attend to individuals, those who cannot be made good may be restrained from mischief. For my part, I should exult at the privilege of banishment, and think myself happy in any region that should restore me once again to honesty and peace.

"I am, Sir, &c.

"MISELLA."

No. 172. SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1751.

Sæpe rogare soles qualis sim, Prisce, futurus
Si fiam locuples; simque repente potens.
Quemquam posse putas mores narrare futuros?
Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris. MART.

Priscus, you've often ask'd me how I'd live,
Should fate at once both wealth and honour give.
What soul his future conduct can foresee?
Tell me what sort of lion you would be. F. LEWIS.

NOTHING has been longer observed than that a change of fortune causes a change of manners; and that it is difficult to conjecture, from the conduct of him whom we see in a low condition, how he would act if wealth and power were put into his hands. But it is generally agreed, that few men are made better by affluence or exaltation; and that the powers of the mind, when they are unbound and expanded by the sunshine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom into goodness.

Many observations have concurred to establish this opinion, and it is not likely soon to become obsolete for want of new occasions to revive it. The greater part of mankind are corrupt in every condition, and differ in high and in low stations only as they have more or fewer opportunities of gratifying their desires, or as they are more or less restrained by human censures. Many vitiate their principles in the acquisition of riches: and who can wonder that what is gained by fraud and extortion is enjoyed with tyranny and excess?

Yet I am willing to believe that the depravation of the mind by external advantages, though certainly not uncommon, yet approaches not so nearly

to universality as some have asserted in the bitterness of resentment or that of declamation.

Whoever rises above those who once pleased themselves with equality will have many malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain sooner than others that which all pursue with the same ardour, and to which all imagine themselves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When those who started with us in the race of life leave us so far behind that we have little hope to overtake them, we revenge our disappointment by remarks on the arts of supplantation by which they gained the advantage, or on the folly and arrogance with which they possess it. Of them, whose rise we could not hinder, we solace ourselves by prognosticating the fall.

It is impossible for human purity not to betray to an eye thus sharpened by malignity some stains which lay concealed and unregarded, while none thought it their interest to discover them; nor can the most circumspect attention, or steady rectitude, escape blame from censors, who have no inclination to approve. Riches therefore, perhaps, do not so often produce crimes as incite accusers.

The common charge against those who rise above their original condition is that of pride. It is certain that success naturally confirms us in a favourable opinion of our own abilities. Scarce any man is willing to allot to accident, friendship, and a thousand causes, which concur in every event without human contrivance or interposition, the part which they may justly claim in his advancement. We rate ourselves by our fortune rather than our virtues, and exorbitant claims are quickly produced by imaginary merit. But captiousness and jealousy are likewise easily offended, and to him who studiously looks for an affront, every mode of behaviour will supply it; freedom will be rudeness, and reserve

ıess: mirth will be negligence, and serious-
ırmality: when he is received with ceremony,
:e and respect are inculcated; if he is treated
amiliarity, he concludes himself insulted by
ıcensions.

ıust however be confessed, that as all sudden
:s are dangerous, a quick transition from po-
o abundance can seldom be made with safety.
at has long lived within sight of pleasures
he could not reach will need more than com-
oderation, not to lose his reason in unbounded
hen they are first put into his power.

ry possession is endeared by novelty; every
:ation is exaggerated by desire. It is difficult
estimate what is lately gained above its real
it is impossible not to annex greater happi-
that condition from which we are unwillingly
led than nature has qualified us to obtain.
iis reason, the remote inheritor of an unex-
fortune may be generally distinguished from
who are enriched in the common course of
descent, by his greater haste to enjoy his
ı, by the finery of his dress, the pomp of his
ıge, the splendour of his furniture, and the
of his table.

housand things, which familiarity discovers to
ittle value, have power for a time to seize the
ıation. A Virginian king, when the Euro-
had fixed a lock on his door, was so delighted
his subjects admitted or excluded with such
r, that it was from morning to evening his
employment to turn the key. We, among
locks and keys have been longer in use, are
:d to laugh at this American amusement; yet
)t whether this paper will have a single reader
ıay not apply the story to himself, and recol-
ɔme hours of his life in which he has been

equally overpowered by the transitory charms of trifling novelty.

Some indulgence is due to him whom a happy gale of fortune has suddenly transported into new regions, where unaccustomed lustre dazzles his eyes, and untasted delicacies solicit his appetite. Let him not be considered as lost in hopeless degeneracy, though he for a while forgets the regard due to others, to indulge the contemplation of himself; and in the extravagance of his first raptures expect that his eye should regulate the motions of all that approach him, and his opinion be received as decisive and oraculous. His intoxication will give way to time; the madness of joy will fume imperceptibly away; the sense of his insufficiency will soon return; he will remember that the cooperation of others is necessary to his happiness, and learn to conciliate their regard by reciprocal beneficence.

There is, at least, one consideration which ought to alleviate our censures of the powerful and rich. To imagine them chargeable with all the guilt and folly of their own actions, is to be very little acquainted with the world.

De l'absolu pouvoir vous ignorez l'ivresse,
Et du lâche flatteur la voix enchantresse.

Thou hast not known the giddy whirls of fate,
For servile flatteries which enchant the great.

Miss A. W.

He that can do much good or harm will not find many whom ambition or cowardice will suffer to be sincere. While we live upon the level with the rest of mankind, we are reminded of our duty by the admonitions of friends and reproaches of enemies; but men who stand in the highest ranks of society seldom hear of their faults; if by any accident an opprobrious clamour reaches their ears, flattery is

s at hand to pour in her opiates, to quiet con-
ı and remorse.

our is seldom gained but by conformity in
Virtue can stand without assistance, and
ers herself as very little obliged by counte-
and approbation: but vice, spiritless and
us, seeks the shelter of crowds, and support
federacy. The sycophant, therefore, neglects
od qualities of his patron, and employs all his
his weakness and follies, regales his reigning
, or stimulates his prevalent desire.

tue is sufficiently difficult with any circum-
:s, but the difficulty is increased when reproof
ıdvice are frighted away. In common life,
ı and conscience have only the appetites and
ons to encounter; but in higher stations, they
oppose artifice and adulation. He, therefore,
ields to such temptations cannot give those
look upon his miscarriage much reason for
ıtion, since few can justly presume that from
ame snare they should have been able to
e.

No. 173. TUESDAY, NOV. 12, 1751.

Quo virtus, quo ferat error? HOR.

Now say, where virtue stops, and vice begins?

ny action or posture, long continued, will dis-
nd disfigure the limbs; so the mind likewise
ppled and contracted by perpetual application.
e same set of ideas. It is easy to guess the
of an artisan by his knees, his fingers, or his
ders; and there are few among men of the more
ıl professions, whose minds do not carry the

brand of their calling, or whose conversation does not quickly discover to what class of the community they belong.

These peculiarities have been of great use in the general hostility which every part of mankind exercises against the rest, to furnish hints and sarcasms. Every art has its dialect uncouth and ungrateful to all whom custom has not reconciled to its sound, and which therefore becomes ridiculous by a slight misapplication, or unnecessary repetition.

The general reproach with which ignorance revenges the superciliousness of learning is that of pedantry; a censure which every man incurs who has at any time the misfortune to talk to those who cannot understand him, and by which the modest and timorous are sometimes frighted from the display of their acquisitions and the exertion of their powers.

The name of a pedant is so formidable to young men when they first sally from their colleges, and is so liberally scattered by those who mean to boast their elegance of education, easiness of manners, and knowledge of the world, that it seems to require particular consideration; since, perhaps, if it were once understood, many a heart might be freed from painful apprehensions, and many a tongue delivered from restraint.

Pedantry is the unseasonable ostentation of learning. It may be discovered either in the choice of a subject, or in the manner of treating it. He is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry who, when he has made himself master of some abstruse and uncultivated part of knowledge, obtrudes his remarks and discoveries upon those whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and from whom, as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot properly expect applause.

To this error the student is sometimes betrayed by the natural recurrence of the mind to its common employment, by the pleasure which every man receives from the recollection of pleasing images, and the desire of dwelling upon topics, on which he knows himself able to speak with justness. But because we are seldom so far prejudiced in favour of each other as to search out for palliations, this failure of politeness is imputed always to vanity; and the harmless collegiate, who perhaps intended entertainment and instruction, or at worst only spoke without sufficient reflection upon the character of his hearers, is censured as arrogant or overbearing, and eager to extend his renown, in contempt of the convenience of society and the laws of conversation.

All discourse of which others cannot partake is not only an irksome usurpation of the time devoted to pleasure and entertainment, but, what never fails to excite very keen resentment, an insolent assertion of superiority, and a triumph over less enlightened understandings. The pedant is, therefore, not only heard with weariness but malignity; and those who conceive themselves insulted by his knowledge never fail to tell with acrimony how injudiciously it was exerted.

To avoid this dangerous imputation, scholars sometimes divest themselves with too much haste of their academical formality, and in their endeavours to accommodate their notions and their style to common conceptions, talk rather of any thing than of that which they understand, and sink into insipidity of sentiment and meanness of expression.

There prevails among men of letters an opinion, that all appearance of science is particularly hateful to women; and that, therefore, whoever desires to be well received in female assemblies must qualify

himself by a total ejection of all that is rational, or important; must consider arg criticism as perpetually interdicted; and d his attention to trifles, and all his eloq compliment.

Students often form their notions of th generation from the writings of the past, not very early informed of those changes gradual diffusion of knowledge or the su price of fashion produces in the world. might be the state of female literature in century, there is now no longer any dange scholar should want an adequate audien tea table; and whoever thinks it necessar late his conversation by antiquated rule rather despised for his futility than caress politeness.

To talk intentionally in a manner above prehension of those whom we address is tionably pedantry; but surely complai quires, that no man should, without proof, his company incapable of following hi highest elevation of his fancy, or the utm of his knowledge. It is always safer to err of others than of ourselves, and therefore v hazard much by endeavouring to excel.

It ought, at least, to be the care of when she quits her exaltation, to descend nity. Nothing is more despicable than th and jocularity of men bred to severe sc solitary meditation. To trifle agreeably i which schools cannot impart; that gay r and vivacious levity, which charm down wherever they appear, and never attainab who, having spent his first years among t libraries, enters late into the gay world w pliant attention and established habits.

is observed in the panegyric on Fabricius the
ıanist, that, though forced by public employ-
s into mingled conversation, he never lost the
ɜsty and seriousness of the convent, nor drew
ule upon himself by an affected imitation of
onable life. To the same praise every man
ted to learning ought to aspire. If he attempts
ıofter arts of pleasing, and endeavours to learn
;raceful bow and the familiar embrace, the insi-
ing accent and the general smile, he will lose
'espect due to the character of learning, without
ing at the envied honour of doing any thing
elegance and facility.

ıeophrastus was discovered not to be a native
ıthens, by so strict an adherence to the Attic
ɜct, as showed that he had learned it not by
ɔm but by rule. A man not early formed to
tual elegance betrays in like manner the effects
is education, by an unnecessary anxiety of be-
ɔur. It is as possible to become pedantic by
of pedantry, as to be troublesome by ill timed
ty. There is no kind of impertinence more
y censurable than his who is always labouring
vel thoughts to intellects higher than his own;
apologises for every word which his own nar-
ıess of converse inclines him to think unusual;
s the exuberance of his faculties under visible
aint; is solicitous to anticipate inquiries by
less explanations; and endeavours to shade
wn abilities, lest weak eyes should be dazzled
their lustre.

No. 174. SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1751.

Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge, dummodo risum
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico. Hor.

Yonder he drives—avoid that furious beast:
If he may have his jest, he never cares
At whose expense; nor friend nor patron spares.
Francis.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"MR. RAMBLER,

"THE laws of social benevolence require, that every man should endeavour to assist others by his experience. He that has at last escaped into port from the fluctuations of chance and the gusts of opposition ought to make some improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been dashed, and the shallows where he has been stranded.

"The error into which I was betrayed when custom first gave me up to my own direction is very frequently incident to the quick, the sprightly, the fearless, and the gay; to all whose ardour hurries them into precipitate execution of their designs, and imprudent declaration of their opinions; who seldom count the cost of pleasure, or examine the distant consequences of any practice that flatters them with immediate gratification.

"I came forth into the crowded world with the usual juvenile ambition, and desired nothing beyond the title of a wit. Money I considered as below my care; for I saw such multitudes grow rich without understanding, that I could not forbear to look on wealth as an acquisition easy to industry directed by genius, and therefore threw it aside as a secondary convenience, to be procured when my

pal wish should be satisfied, and my claim to ctual excellence universally acknowledged.

With this view I regulated my behaviour in , and exercised my meditations in solitude. ife was divided between the care of providing s for the entertainment of my company, and of collecting company worthy to be enter- d: for I soon found that wit, like every other r, has its boundaries; that its success depends the aptitude of others to receive impressions; hat as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can ne furnace and crucible at defiance, there are s upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed out effect, and which no fire of sentiment can te or exalt.

It was, however, not long before I fitted myself a set of companions who knew how to laugh, to whom no other recommendation was neces- than the power of striking out a jest. Among I fixed my residence, and for a time enjoyed elicity of disturbing the neighbours every night the obstreperous applause which my sallies d from the audience. The reputation of our every day increased, and as my flights and re- s were circulated by my admirers, every day ght new solicitations for admission into our ty.

To support this perpetual fund of merriment I ented every place of concourse, cultivated the aintance of all the fashionable race, and passed lay in a continual succession of visits, in which llected a treasure of pleasantry for the expenses e evening. Whatever error of conduct I could over, whatever peculiarity of manner I could rve, whatever weakness was betrayed by con- ce, whatever lapse was suffered by neglect, all drawn together for the diversion of my wild

companions, who, when they had been tau
art of ridicule, never failed to signalize the
by a zealous imitation, and filled the town
ensuing day with scandal and vexation, with
ment and shame.

"I can scarcely believe, when I recoll
own practice, that I could have been so far d
with petty praise, as to divulge the secrets o
and to expose the levities of frankness; to
the walks of the cautious, and surprise the s
of the thoughtless. Yet it is certain that, fo
years, I heard nothing but with design to tell
saw nothing with any other curiosity tha
some failure that might furnish out a jest.

"My heart, indeed, acquits me of delibera
lignity or interested insidiousness. I had n
purpose than to heighten the pleasure of la
by communication, nor ever raised any pec
advantage from the calamities of others.
weakness and negligence into difficulties, on
I might divert myself with their perplexiti
distresses; and violated every law of frie
with no other hope than that of gaining the
tion of smartness and waggery.

"I would not be understood to charge
with any crimes of the atrocious or destructiv
I never betrayed an heir to gamesters, or a
debauchees; never intercepted the kindnes
patron, or sported away the reputation of
cence. My delight was only in petty mischi
momentary vexations, and acuteness was em
not upon fraud and oppression which it ha
meritorious to detect, but upon harmless ign
or absurdity, prejudice or mistake.

"This inquiry I pursued with so much dil
and sagacity that I was able to relate, of eve
whom I knew, some blunder or miscarria

tray the most circumspect of my friends into fol-
s, by a judicious flattery of his predominant pas-
on; or expose him to contempt, by placing him
circumstances which put his prejudices into ac-
on, brought to view his natural defects, or drew
e attention of the company on his airs of affec-
tion.

"The power had been possessed in vain if it had
ver been exerted; and it was not my custom to
any arts of jocularity remain unemployed. My
patience of applause brought me always early to
place of entertainment; and I seldom failed to
a scheme with the small knot that first gathered
nd me, by which some of those whom we ex-
ted might be made subservient to our sport.
ery man has some favourite topic of conversa-
n, on which, by a feigned seriousness of attention,
may be drawn to expatiate without end. Every
n has some habitual contortion of body, or esta-
ished mode of expression, which never fails to
se mirth if it be pointed out to notice. By pre-
nitions of these particularities I secured our plea-
try. Our companion entered with his usual
ety, and began to partake of our noisy cheerful-
s, when the conversation was imperceptibly di-
ted to a subject which pressed upon his tender
t, and extorted the expected shrug, the custo-
ry exclamation, or the predicted remark. A
neral clamour of joy then burst from all that were
nitted to the stratagem. Our mirth was often
reased by the triumph of him that occasioned it:
as we do not hastily form conclusions against
selves, seldom any one suspected that he had
ilarated us otherwise than by his wit.

'You will hear, I believe with very little sur-
se, that by this conduct I had in a short time
ted mankind against me, and that every tongue

was diligent in prevention or revenge. I soon perceived myself regarded with malevolence or distrust, but wondered what had been discovered in me either terrible or hateful. I had invaded no man's property; I had rivaled no man's claims; nor had ever engaged in any of those attempts which provoke the jealousy of ambition or the rage of faction. I had lived but to laugh and make others laugh; and believed that I was loved by all who caressed, and favoured by all who applauded me. I never imagined that he, who, in the mirth of a nocturnal revel, concurred in ridiculing his friend, would consider, in a cooler hour, that the same trick might be played against himself; or that, even where there is no sense of danger, the natural pride of human nature rises against him, who by general censures lays claim to general superiority.

"I was convinced, by a total desertion, of the impropriety of my conduct; every man avoided, and cautioned others to avoid me. Wherever I came I found silence and dejection, coolness and terror. No one would venture to speak lest he should lay himself open to unfavourable representations; the company, however numerous, dropped off at my entrance upon various pretences; and if I retired to avoid the shame of being left, I heard confidence and mirth revive at my departure.

"If those whom I had thus offended could have contented themselves with repaying one insult for another, and kept up the war only by a reciprocation of sarcasms, that they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But these wounds which they give me as they fly, are without cure; this alarm which they spread by their solicitude to escape me, excludes me from all friendship and from all pleasure: I am condemned to

ass a long interval of my life in solitude, as a man uspected of infection is refused admission into ities; and must linger in obscurity till my conduct hall convince the world, that I may be approached ithout hazard.

" I am, &c.
" DICACULUS."

No. 175. TUESDAY, NOV. 19, 1751.

Rari quippe boni, numero vix sunt totidem quot Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili. JUV.

Good men are scarce, the just are thinly sown;
They thrive but ill, nor can they last when grown.
And should we count them, and our store compile;
Yet Thebes more gates could show, more mouths the Nile.
CREECH.

ONE of the axioms of wisdom which recommend ie ancient sages of veneration seems to have re-uired less extent of knowledge, or perspicacity of enetration, than the remark of Bias, that *οι πλεονες, κακοι, the majority are wicked.*

The depravity of mankind is so easily discover-ble that nothing but the desert or the cell can ex-lude it from notice. The knowledge of crimes ıtrudes uncalled and undesired. They whom their bstraction from common occurrences hinders from eeing iniquity will quickly have their attention wakened by feeling it. Even he who ventures not ıto the world may learn its corruption in his closet. 'or what are treatises of morality but persuasives to ıe practice of duties, for which no arguments would e necessary, but that we are continually tempted to iolate or neglect them? What are all the records f history but narratives of successive villanies, of reason and usurpations, massacres and wars?

But, perhaps, the excellence of aphorism sists not so much in the expression of some abstruse sentiment, as in the comprehension obvious and useful truth in a few words. quently fall into error and folly, not because principles of action are not known, but beca a time, they are not remembered; and he ma fore be justly numbered among the benefa mankind who contracts the great rules of short sentences, that may be easily impre the memory, and taught by frequent recolle recur habitually to the mind.

However those who have passed through life of man may now wonder that any sho quire to be cautioned against corruption, th find that they have themselves purchased th viction by many disappointments and ve which an earlier knowledge would have them; and may see, on every side, some ent themselves in perplexities, and some sink ruin, by ignorance or neglect of the maxim

Every day sends out, in quest of pleas distinction, some heir fondled in ignorance a tered into pride. He comes forth with all t fidence of a spirit unacquainted with superio all the benevolence of a mind not yet irrit opposition, alarmed by fraud, or imbitte cruelty. He loves all, because he imagin self the universal favourite. Every exch salutation produces new acquaintance, an acquaintance kindles into friendship.

Every season brings a new flight of beau the world, who have hitherto heard only of th charms, and imagine that the heart feels no but that of love. They are soon surroun admirers whom they credit, because they t only what is heard with delight. Whoeve

n them is a lover; and whoever forces a sigh is
ng in despair.
Ie surely is a useful monitor who inculcates to
ıe thoughtless strangers that the *majority are
ked;* who informs them that the train which
ılth and beauty draw after them is lured only
the scent of prey; and that, perhaps, among all
se who crowd about them with professions and
teries, there is not one who does not hope for
ıe opportunity to devour or betray them, to glut
self by their destruction, or to share their spoils
ı a stronger savage.
Virtue presented singly to the imagination or the
ion is so well recommended by its own graces,
so strongly supported by arguments, that a good
wonders how any can be bad; and they who
ignorant of the force of passion and interest,
never observed the arts of seduction, the con-
ɔn of example, the gradual descent from one
e to another, or the insensible depravation of
principles by loose conversation, naturally ex-
to find integrity in every bosom, and veracity
very tongue.
is indeed impossible not to hear from those who
: lived longer, of wrongs and falsehoods, of vio-
e and circumvention; but such narratives are
monly regarded by the young, the heady, and
confident, as nothing more than the murmurs of
ishness, or the dreams of dotage; and, notwith-
ding all the documents of hoary wisdom, we
monly plunge into the world fearless and cre-
us, without any foresight of danger, or appre-
ion of deceit.
have remarked, in a former paper, that credu-
s the common failing of unexperienced virtue;
that he who is spontaneously suspicious may

be justly charged with radical corruption; for if he has not known the prevalence of dishonesty by information, nor had time to observe it with his own eyes, whence can he take his measures of judgment but from himself.

They who best deserve to escape the snares of artifice are most likely to be entangled. He that endeavours to live for the good of others, must always be exposed to the art of them who live only for themselves, unless he is taught by timely precepts the caution required in common transactions, and shown at a distance the pitfals of treachery.

To youth, therefore, it should be carefully inculcated, that to enter the road of life without caution or reserve, in expectation of general fidelity and justice, is to launch on the wide ocean without the instruments of steerage, and to hope that every wind will be prosperous, and that every coast will afford a harbour.

To enumerate the various motives to deceit and injury would be to count all the desires that prevail among the sons of men; since there is no ambition however petty, no wish however absurd, that by indulgence will not be enabled to overpower the influence of virtue. Many there are who openly and almost professedly regulate all their conduct by their love of money: who have no reason for action or forbearance, for compliance or refusal, than that they hope to gain more by one than by the other. These are indeed the meanest and cruelest of human beings, a race with whom, with some pestiferous animals, the whole creation seems to be at war; but who, however detested or scorned, long continue to add heap upon heap, and when they have reduced one to beggary, are still permitted to fasten on another.

, yet less rationally wicked, pass their lives
ef, because they cannot bear the sight of
and mark out every man for hatred, whose
ortune they believe increasing.

who have not advanced to these degrees
ire yet wholly unqualified for friendship,
ole to maintain any constant or regular
kindness. Happiness may be destroyed
by union with the man who is apparently
of interest, but with him whom a wild opi-
he dignity of perseverance, in whatever
isposes to pursue every injury with un-
nd perpetual resentment; with him whose
clines him to consider every man as a rival
pretension; with him whose airy negli-
ts his friend's affairs or secrets in continual
nd who thinks his forgetfulness of others
oy his inattention to himself; and with him
constancy ranges without any settled rule
through varieties of friendship, and who
nd dismisses favourites by the sudden im-
caprice.

umerous are the dangers to which the con-
mankind exposes us, and which can be
only by prudent distrust. He, therefore,
mbering this salutary maxim learns early
old his fondness from fair appearances, will
son to pay some honours to Bias of Priene,
oled him to become wise without the cost
ence.

No. 176. SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1751.

——*Naso suspendis adunco.* HOR.

On me you turn the nose.——

THERE are many vexatious accidents and uneasy situations which raise little compassion for the sufferer, and which no man but those whom they immediately distress can regard with seriousness. Petty mischiefs that have no influence on futurity, nor extend their effects to the rest of life, are always seen with a kind of malicious pleasure. A mistake or embarrassment, which for the present moment fills the face with blushes and the mind with confusion, will have no other effect upon those who observe it than that of convulsing them with irresistible laughter. Some circumstances of misery are so powerfully ridiculous that neither kindness nor duty can withstand them; they bear down love, interest, and reverence, and force the friend, the dependent, or the child, to give way to instantaneous motions of merriment.

Among the principal of comic calamities may be reckoned the pain which an author, not yet hardened into insensibility, feels at the onset of a furious critic, whose age, rank, or fortune, gives him confidence to speak without reserve; who heaps one objection upon another, and obtrudes his remarks, and enforces his corrections without tenderness or awe.

The author, full of the importance of his work, and anxious for the justification of every syllable, starts and kindles at the slightest attack; the critic,

er to establish his superiority, triumphing in
ry discovery of failure, and zealous to impress
cogency of his arguments, pursues him from
to line, without cessation or remorse. The
ic, who hazards little, proceeds without vehe-
ice, impetuosity, and fearlessness: the author,
se quiet and fame, and life and immortality, are
lved in the controversy, tries every art of sub-
uge and defence; maintains modestly what he
lves never to yield, and yields unwillingly what
not be maintained. The critic's purpose is to
quer, the author only hopes to escape; the cri-
therefore knits his brow and raises his voice, and
ices whenever he perceives any tokens of pain
ited by the pressure of his assertions or the point
is scarcasms. The author, whose endeavour is
once to mollify and elude his prosecutor, com-
es his features and softens his accents, breaks
force of assault by retreat, and rather steps
le than flies or advances.

As it very seldom happens that the rage of ex-
porary criticism inflicts fatal or lasting wounds,
low not that the laws of benevolence entitle this
ress to much sympathy. The diversion of bait-
an author has the sanction of all ages and na-
s, and is more lawful than the sport of teasing
r animals, because, for the most part, he comes
ntarily to the stake, furnished, as he imagines,
the patron powers of literature, with resistless
pons, and impenetrable armour, with the mail
ne boar of Erymanth, and the paws of the lion
Nemea.

But the works of genius are sometimes produced
ther motives than vanity; and he whom neces-
or duty enforces to write is not always so well
fied with himself as not to be discouraged by
orious impudence. It may therefore be neces-

sary to consider how they, whom publication lays open to the insults of such as their obscurity secures against reprisals, may extricate themselves from unexpected encounters.

Vida, a man of considerable skill in the politics of literature, directs his pupil wholly to abandon his defence, and even when he can irrefragably refute all objections, to suffer tamely the exultations of his antagonist.

This rule may perhaps be just, when advice is asked and severity solicited, because no man tells his opinion so freely as when he imagines it received with implicit veneration; and critics ought never to be consulted, but while errors may yet be rectified or insipidity suppressed. But when the book has once been dismissed into the world, and can be no more retouched, I know not whether a very different conduct should not be prescribed, and whether firmness and spirit may not sometimes be of use to overpower arrogance and repel brutality. Softness, diffidence, and moderation will often be mistaken for imbecility and dejection; they lure cowardice to the attack by the hopes of easy victory, and it will soon be found that he whom every man thinks he can conquer shall never be at peace.

The animadversions of critics are commonly such as may easily provoke the sedatest writer to some quickness of resentment and asperity of reply. A man who by long consideration has familiarised a subject to his own mind, carefully surveyed the series of his thoughts, and planned all the parts of his composition into a regular dependence on each other, will often start at the sinistrous interpretations, or absurd remarks of haste or ignorance, and wonder by what infatuation they have been led away from the obvious sense, and upon what peculiar principles of judgment they decide against him.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any all objects; the end of criticism is to supply its ects; rules are the instruments of mental vision, ich may indeed assist our faculties when pro- ly used, but produce confusion and obscurity by kilful application.

Some seem always to read with the microscope criticism, and employ their whole attention upon ute elegance, or faults scarcely visible to com- n observation. The dissonance of a syllable, the urrence of the same sound, the repetition of a ticle, the smallest deviation from propriety, the htest defect in construction or arrangement, ell before their eyes into enormities. As they cern with great exactness, they comprehend but arrow compass, and know nothing of the just- s of the design, the general spirit of the perfor- nce, the artifice of connection, or the harmony of parts; they never conceive how small a propor- n that which they are busy in contemplating bears the whole, or how the petty inaccuracies with ich they are offended are absorbed and lost in neral excellence.

Others are furnished by criticism with a tele- pe. They see with great clearness whatever is remote to be discovered by the rest of mankind, t are totally blind to all that lies immediately be- e them. They discover in every passage some cret meaning, some remote allusion, some artful egory, or some occult imitation which no other ader ever suspected; but they have no perception the cogency of arguments, the force of pathetic timents, the various colours of diction, or the wery embellishments of fancy; of all that en- ges the attention of others they are totally insen-

haste to cure. I therefore resolved for a time to shut my books, and learn again the art of conversation; to defecate and clear my mind by brisker motions and stronger impulses; and to unite myself once more to the living generation.

"For this purpose I hasted to London, and entreated one of my academical acquaintances to introduce me into some of the little societies of literature, which are formed in taverns and coffee-houses. He was pleased with an opportunity of showing me to his friends, and soon obtained me admission among a select company of curious men, who met once a week to exhilarate their studies and compare their acquisitions.

"The eldest and most venerable of this society was Hirsutus, who, after the first civilities of my reception, found means to introduce the mention of his favourite studies, by a severe censure of those who want the due regard for their native country. He informed me, that he had early withdrawn his attention from foreign trifles, and that since he began to addict his mind to serious and manly studies, he had very carefully amassed all the English books that were printed in the black character. This search he had pursued so diligently that he was able to show the deficiences of the best catalogues. He had long since completed his Caxton, had three sheets of Treveris unknown to the antiquaries, and wanted to a perfect Pynson but two volumes, of which one was promised him as a legacy by its present possessor, and the other he was resolved to buy, at whatever price, when Quisquilius's library should be sold. Hirsutus had no other reason for the valuing or slighting a book than that it was printed in the Roman or the Gothic letter, nor any ideas but such as his favourite volumes had supplied; when he was serious, he expatiated on the

narratives of Johan de Trevisa, and when he was merry, regaled us with a quotation from the Shippe of Foles.

"While I was listening to this hoary student, Ferratus entered in a hurry, and informed us, with the abruptness of ecstasy, that his set of halfpence was now complete; he had just received in a handful of change the piece that he had so long been seeking, and could now defy mankind to outgo his collection of English copper.

"Chartophylax then observed how fatally human sagacity was sometimes baffled, and how often the most valuable discoveries are made by chance. He had employed himself and his emissaries seven years at great expense, to perfect his series of Gazettes, but had long wanted a single paper, which, when he despaired of obtaining it, was sent him wrapped round a parcel of tobacco.

"Cantilenus turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he considered them as the genuine records of the national taste. He offered to show me a copy of The Children in the Wood, which he firmly believed to be of the first edition, and by the help of which the text might be freed from several corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to such favours from him.

"Many were admitted into this society as inferior members, because they had collected old prints and neglected pamphlets, or possessed some fragment of antiquity, as the seal of an ancient corporation, the charter of a religious house, the genealogy of a family extinct, or a letter written in the reign of Elizabeth.

"Every one of these virtuosoes looked on all his associates as wretches of depraved taste and narrow notions. Their conversation was, therefore, fretful and waspish, their behaviour brutal, their merriment bluntly sarcastic, and their seriousness gloomy and

suspicious. They were totally ignorant of all that passes, or has lately passed in the world; unable to discuss any question of religious, political, or military knowledge; equally strange to science and politer learning, and without any wish to improve their minds, or any other pleasure than that of displaying rarities, of which they would not suffer others to make the proper use.

Hirsutus graciously informed me that the number of their society was limited, but that I might sometimes attend as an auditor. I was pleased to find myself in no danger of an honour, which I could not have willingly expected nor graciously refused, and left them without any intention of returning, for I soon found that the suppression of those habits with which I was vitiated, required association with men very different from this solemn race.

"I am, sir, &c.

"VIVACULUS."

It is natural to feel grief or indignation when any thing, necessary or useful, is wantonly wasted or negligently destroyed; and therefore my correspondent cannot be blamed for looking with uneasiness on the waste of life. Leisure and curiosity might soon make great advances in useful knowledge, were they not diverted by minute emulation and laborious trifles. It may, however, somewhat mollify his anger to reflect, that perhaps none of the assembly which he describes was capable of any nobler employment, and that he who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing. Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it has at least this use, that it rescues the day from idleness, and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

o. 178. SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1751.

Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit. SENECA.

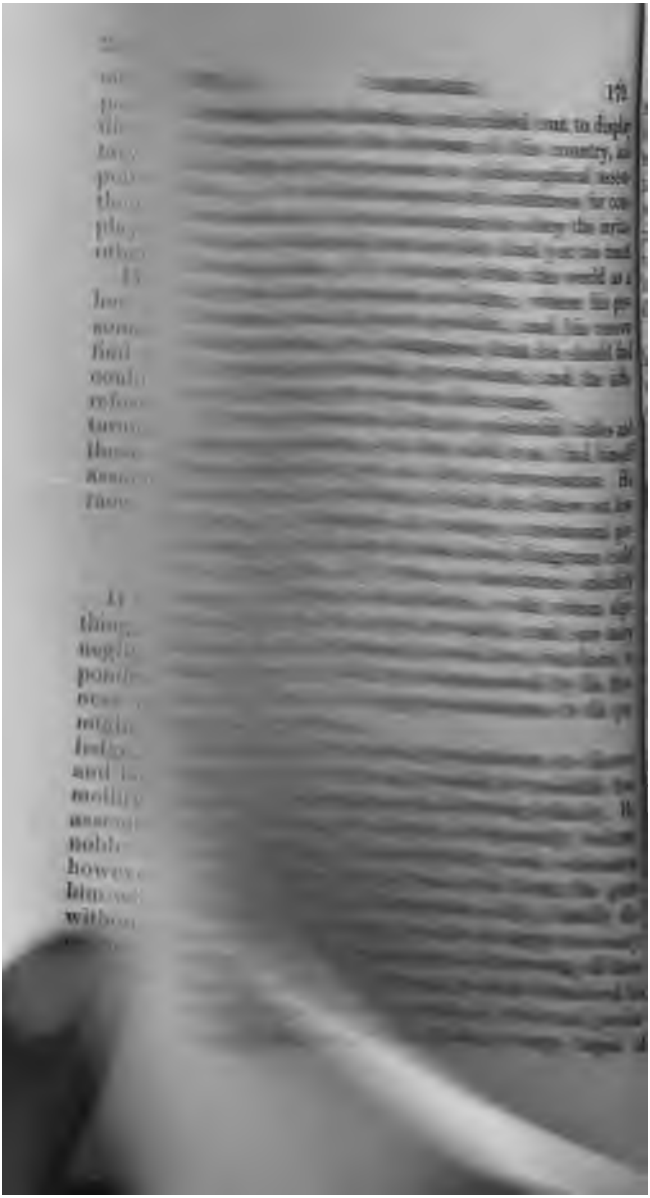
To yield to remedies is half the cure.

HAGORAS is reported to have required from whom he instructed in philosophy a proba- ry silence of five years. Whether this prohi- ı of speech extended to all the parts of this as seems generally to be supposed, or was to ıserved only in the school or in the presence of master, as is more probable, it was sufficient to ver the pupil's disposition; to try whether he villing to pay the price of learning, or whether ıs one of those whose ardour was rather violent lasting, and who expected to grow wise on terms than those of patience and obedience.

ıny of the blessings universally desired are frequently wanted, because most men, when should labour, content themselves to complain, ather linger in a state in which they cannot be ıt than improve their condition by vigour and ıtion.

ovidence has fixed the limits of human enjoy- by immovable boundaries, and has set differ- ;ratifications at such a distance from each that no art or power can bring them together. great law it is the business of every rational to understand, that life may not pass away attempt to make contradictions consistent, to ine opposite qualities, and to unite things ı the nature of their being must always keep ler.

two objects tempting at a distance on con- sides it is impossible to approach one but by ing from the other; by long deliberation and



dilatory projects they may be both lost, but can never be both gained. It is, therefore, necessary to compare them, and when we have determined the preference, to withdraw our eyes and our thoughts at once from that which reason directs us to reject. This is more necessary, if that which we are forsaking has the power of delighting the senses, or firing the fancy. He that once turns aside to the allurements of unlawful pleasure can have no security that he shall ever regain the paths of virtue.

The philosophic goddess of Boethius, having recalated the story of Orpheus, who, when he had recovered his wife from the dominions of death, lost her again by looking back upon her in the confines of light, concludes with a very elegant and forcible application. *Whoever you are that endeavour to elevate your minds to the illuminations of Heaven, consider yourselves as represented in this fable; for he that is once so far overcome as to turn back his eyes towards the infernal caverns loses at first sight all that influence which attracted him on high.*

Vos hæc fabula respicit,
Quicunque in superum diem
Mentem ducere quæritis.
Nam qui Tartareum in specus
Victus lumina flexerit,
Quidquid præcipuum trahit,
Perdit, dum videt inferos.

It may be observed in general that the future is purchased by the present. It is not possible to secure distant or permanent happiness but by the forbearance of some immediate gratification. This is so evidently true with regard to the whole of our existence that all the precepts of theology have no other tendency than to enforce the life of faith; a life regulated not by our senses but our belief; a life in which pleasures are to be refused for fear of

ible punishments, and calamities sometimes to ought, and always endured, in hope of rewards shall be obtained in another state.
ven if we take into our view only that particle ur duration which is terminated by the grave, it be found that we cannot enjoy one part of life ond the common limitations of pleasure, but by cipating some of the satisfaction which should ilarate the following years. The heart of youth r spread happiness into wild luxuriance, but the cal vigour requisite to make it perennial is ex- sted, and all that can be hoped afterward is lan- r and sterility.
he reigning error of mankind is that we are not ent with the conditions on which the goods of are granted. No man is insensible of the value nowledge, the advantages of health, or the con- ence of plenty, but every day shows us those on m the conviction is without effect.
nowledge is praised and desired by multitudes m her charms could never rouse from the couch loth; whom the faintest invitation of pleasure rs away from their studies; to whom any other iod of wearing out the day is more eligible than ise of books, and who are more easily engaged ny conversation than such as may rectify their ons or enlarge their comprehension.
very man that has felt pain knows how little all r comforts can gladden him to whom health is ed. Yet who is there does not sometimes ha- it for the enjoyment of an hour? All assem- of jollity, all places of public entertainment bit examples of strength wasting in riot, and ity withering in irregularity; nor is it easy to r a house in which part of the family is not ning in repentance of past intemperance, and admitting disease by negligence, or soliciting luxury.

There is no pleasure which men of every s
sect have more generally agreed to menti
contempt than the gratifications of the pal
entertainment so far removed from intellectu
piness that scarcely the most shameless of t
sual herd have dared to defend it: yet even
the lowest of our delights, to this, though
quick nor lasting, is health with all its activ
sprightliness daily sacrificed; and for this
the miseries endured which urge impatience
on death.

The whole world is put in motion by the
riches and dread of poverty. Who, then,
not imagine that such conduct as will inevit
stroy what all are thus labouring to acqui
generally be avoided? That he who spen
than he receives must in time become indig
not be doubted; but how evident soever t
sequence may appear, the spendthrift move
whirl of pleasure with too much rapadity to
before his eyes, and, in the intoxication of
grows every day poorer without any such
approaching ruin as is sufficient to wake l
caution.

Many complaints are made of the misery
and indeed it must be confessed that we are
to calamities by which the good and bad,
gent and slothful, the vigilant and heedl
equally afflicted. But surely, though som
gence may be allowed to groans extorted b
able misery, no man has a right to repine
which, against warning, against experience,
berately and leisurely brings upon his ow
or to consider himself as debarred from h
by such obstacles as resolution may break,
terity may put aside.

Great numbers who quarrel with their
have wanted not the power but the will to

'er state. They have never contemplated the 'rence between good and evil sufficiently to 'ken aversion or invigorate desire; they have in-;ed a drowsy thoughtlessness or giddy lenity; ' committed the balance of choice to the ma-'ment of caprice; and when they have long ac-omed themselves to receive all that chance 'ed them, without examination, lament at last they find themselves deceived.

No. 179. TUESDAY, DEC. 3, 1751.

Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat. JUV.

Democritus would feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ake. DRYDEN.

'RY man, says Tully, has two characters; one, ich he partakes with all mankind, and by which is distinguished from brute animals; another, ich discriminates him from the rest of his own cies, and impresses on him a manner and temper uliar to himself; this particular character, if it not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it lways his business to cultivate and preserve.

Every hour furnishes some confirmation of Tully's cept. It seldom happens that an assembly of sure is so happily selected, but that some one s admission, with whom the rest are deservedly nded; and it will appear on a close inspection, scarce any man becomes eminently disagreeable by a departure from his real character, and an mpt at something for which nature or education left him unqualified.

gnorance or dulness have indeed no power of rding delight, but they never give disgust except

knowledge in their hands, and called out to display his acquisitions for the honour of his country, and add dignity by his presence to philosophical assemblies. As he did not suspect his unfitness for common affairs, he felt no reluctance to obey the invitation, and what he did not feel he had yet too much honesty to feign. He entered into the world as a larger and more populous college, where his performances would be more public, and his renown farther extended; and imagined that he should find his reputation universally prevalent, and the influence of learning every where the same.

His merit introduced him to splendid tables and elegant acquaintance; but he did not find himself always qualified to join in the conversation. He was distressed by civilities, which he knew not how to repay, and entangled in many ceremonial perplexities, from which his books and diagrams could not extricate him. He was sometimes unluckily engaged in disputes with ladies, with whom algebraic axioms had no great weight, and saw many whose favour and esteem he could not but desire, to whom he was very little recommended by his theories of the tides, or his approximations to the quadrature of the circle.

Gelasimus did not want penetration to discover that no charm was more generally irresistible than that of easy facetiousness and flowing hilarity. He saw that diversion was more frequently welcome than improvement, that authority and seriousness were rather feared than loved, and that the grave scholar was a kind of imperious ally, hastily dismissed when his assistance was no longer necessary. He came to a sudden resolution of throwing off those cumbrous ornaments of learning which hindered his reception, and commenced a man of wit and jocularity. Utterly unacquainted with every topic of

rriment, ignorant of the modes and follies, the es and virtues of mankind, and unfurnished with y ideas but such as Pappus and Archimedes had en him, he began to silence all inquiries with a t instead of a solution, extended his face with a in, which he mistook for a smile, and in the place a scientific discourse, retailed in a new language, med between the college and the tavern, the in- ligence of the newspaper.

Laughter, he knew, was a token of alacrity; and, erefore, whatever he said or heard, he was careful t to fail in that great duty of a wit. If he asked told the hour of the day, if he complained of heat cold, stirred the fire, or filled the glass, removed s chair, or snuffed the candle, he always found me occasion to laugh. The jest was, indeed, a cret to all but himself; but habitual confidence his own discernment hindered him from suspect- g any weakness or mistake. He wondered that s wit was so little understood, but expected that s audience would comprehend it by degrees, and rsisted all his life with gross buffoonery, how tle the strongest faculties can perform beyond the nits of their own province.

No. 180. SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1751.

Ταωτ' ειδως σοφος ισθι ματην δ' Επικουρον εασον
Που το κενον ζητειν, και τινες αι μοναδες.

AUTOMEDON.

On life, on morals, be thy thoughts employ'd;
Leave to the schools their atoms and their void.

r is somewhere related by Le Clerc that a wealthy ader of good understanding, having the common mbition to breed his son a scholar, carried him to

a university, resolving to use his own judgment i the choice of a tutor. He had been taught, b whatever intelligence, the nearest way to the hear of an academic, and at his arrival entertained a who came about him with such profusion that th professors were lured by the smell of his table from their books, and flocked round him with all the cringes of awkward complaisance. This eagerness answered the merchant's purpose; he glutted them with delicacies, and softened them with caresses, till he prevailed upon one after another to open his bosom, and make a discovery of his competitions, jealousies, and resentments. Having thus learned each man's character, partly from himself, and partly from his acquaintances, he resolved to find some other education for his son, and went away convinced, that a scholastic life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals and contract the understanding: nor would he afterwards hear with patience the praises of the ancient authors, being persuaded that scholars of all ages must have been the same, and that Xenophon and Cicero were professors of some former university, and therefore mean and selfish, ignorant and servile, like those whom he had lately visited and forsaken.

Envy, curiosity, and a sense of the imperfection of our present state, incline us to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds, loses part of its reverence by discovering no superiority in those parts of life in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter province

he rustics are said sometimes to wonder that they nd him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never e satisfied; and therefore many of the imputations hich learning suffers from disappointed ignorance e without reproach. But there are some failures which men of study are peculiarly exposed. ery condition has its disadvantages. The circle knowledge is too wide for the most active and igent intellect, and while science is pursued, other omplishments are neglected; as a small garrison st leave one part of an extensive fortress naked en an alarm calls them to another.

he learned, however, might generally support ir dignity with more success, if they suffered not nselves to be misled by the desire of superfluous inments. Raphael, in return to Adam's inqui- into the courses of the stars and the revolutions eaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from speculations, and employ his faculties upon er and more interesting objects, the survey of wn life, the subjection of his passions, the know- e of duties which must daily be performed, and detection of dangers which must daily be in- ed.

his angelic counsel every man of letters should ays have before him. He that devotes himself etired study, naturally sinks from omission to etfulness of social duties; he must be therefore etimes awakened, and recalled to the general lition of mankind.

am far from any intention to limit curiosity, or ine the labours of learning to arts of immediate necessary use. It is only from the various es- of experimental industry, and the vague ex- ions of minds set upon discovery, that any ncement of knowledge can be expected; and

though many must be disappointed in their labour, yet they are not to be charged with having spe their time in vain; their example contributed to spire emulation, and their miscarriage taught oth the way to success.

But the distant hope of being one day useful eminent ought not to mislead us too far from th study which is equally requisite to the great mean, to the celebrated and obscure; the art moderating the desires, of repressing the appeti and of conciliating or retaining the favour of kind.

No man can imagine the course of his own or the conduct of the world around him unwo his attention; yet among the sons of learning seem to have thought of every thing rather than themselves, and to have observed every thing what passes before their eyes: many who through the intricacy of complicated systems insuperably embarrassed with the least perplexity common affairs; many who compare the acti and ascertain the characters of ancient heroes, their own days glide away without examination, suffer vicious habits to encroach upon their without resistance or detection.

The most frequent reproach of the scholastic is the want of fortitude, not martial but philosop Men bred in shades and silence, taught to imm themselves at sunset, and accustomed to no o weapon than syllogism, may be allowed to feel ror at personal danger, and to be disconcerted tumult and alarm. But why should he whose is spent in contemplation, and whose business only to discover truth, be unable to rectify the lacies of imagination, or contend successfully ag prejudice and passion? To what end has he re and meditated, if he gives up his understanding

like appearances, and suffers himself to be enslaved by fear of evils to which only folly or vanity can expose him, or elated by advantages to which, as they are equally conferred upon the good and bad, no real dignity is annexed?

"Such, however, is the state of the world, that the most obsequious of the slaves of pride, the most rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the most officious of the whisperers of greatness, are collected from seminaries appropriated to the study of wisdom and of virtue, where it was intended that appetite should learn to be content with little, and that hope should aspire only to honours which no human power can give or take away.

The student, when he comes forth into the world, instead of congratulating himself upon his exemption from the errors of those whose opinions have been formed by accident or custom, and who live without any certain principles of conduct, is commonly in haste to mingle with the multitude, and show his sprightliness and ductility by an expeditious compliance with fashions or vices. The first smile of a man, whose fortune gives him power to reward his dependents, commonly enchants him beyond resistance; the glare of equipage, the sweets of luxury, the liberality of general promises, the softness of habitual affability, fill his imagination; and he soon ceases to have any other wish than to be well received, or any measure of right and wrong but the opinion of his patron.

A man flattered and obeyed learns to exact grosser adulation and enjoin lower submission. Neither our virtues nor vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice, there would be little insolence; pride cannot rise to any great degree, but by the concurrence of blandishment or the sufferance of tameness. The wretch who would shrink and

crouch before one that should dart his eye upon him with the spirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he sees himself approached with a downcast look, and hears the soft address of awe and servility. To those who are willing to purchase favour by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed the haughtiness that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmness and integrity.

If, instead of wandering after the meteors of philosophy, which fill the world with splendour for a while, and then sink and are forgotten, the candidates of learning fixed their eyes upon the permanent lustre of moral and religious truth, they would find a more certain direction to happiness. A little plausibility of discourse, and acquaintance with unnecessary speculations, is dearly purchased, when it excludes those instructions which fortify the heart with resolution, and exalt the spirit to independence.

No. 181. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1751.

———*Neu fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.* HOR.

Nor let me float in fortune's power,
Dependent on the future hour. FRANCIS.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"As I have passed much of life in disquiet and suspense, and lost many opportunities of advantage by a passion which I have reason to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myself well qualified to warn those, who are yet uncaptivated of the danger which they incur by placing themselves within its influence.

I served an apprenticeship to a linen-draper, uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; at the age of three-and-twenty opened a shop nyself with a large stock, and such credit among he merchants, who were acquainted with my ter, that I could command whatever was im- ed curious or valuable. For five years I pro- led with success proportionate to close applica- and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at y sale; always paid my notes before they were ; and advanced so fast in commercial reputa- that I was proverbially marked out as the mo- of young traders, and every one expected that w years would make me an alderman.

In this course of even propensity, I was one persuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The was inconsiderable, part was to be repaid gh fortune might fail to favour me, and there- my established maxims of frugality did not re- n me from so trifling an experiment. The ticket almost forgotten till the time at which every 's fate was to be determined; nor did the affairs then seem of any importance, till I discovered he public papers that the number next to mine conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thoughts of such an ap- ch to sudden riches, which I considered myself, ever contrarily to the laws of computation, as ng missed by a single chance; and I could not ear to revolve the consequences which such a iteous allotment would have produced, if it had ened to me. This dream of felicity, by degrees, possession of my imagination. The great de- of my solitary hours was to purchase an estate, form plantations with money which once might been mine, and I never met my friends but I ed all their merriment by perpetual complaints y ill luck.

"At length another lottery was opened, and I had now so heated my imagination with the prospect of a prize, that I should have pressed among the first purchasers, had not my ardour been withheld by deliberation upon the probability of success from one ticket rather than another. I hesitated long between even and odd; considered the square and cubic numbers through the lottery; examined all those to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at last fixed upon one, which, by some secret relation to the events of my life, I thought predestined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often mischievous; the ticket was sold, and its possessor could not be found.

"I returned to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognostication, fixed upon another chance, but with less confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover, feel so much vexation from the slow pace of time, as I suffered between the purchase of my ticket and the distribution of the prizes. I solaced my uneasiness as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happiness; when the sun arose I knew it would set, and congratulated myself at night that I was so much nearer to my wishes. At last the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and sagacity with a despicable prize of fifty pounds.

"My friends, who honestly rejoiced upon my success, were very coldly received; I hid myself a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without observation, and then returning to my shop, began to listen after another lottery.

"With the news of a lottery I was soon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I resolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting however to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miss the

class. Many conclusions did I form, and experiments did I try to determine from which ose tickets I might most reasonably expect . At last, being unable to satisfy myself by odes of reasoning, I wrote the numbers upon and allotted five hours every day to the amuse- of throwing them in a garret; and examining ent by an exact register, found, on the even- efore the lottery was drawn, that one of my ers had been turned up five times more than f the rest in three hundred and thirty thousand s.

his experiment was fallacious; the first day nted the hopeful ticket, a detestable blank. est came out with different fortune, and in con- n I lost thirty pounds by this great adventure. had now wholly changed the cast of my be- ur and the conduct of my life. The shop was e most part abandoned to my servants, and if ered it, my thoughts were so engrossed by my s that I scarcely heard or answered a ques- but considered every customer as an intruder my meditations, whom I was in haste to dis- . I mistook the price of my goods, committed ers in my bills, forgot to file my receipts, and cted to regulate my books. My acquaintances grees began to fall away; but I perceived the e of my business with little emotion, because ever deficience there might be in my gains I ted the next lottery to supply.

Miscarriage naturally produces diffidence; I now to seek assistance against ill luck, by an ce with those that had been more successful. uired diligently at what office any prize had sold, that I might purchase of a propitious r; solicited those who had been fortunate in r lotteries, to partake with me in my new

tickets: and whenever I met with one that had in any event of his life been eminently prosperous, I invited him to take a larger share. I had, by this rule of conduct, so diffused my interest, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a sixteenth of ninety.

"I waited for the decision of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the business of my trade with the usual neglect. The wheel at last was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long succession of sorrows and disappointments. I indeed often partook of a small prize, and the loss of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next; but my desires yet remained unsatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was suspended on those which remained yet undetermined. At last a prize of five thousand pounds was proclaimed; I caught fire at the cry, and inquiring the number, found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among those in whose luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a sixteenth part.

"You will easily judge with what detestation of himself a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had sold a prize which was once in his possession. It was to no purpose that I represented to my mind the impossibility of recalling the past, or the folly of condemning an act, which only its event, an event which no human intelligence could foresee, proved to be wrong. The prize which, though part in my hands, had been suffered to slip from me, filled me with anguish; and knowing that complaint would only expose me to ridicule, I gave myself up silently to grief, and lost by degrees my appetite and my rest.

"My indisposition soon became visible: I was visited by my friends, and among them by Eumathes,

gyman, whose piety and learning gave him
ın ascendant over me that I could not refuse
ən my heart. There are, said he, few minds
ently firm to be trusted in the hands of chance.
ɔver finds himself inclined to anticipate futurity,
ĸalt possibility to certainty, should avoid every
of casual adventure, since his grief must be
ʼs proportionate to his hope. You have long
ɨd that time which, by a proper application,
ɨ have certainly, though moderately, increased
fortune, in a laborious and anxious pursuit of
cies of gain which no labour or anxiety, no art
pedient, can secure or promote. You are now
ıg away your life in repentance of an act
st which repentance can give no caution but
oid the occasion of committing it. Rouse from
lazy dream of fortuitous riches, which if ob-
ɨ, you could scarcely have enjoyed, because
could confer no consciousness of desert; return
tional and manly industry, and consider the
gift of luck as below the care of a wise man.

ʻo. 182. SATURDAY, DEC. 14, 1751.

———*Dives qui fieri vult,*
Et cito vult fieri. JUVENAL.

The lust of wealth can never bear delay.

ıs been observed, in a late paper, that we are
ısonably desirous to separate the goods of life
those evils which Providence has connected
them, and to catch advantages without paying
ɾice at which they are offered us. Every man
ɛs to be rich, but very few have the powers ne-

cessary to raise a sudden fortune, either by ne coveries, or by superiority of skill in any nec employment; and among lower understandings want the firmness and industry requisite to t gain and gradual acquisitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence by me more compendious than those of labour, and generally practicable than those of genius, pro the common inclination of experiment and h and that willingness to snatch all opportuni growing rich by chance, which, when it has taken possession of the mind, is seldom driv either by time or argument, but continues to life in perpetual delusion, and generally en wretchedness and want.

The folly of untimely exultation and visi prosperity is by no means peculiar to the pu sers of tickets; there are multitudes whose nothing but a continual lottery; who are t within a few months of plenty and happines how often soever they are mocked with blan pect a prize from the next adventure.

Among the most resolute and ardent of t taries of chance may be numbered the r whose hope is to raise themselves by a w match; who lay out all their industry on th duities of courtship, and sleep and wake w other ideas than of treats, compliments, gua and rivals.

One of the most indefatigable of this class old friend Leviculus, whom I have never kno thirty years without some matrimonial pro advantage. Leviculus was bred under a me and by the graces of his person, the sprightl his prattle, and the neatness of his dress, s enamoured his master's second daughter, a sixteen, that she declared her resolution to l

husband. Her father, after having chidden or undutifulness, consented to the match, not to the satisfaction of Leviculus, who was suftly elated with his conquest to think himself ed to a larger fortune. He was, however, rid of his perplexity, for his mistress died beheir marriage.

was now so well satisfied with his own aclishments, that he determined to commence ne-hunter; and when his apprenticeship ex- instead of beginning, as was expected, to the exchange with a face of importance, or asting himself with those who were most eminent eir knowledge of the stocks, he at once threw e solemnity of the counting-house, equipped lf with a modish wig, listened to wits in coffees, passed his evenings behind the scenes in the res, learned the names of beauties of quality, ned the last stanzas of fashionable songs, talked larly of high play, boasted of his achievements drawers and coachmen, was often brought to dgings at midnight in a chair, told with negli- and jocularity of bilking a tailor, and now hen let fly a shrewd jest at a sober citizen.

us furnished with irresistible artillery, he turned atteries upon the female world, and in the first ith of selfapprobation, proposed no less than the ssion of riches and beauty united. He thereaid his civilities to Flavilla, the only daughter vealthy shopkeeper, who not being accustomed norous blandishments or respectful addresses, lelighted with the novelty of love, and easily ed him to conduct her to the play, and to meet here she visited. Leviculus did not doubt but ather, however offended by a clandestine mar-, would soon be reconciled by the tears of his hter and the merit of his son-in-law, and was

in haste to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept him three years in uncertainty and attendance. At last she fell in love with a young ensign at a ball, and having danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a small estate in the country, where, after his usual inquiries concerning the nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with Altilia, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himself, for whose favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They hovered round her with such a jealous officiousness as scarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. Leviculus, nevertheless, discovered his passion in a letter, and Altilia could not withstand the pleasure of hearing vows and sighs, and flatteries and protestations. She admitted his visits, enjoyed, for five years, the happiness of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarms, and amused herself with the various stratagems which were practised to disengage her affections. Sometimes she was advised with great earnestness to travel for her health, and sometimes entreated to keep her brother's house. Many stories were spread to the disadvantage of Leviculus, by which she commonly seemed affected for a time, but took care soon afterwards to express her conviction of their falsehood. But being at last satiated with this ludicrous tyranny, she told her lover, when he pressed for the reward of his services, that she was very sensible of his merit, but was resolved not to impoverish an ancient family.

He then returned to the town, and soon after his arrival became acquainted with Latronia, a lady distinguished by the elegance of her equipage and

egularity of her conduct. Her wealth was nt in her magnificence, and her prudence in economy; and therefore Leviculus, who had ely confidence to solicit her favour, readily ac- ed fortune of her former debts, when he found elf distinguished by her with such marks of rence as a woman of modesty is allowed to

He now grew bolder, and ventured to he out his impatience before her. She heard without resentment, in time permitted him to for happiness, and at last fixed the nuptial day, ut any distrustful reserve of pin-money, or d stipulations for jointure and settlements.

viculus was triumphing on the eve of marriage, n he heard on the stairs the voice of Latronia's , whom frequent bribes had secured in his ser-

She soon burst into his room, and told him she could not suffer him to be longer deceived; her mistress was now spending the last payment er fortune, and was only supported in her ex- e by the credit of his estate. Leviculus shud- d to see himself so near a precipice, and found he was indebted for his escape to the resent- t of the maid, who, having assisted Latronia to the conquest, quarreled with her at last about plunder.

eviculus was now hopeless and disconsolate; One Sunday he saw a lady in the Mall, whom dress declared a widow, and whom, by the jolt- prance of her gait, and the broad resplendance her countenance, he guessed to have lately ed some prosperous citizen. He followed her e, and found her to be no less than the relict of ne the grocer, who, having no children, had be- ithed to her all his debts and dues, and his tes real and personal. No formality was ne- ary in addressing madam Prune, and therefore

Leviculus went next morning without an introductor. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; she then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, asked if he knew to whom he was talking, and then showed him the door, and again laughed to find him confused. Leviculus discovered that this coarseness was nothing more than the coquetry of Cornhill, and next day returned to the attack. He soon grew familiar to her dialect, and in a few weeks heard, without any emotion, hints of gay clothes with empty pockets; concurred in many sage remarks on the regard due to people of property; and agreed with her in detestation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He sometimes presumed to mention marriage; but was always answered with a slap, a hoot, and a flounce. At last he began to press her closer, and thought himself more favourably received; but going one morning, with a resolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman from the neighbouring shop, of whom she had become enamoured at her window.

In these, and a thousand intermediate adventures, has Leviculus spent his time, till he is now grown gray with age, fatigue, and disappointment. He begins at last to find that success is not to be expected, and being unfit for any employment that might improve his fortune, and unfurnished with any arts that might amuse his leisure, is condemned to wear out a tasteless life in narratives which few will hear, and complaints which none will pity.

[o. 183. TUESDAY, DEC. 17, 1751.

Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erat. LUCAN.

No faith of partnership dominion owns;
Still discord hovers o'er divided thrones.

hostility perpetually exercised between one nd another, is caused by the desire of many at which only few can possess. Every man be rich, powerful, and famous; yet fame, , and riches, are only the names of relative ions, which imply the obscurity, dependence, overty of greater numbers.

s universal and incessant competition pro- injury and malice by two motives, interest nvy; the prospect of adding to our posses- what we can take from others, and the hope eviating the sense of our disparity by lessen- hers, though we gain nothing to ourselves.

these two malignant and destructive powers, ns probable, at the first view, that interest has rongest and most extensive influence. It is to conceive that opportunities to seize what een long wanted may excite desires almost tible; but surely the same eagerness cannot idled by an accidental power of destroying hich gives happiness to another. It must be natural to rob for gain than to ravage only for ief.

t I am inclined to believe that the great law of l benevolence is oftener violated by envy than erest, and that most of the misery which the

defamation of blameless actions, or the obstruction of honest endeavours, brings upon the world, is inflicted by men that propose no advantage to themselves but the satisfaction of poisoning the banquet which they cannot taste, and blasting the harvest which they have no right to reap.

Interest can diffuse itself but to a narrow compass. The number is never large of those who can hope to fill the posts of degraded power, catch the fragments of shattered fortune, or succeed to the honours of depreciated beauty. But the empire of envy has no limits, as it requires to its influence very little help from external circumstances. Envy may always be produced by idleness and pride, and in what place will they not be found?

Interest requires some qualities not universally bestowed. The ruin of another will produce no profit to him who has not discernment to mark his advantage, courage to seize, and activity to pursue it; but the cold malignity of envy may be exerted in a torpid and quiescent state, amidst the gloom of stupidity, in the coverts of cowardice. He that falls by the attacks of interest is torn by hungry tigers; he may discover and resist his enemies. He that perishes in the ambushes of envy, is destroyed by unknown and invisible assailants, and dies like a man suffocated by a poisonous vapour, without knowledge of his danger, or possibility of contest.

Interest is seldom pursued but at some hazard. He that hopes to gain much has commonly something to lose, and when he ventures to attack superiority, if he fails to conquer, is irrecoverably crushed. But envy may act without expense or danger. To spread suspicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate scandal, requires neither labour nor

age. It is easy for the author of a lie, however ignant, to escape detection, and infamy needs little industry to assist its circulation.

vy is almost the only vice which is practicable l times and in every place; the only passion n can never lie quiet for want of irritation: its s therefore are every where discoverable, and empts always to be dreaded.

s impossible to mention a name which any ad- geous distinction has made eminent, but some animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, ver he may abstract himself from public affairs, never want those who hint, with Shylock, that are but boards. The beauty, adorned only the unambitious graces of innocence and mo- provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand urs of detraction. The genius, even when he vours only to entertain or instruct, yet suffers cution from innumerable critics, whose acri- is excited merely by the pain of seeing others ed, and of hearing applauses which another s.

e frequency of envy makes it so familiar that apes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon rpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its nce. When he that has given no provocation lice, but by attempting to excel, finds himself ted by multitudes whom he never saw, with all nplacability of personal resentment; when he ives clamour and malice let losse upon him as blic enemy, and incited by every stratagem of nation; when he hears the misfortunes of his y, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the ; and every failure of conduct, or defect of e, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to r those artifices at which he only laughed be- and discovers how much the happiness of life

would be advanced by the eradication of envy fr
the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mi
and seldom yields to the culture of philosop
There are, however, considerations which, if co
fully implanted and diligently propagated, might
time overpower and repress it, since no one c
nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects
only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is above all other vices inconsistent with
character of a social being, because it sacrifice
truth and kindness to very weak temptations. H
that plunders a wealthy neighbour gains as much
as he takes away, and may improve his own condi
tion in the same proportion as he impairs another's;
but he that blasts a flourishing reputation must be
content with a small dividend of additional fame, s
small as can afford very little consolation to balanc
the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided that dangerous and empi
rical morality, which cures one vice by means o
another. But envy is so base and detestable, s
vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects
that the predominance of almost any other qual
is to be preferred. It is one of those lawless en
mies of society, against which poisoned arrows m
honestly be used. Let it, therefore, be constant
remembered, that whoever envies another confesse
his superiority; and let those be reformed by th
pride who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries whi
envy incites, that they are committed against the
who have given no intentional provocation; a
that the sufferer is often marked out for ruin, n
because he has failed in any duty, but because
has dared to do more than is required.

Almost every other crime is practised by t

of some quality which might have produced em or love, if it had been well employed; but y is mere unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues teful end by despicable means, and desires not uch its own happiness as another's misery. To id depravity like this, it is not necessary that one should aspire to heroism or sanctity, but r that he should resolve not to quit the rank ch nature assigns him, and wish to maintain the nity of a human being.

No. 184. SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1751.

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile, nostris. JUV.

ust thy fortune to the powers above;
ave them to manage for thee, and to grant
hat their unerring wisdom sees thee want. DRYDEN.

every scheme of life, so every form of writing its advantages and inconveniences, though not gled in the same proportions. The writer of ys escapes many embarrassments to which a e work would have exposed him; he seldom sses his reason with long trains of consequences, s his eyes with the perusal of antiquated vo-es, or burdens his memory with great accumula-s of preparatory knowledge. A careless glance a favourite author, or transient survey of the eties of life, is sufficient to supply the first hint eminal idea, which, enlarged by the gradual etion of matter stored in the mind, is by the nth of fancy easily expanded into flowers, and etimes ripened into fruit.

he most frequent difficulty by which the authors

of these petty compositions are distressed
from the perpetual demand of novelty and
The compiler of a system of science lays
tion at rest, and employs only his judgment,
faculty exerted with least fatigue. Even the
of feigned adventures, when once the principal
racters are established, and the great events
larly connected, finds incidents and episodes
ing upon his mind; every change opens new
and the latter part of the story grows without
out of the former. But he that attempts to
tain his reader with unconnected pieces, finds
irksomeness of his task rather increased than
sened by every production. The day calls
upon him for a new topic, and he is again
to choose, without any principle to regulate
choice.

It is indeed true, that there is seldom any
sity of looking far or inquiring long for a
subject. Every diversity of art or nature,
public blessing or calamity, every domestic
gratification, every sally of caprice, blunder of
surdity, or stratagem of affectation, may
matter to him whose only rule is to avoid
mity. But it often happens, that the judgment
distracted with boundless multiplicity, the imagination
tion ranges from one design to another, and
hours pass imperceptibly away, till the composition
can be no longer delayed, and necessity
the use of those thoughts which then happen to
at hand. The mind, rejoicing at deliverance
terms from perplexity and suspense, applies
vigorously to the work before her, collects
lishments and illustrations, and sometimes
with great elegance and happiness, what in a
of ease and leisure she never had begun.

It is not commonly observed how much, even

ions considered as particularly subject to choice, o be attributed to accident, or some cause out our own power, by whatever name it be distinished. To close tedious deliberations with hasty olves, and after long consultations with reason to ar the question to caprice, is by no means peculiar the essayist. Let him that peruses this paper iew the series of his life, and inquire how he was ced in his present condition. He will find that the good or ill which he has experienced, a great t came unexpected, without any visible gradaons of approach; that every event has been influced by causes acting without his intervention; d that whenever he pretended to the prerogative foresight, he was mortified with new conviction the shortness of his views.

The busy, the ambitious, the inconstant, and the venturous, may be said to throw themselves by sign into the arms of fortune, and voluntarily to it the power of governing themselves; they engage in a course of life in which little can be ascerned by previous measures; nor is it any wonder at their time is passed between eletion and desndence, hope and disappointment.

Some there are who appear to walk the road of with more circumspection, and make no step they think themselves secure from the hazard of precipice; when neither pleasure nor profit can pt them from the beaten path; who refuse to nb lest they should fall, or to run lest they should mble, and move slowly forward without any mpliance with those passions by which the heady d vehement are seduced and betrayed.

Yet even the timorous prudence of this judicious ss is far from exempting them from the dominion chance, a subtle and insidious power, who will trude upon privacy and embarrass caution. No

course of life is so prescribed and limited, but that many actions must result from arbitrary election. Every one must form the general plan of his conduct by his own reflections; he must resolve whether he will endeavour at riches or at content; whether he will exercise private or public virtues; whether he will labour for the general benefit of mankind, or contract his beneficence to his family and dependents.

This question has long exercised the schools of philosophy, but remains yet undecided; and what hope is there that a young man, unacquainted with the arguments on either side, should determine his own destiny otherwise than by chance?

When chance has given him a partner of his bed, whom he prefers to all other women, without any proof of superior desert, chance must again direct him in the education of his children; for, who was ever able to convince himself by arguments, that he had chosen for his son that mode of instruction to which his understanding was best adapted, or by which he would most easily be made wise and virtuous?

Whoever shall inquire by what motive he was determined on these important occasions, will find them such as his pride will scarcely suffer him to confess; some sudden ardour of desire, some uncertain glimpse of advantage, some petty competition, some inaccurate conclusion, or some example implicitly reverenced. Such are often the first causes of our resolves; for it is necessary to act, but impossible to know the consequences of action, or to discuss all the reasons which offer themselves on every part to inquisitiveness and solicitude.

Since life itself is uncertain, nothing which has life for its basis can boast much stability. Yet this is but a small part of our perplexity. We are

on a tempestuous sea in quest of some port,
e we expect to find rest, but where we are not
of admission; we are not only in danger of sink-
n the way, but of being misled by meteors
aken for stars, or being driven from our course
ıe changes of the wind, and of losing it by un-
ıl steerage; yet it sometimes happens, that
ı winds blow us to a safer coast, that meteors
· us aside from whirlpools, and that negligence
ror contributes to our escape from mischiefs, to
h a direct course would have exposed us. Of
ı that, by precipitate conclusions, involve them-
ıs in calamities without guilt, very few, how-
they may reproach themselves, can be certain
other measures would have been more suc-
ul.

this state of universal uncertainty, where a
ıand dangers hover about us, and none can tell
her the good that he pursues is not evil in dis-
, or whether the next step will lead him to
y or destruction, nothing can afford any ra-
l tranquillity, but the conviction that, however
muse ourselves with unideal sounds, nothing in
y is governed by chance, but that the universe
der the perpetual superintendence of him who
ed it; that our being is in the hands of omni-
ıt goodness, by whom what appears casual to
directed for ends ultimately kind and merciful;
that nothing can finally hurt him who debars
imself from the divine favour.

No. 185. TUESDAY, DEC. 24, 1751.

At vindicta bonum vitâ jucundius ipsâ,
Nempe hoc indocti.——
Chrysippus non dicit idem, nec mite Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vincla Cicutæ
Accusatori nolet dare.——Quippe minuti
Semper, et infirmi est Anima, exiguique Voluptas
Ultio. JUV.

But O! revenge is sweet.
Thus think the crowd; who, eager to engage,
That quickly fire and kindle into rage.
Not so mild Thales nor Chrysippus thought,
Nor that good man, who drank the poisonous draught
With mind serene; and could not wish to see
His vile accuser drink as deep as he:
Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injured he fell, and dying he forgave,
Too noble for revenge; which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind. DRYDEN.

No vicious dispositions of the mind more obstinately resist both the counsels of philosophy and the injunctions of religion than those which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot dismiss without leaving in the hands of opposition some advantage iniquitously obtained, or suffering from our own prejudices some imputation of pusillanimity.

For this reason scarcely any law of our Redeemer is more openly transgressed, or more industriously evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits, under the sanction of eternal misery, the gratification of the desire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger are unable to combat pride, and

ıe offences to the extremity of vengeance, lest should be insulted by the triumph of an enemy. ıt certainly no precept could better become at whose birth *peace* was proclaimed *to the* . For, what would so soon destroy all the · of society, and deform life with violence and ge, as a permission to every one to judge his cause, and to apportion his own recompense nagined injuries?

is difficult for a man of the strictest justice o favour himself too much in the calmest mo- s of solitary meditation. Every one wishes ıe distinctions for which thousands are wishing e same time, in their own opinion, with better ıs. He that, when his reason operates in its orce, can thus, by the mere prevalence of self- prefer himself to his fellow beings, is very un- y to judge equitably when his passions are agi- by a sense of wrong, and his attention wholly ɔssed by pain, interest, or danger. Whoever ;ates to himself the right of vengeance shows little he is qualified to decide his own claims, he certainly demands what he would think to be granted to another.

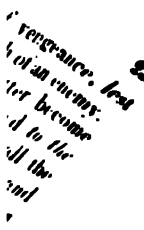
othing is more apparent than that, however in- l or however provoked, some must at last be ɛnted to forgive. For it can never be hoped, he who first commits an injury will content- acquiesce in the penalty required: the same htiness of contempt, or vehemence of desire, prompts the act of injustice, will more strongly ɜ its justification; and resentment can never so tly balance the punishment with the fault, but will remain an overplus of vengeance which he who condemns his first action will think elf entitled to retaliate. What then can ensue ı continual exacerbation of hatred, and unex-

tinguishable feud, an incessant reciprocation of mischief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerness to destroy?

Since then the imaginary right of vengeance must be at last remitted, because it is impossible to live in perpetual hostility, and equally impossible that, of two enemies, either should think himself obliged by justice to submission, it is surely eligible to forgive early. Every passion is more easily subdued before it has been long accustomed to possession of the heart; every idea is obliterated with less difficulty, as it has been more slightly impressed, and less frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleased himself with schemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied supplications of humbled enmity, will not easily open his bosom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle sentiments of benevolence and peace.

It is easiest to forgive while there is yet little to be forgiven. A single injury may soon be dismissed from the memory; but a long succession of ill offices by degrees associates itself with every idea, a long contest involves so many circumstances that every place and action will recall it to the mind, and fresh remembrance of vexation must still enkindle rage and irritate revenge.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is an union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who re-



of and to exasperate his own
employed only on means
of ruin; whose mind
ce of his own suf-
of enjoying the
y be numbered
man beings, among
eward, and have nei-
ty nor the calm of inno-

ne weakness both of himself
long want persuasives to for-
ow not to what degree of malig-
s to be imputed; or how much its
were to inspect the mind of him that
it, would be extenuated by mistake,
nce, or negligence; we cannot be certain
ch more we feel than was intended to be in-
or how much we increase the mischief to
s by voluntary aggravations. We may
to design the effects of accident; we may
e blow violent only because we have made
s delicate and tender; we are on every
danger of error and of guilt, which we are
to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

this pacific and harmless temper, thus pro-
to others and ourselves, to domestic tran-
and to social happiness, no man is withheld
pride, by the fear of being insulted by his
ry, or despised by the world.

y be laid down as an unfailing and univer-
m, that "all pride is abject and mean." It
ys an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquies-
a false appearance of excellence, and pro-
ot from consciousness of our attainments,
nsibility of our wants.

ing can be great which is not right. No-

thing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind: whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become depicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his own cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven it is indispe

quired that he forgive. It is therefore super- to urge any other motive. On this great duty ty is suspended, and to him that refuses to se it the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and aviour of the world has been born in vain.

o. 186. SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1751.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur Aurâ———
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem. HOR.

lace me where never summer breeze
'nbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
nd angry Jove deforms the' inclement year:
ove and the nymph shall charm my toils,
he nymph, who sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles.
FRANCIS.

he happiness and misery of our present state, rises from our sensations, and part from our ons; part is distributed by nature, and part is great measure apportioned by ourselves. Po- pleasure we cannot always obtain, and posi- ain we cannot always remove. No man can to his own plantations the fragrance of the n groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy e him to withdraw his attention from wounds eases. But the negative infelicity which pro- , not from the pressure of suffering, but the ce of enjoyments, will always yield to the lies of reason.

e of the great arts of escaping superfluous un- ss is to free our minds from the habit of com- our condition with that of others on whom lessings of life are more bountifully bestowed,

or with imaginary states of delight and se
perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are
in a situation so gloomy and distressful as
see every day beings yet more forlorn and
able, from whom they may learn to rejoice
own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by art
gence than the inclemency of climates, an
fore none affords more proper exercise for t
losophical abstraction. A native of E
pinched with the frosts of December, ma
his affection for his own country by suffe
imagination to wander in the vales of A
sport among woods that are always gre
streams that always murmur; but if he t
thoughts towards the polar regions, and c
the nations to whom a great portion of the
darkness, and who are condemned to pas
and months amidst mountains of snow, he v
recover his tranquillity, and while he stirs
or throws his cloak about him, reflect how
owes to Providence, that he is not placed i
land or Siberia.

The barrenness of the earth and the se
the skies, in these dreary countries, are
might be expected to confine the mind whol
contemplation of necessity and distress, so
care of escaping death from cold and hunge
leave no room for those passions which, in
plenty, influence conduct or diversify ch
the summer should be spent wholly in prov
the winter, and the winter in longing for the

Yet learned curiosity is known to have
way into those abodes of poverty and gloo
land and Iceland have their historians, the
and their poets; and love, that extends l
nion wherever humanity can be found,

rts the same power in the Greenlander's hut as he palaces of eastern monarchs.

n one of the large caves to which the families of eenland retire together to pass the cold months, which may be termed their villages or cities, a ith and maid, who came from different parts of country, were so much distinguished for their nty that they were called by the rest of the initants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed reiblance to their ancestors of the same names, o had been transformed of old into the sun and on.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut h little emotion, but at last, by frequent interws, became sensible of her charms, and first le a discovery of his affection, by inviting her h her parents to a feast, where he placed before it the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much ghted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that e, was observed rarely to appear but in a vest le of the skin of a white deer; she used frently to renew the black dye upon her hands and head, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, to braid her hair with great exactness.

he elegance of her dress and the judicious disition of her ornaments had such an effect upon ningait that he could no longer be restrained n a declaration of his love. He therefore comed a poem in her praise, in which, among other pic and tender sentiments, he protested, that he was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fraut as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers e white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile teful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would sue her, though she should pass the snows of midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from

the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amaroc, and rescue her from the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish, that "whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the stony lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut, for a time, always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage; he attacked the seahorses on the ice; pursued the seal into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their ac-

ntance commenced, and there expect the reward is assiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the sun ing on the water, consider," said Anningait, hat thou hast required. How easily may my rn be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected ; then must the night be passed without my t. We live not, my fair, in those fabled coun-, which lying strangers so wantonly describe; re the whole year is divided into short days nights; where the same habitation serves for mer and winter; where they raise houses in s above the ground, dwell together from year ear, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the ls about them; can travel at any time from one e to another, through ways enclosed with trees, ver walls raised upon the inland waters; and ct their course through wide countries by the t of green hills or scattered buildings. Even in mer, we have no means of crossing the moun-s, whose snows are never dissolved; nor can ve to any distant residence, but in our boats ting the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few summer s, and a few winter nights, and the life of man an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, vels and gaiety; but what will be the flaming p, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the le of Ajut?"

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid tinued inexorable, and they parted with ardent mises to meet again before the night of winter.

No. 187. TUESDAY, DEC. 31, 1751.

Non illum nostri possunt mutare labores,
Non si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniasque nives hiemis subeamus aquosæ,——
Omnia vincit amor. VIRGIL.

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not though beneath the Thracian clime we freeze,
Or the mild bless of temperate skies forego,
And in mid winter tread Sithonian snow:——
Love conquers all.—— DRYDEN.

ANNINGAIT, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no token of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of sea-unicorn.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence that she followed him to the seaside; and, when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud, that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deep nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white dog skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried the

the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which bestowed upon her, she made a fishing coat, l boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; ıile she was thus busied, solaced her labours song, in which she prayed, "that her lover have hands stronger than the paws of the nd feet swifter than the feet of the reindeer, s dart might never err, and that his boat might eak; that he might never stumble on the ice, nt in the water; that the seal might rush on poon, and the wounded whale might dash the in vain."

large boats in which the Greenlanders trans- ıeir families are always rowed by women; for will not debase himself by work which re- neither skill nor courage. Anningait was ›re exposed by idleness to the ravages of pas- He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with ɜnt to leap into the water, and swim back to stress; but recollecting the misery which they ɜndure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, ıs for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks ɜence in provision for a night of plenty and y. He then composed his emotions as he , and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth s, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. "O says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall hed man find thy resemblance but in ice float- n the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles ıfar, while the storms drive and the waters beat : sun melts it above, and the rocks shatter it . What art thou, deceitful pleasure! but a n blaze streaming from the north, which plays nent on the eye, mocks the traveller with the of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach ut knowledge of our danger, drawn on by im-

perceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had not yet called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer's sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roefish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch, the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold, and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equaled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five-and-twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he

ediately threw over her the skin of a deer that ad taken, and soon after presented her with a ch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and deter- ed to admit no lover in the place of Anningait. orngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to strata- . He knew that Ajut would consult an Angek- , or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, the felicity of her future life. He therefore ap- l himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of part of the country, and by a present of two s and a marble kettle, obtained a promise that, n Ajut should consult him, he would declare her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut in a t time brought him a coat made by herself, and ired what events were to befall her, with assu- es of a much larger reward at the return of ingait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. Angekkok knew the way to riches, and fore- that Anningait, having already caught two les, would soon return home with a large boat n with provisions.

his prognostication she was ordered to keep et; and Norngsuk depending upon his artifice, wed his addresses with greater confidence; but ing his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of enland is too powerful for the virtue of a Green- ler; they forgot the merit and presents of An- ait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of ngsuk. She entreated; she remonstrated; she t, and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled y into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon berries as she could gather, and the birds or s which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking , at an hour when she was not likely to be found, iew the sea every day, that her lover might not her at his retu m

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait departed stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection, to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach; where finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion that they were changed into stars: others imagine that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

188. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1752.

——*Si te colo, Sexte, non amabo.* MART.
The more I honour thee, the less I love.

E of the desires dictated by vanity is more al, or less blameable, than that of being dis-ished for the arts of conversation. Other ac-lishments may be possessed without opportunity erting them, or wanted without danger that the t can often be remarked; but as no man can otherwise than in an hermitage without hourly ure or vexation, from the fondness or neglect ose about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is ntinual use. Few are more frequently envied those who have the power of forcing attention ever they come, whose entrance is considered promise of felicity, and whose departure is nted like the recess of the sun from northern ites, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy or rits gaiety.

is apparent that to excellence in this valuable me peculiar qualifications are necessary; for one's experience will inform him, that the ure which men are able to give in conversation no stated proportion to their knowledge or virtue. Many find their way to the tables and arties of those who never consider them as of east importance in any other place; we have t one time or other, been content to love those n we could not esteem, and been persuaded to ie dangerous experiment of admitting him for a anion whom we knew to be too ignorant for a sellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

I question whether some abatement of charact is not necessary to general acceptance. Few spen their time with much satisfaction under the eye uncontestable superiority; and therefore, amon those whose presence is courted at assemblies jollity, there are seldom found men eminently distin guished for powers or acquisitions. The wit whos vivacity condemns slower tongues to silence, t scholar whose knowledge allows no man to fanc that he instructs him, the critic who suffers no fa lacy to pass undetected, and the reasoner who con demns the idle to thought, and the negligent t attention, are generally praised and feared, rare renced and avoided.

He that would please must rarely aim at ma excellence as depresses his hearers in their ow opinion, or debars them from the hope of contribu ing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company Merriment, extorted by sallies of imagination sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is in often what the Latins call the *Sardinian laughter*, distortion of the face without gladness of heart.

For this reason, no style of conversation is mor extensively acceptable than the narrative. He wh has stored his memory with slight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails find his audience favourable. Almost every ma listens with eagerness to contemporary history; f almost every man has some real or imaginary con nection with a celebrated character; some desire advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often o operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in a place qualifies himself to become a speaker in an ther; for though he cannot comprehend a series argument, or transport the volatile spirit of w without evaporation, yet he thinks himself able treasure up the various incidents of a story, a

es his hopes with the information which he shall to some inferior society.

arratives are for the most part heard without en- because they are not supposed to imply any lectual qualities above the common rate. To quainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian hs may happen to one man as well as to ano- ; and to relate them when they are known has pearance so little difficulty that every one con- es himself equal to the task.

ut it is not easy, and in some situations of life ossible, to accumulate such a stock of materials ay support the expense of continual narration ; it frequently happens that they who attempt method of ingratiating themselves please only e first interview; and, for want of new supplies telligence, wear out their stories by continual tition.

here would be, therefore, little hope of obtaining praise of a good companion, were it not to be ed by more compendious methods; but such is kindness of mankind to all, except those who re to real merit and rational dignity, that every erstanding may find some way to excite benevo- e; and whoever is not envied may learn the art rocuring love. We are willing to be pleased, are not willing to admire; we favour the mirth officiousness that solicits our regard, but oppose worth or spirit that enforces it.

he first place among those that please, because y desire only to please, is due to the *merry fel-* , whose laugh is loud, and whose voice is strong; o is ready to echo every jest with obstreperous robation, and countenance every frolic with vo- ration of applause. It is not necessary to a rry fellow to have in himself any fund of jocula- r or force of conception; it is sufficient that he

always appears in the highest exaltation of gladness; for the greater part of mankind are gay or serious by infection, and follow without resistance the attraction of example.

Next to the merry fellow is the *good natured man*, a being generally without benevolence, or any other virtue than such as indolence and insensibility confer. The characteristic of a good natured man is to bear a joke; to sit unmoved and unaffected amidst noise and turbulence, profaneness and obscenity; to hear every tale without contradiction; to endure insult without reply; and to follow the stream of folly, whatever course it shall happen to take. The good natured man is commonly the darling of the petty wits, with whom they exercise themselves in the rudiments of raillery; for he never takes advantage of failings, nor disconcerts a puny satirist with unexpected sarcasms; but while the glass continues to circulate, contentedly bears the expense of uninterrupted laughter, and retires rejoicing at his own importance.

The *modest man* is a companion of a yet lower rank, whose only power of giving pleasure is not to interrupt it. The modest man satisfies himself with peaceful silence, which all his companions are candid enough to consider as proceeding not from inability to speak, but willingness to hear.

Many, without being able to attain any general character of excellence, have some single art of entertainment, which serves them as a passport through the world. One I have known for fifteen years the darling of a weekly club, because every night, precisely at eleven, he begins his favourite song, and during the vocal performance, by corresponding motions of his hand, chalks out a giant upon the wall. Another has endeared himself to a long succession of acquaintances by sitting among them

his wig reversed; another by contriving to
the nose of any stranger who was to be ini-
d in the club; another by purring like a cat,
then pretending to be frighted; and another by
ing like a hound, and calling to the drawers to
out the dog.

ich are the arts by which cheerfulness is pro-
d, and sometimes friendships established; arts
h those who despise them should not rigorously
e, except when they are practised at the ex-
e of innocence; for it is always necessary to be
d, but not always necessary to be reverenced.

No. 189. TUESDAY, JAN. 7, 1752.

Quod tam grande sophos clamat tibi turba togata,
Non tu, Pomponi, cœna diserta tua est. MART.

Resounding plaudits through the crowd have rung;
Thy treat is eloquent, and not thy tongue.
F. LEWIS.

world scarcely affords opportunities of making
observation more frequently, than on false
ms to commendation. Almost every man wastes
of his life in attempts to display qualities which
loes not possess, and to gain applauses which
cannot keep; so that scarcely can two persons
ually meet, but one is offended or diverted by
ostentation of the other.

Of these pretenders it is fit to distinguish those
o endeavour to deceive from them who are de-
ved; those who by designed impostures promote
r interest or gratify their pride, from them who
n only to force into regard their latent excel-

lencies and neglected virtues; who believe themselves qualified to instruct or please, and therefore invite the notice of mankind.

The artful and fraudulent usurpers of distinction deserve greater severities than ridicule and contempt, since they are seldom content with empty praise, but are instigated by passions more pernicious than vanity. They consider the reputation which they endeavour to establish as necessary to the accomplishment of some subsequent design, and value praise only as it may conduce to success of avarice or ambition.

The commercial world is very frequently put into confusion by the bankruptcy of merchants, that assumed the splendour of wealth only to obtain the privilege of trading with the stock of other men, and of contracting debts which nothing but lucky casualties could enable them to pay; till after having supported their appearance a while by tumultuary magnificence of boundless traffic, they sink at once, and drag down into poverty those whom their equipages had induced to trust them.

Among wretches that place their happiness in the favour of the great, of beings whom only high titles or large estates set above themselves, nothing is more common than to boast of confidence which they do not enjoy; to sell promises which they know their interest unable to perform; and to reimburse the tribute which they pay to an imperious master, from the contributions of meaner dependents, whom they can amuse with tales of their influence, and hopes of their solicitation.

Even among some, too thoughtless and volatile for avarice or ambition, may be found a species of falsehood more detestable than the levee or exchange can show. There are men that boast of debaucheries, of which they never had address to

uilty; ruin, by lewd tales, the characters of
en to whom they are scarcely known, or by
n they have been rejected; destroy in a drun-
rolic the happiness of families; blast the bloom
auty, and intercept the reward of virtue.

her artifices of falsehood, though utterly un-
ıy of an ingenuous mind, are not yet to be
ɛd with flagitious enormities, nor is it necessary
cite sanguinary justice against them, since
may be adequately punished by detection and
ıter. The traveller who describes cities which
as never seen; the squire who, at his return
London, tells of his intimacy with nobles, to
n he has only bowed in the park or coffee-
e; the author who entertains his admirers with
ɛs of the assistance which he gives to wits of a
ɛr rank; the city dame who talks of her visits
reat houses, where she happens to know the
maid, are surely such harmless animals as truth
elf may be content to despise without desiring
urt them.

ut of the multitudes who struggle in vain for
nction and display their own merits only to feel
e acutely the sting of neglect, a great part are
lly innocent of deceit, and are betrayed, by in-
ation and credulity, to that scorn with which the
ersal love of praise incites us all to drive feeble
petitors out of our way.

ew men survey themselves with so much seve-
as not to admit prejudices in their own favour,
ɔh an artful flatterer may gradually strengthen,
vishes for a particular qualification are improved
opes of attainment, and hopes of attainment to
ɛf of possession. Such flatterers every one will
, who has power to reward their assiduities.
erever there is wealth there will be dependence

and expectation, and wherever there is dependence there will be an emulation of servility.

Many of the follies which provoke general censure are the effect of such vanity as, however it might have wantoned in the imagination, would scarcely have dared the public eye, had it not been animated and emboldened by flattery. Whatever difficulty there may be in the knowledge of ourselves, scarcely any one fails to suspect his own imperfections, till he is elevated by others to confidence. We are almost all naturally modest and timorous; but fear and shame are uneasy sensations, and whoever helps to remove them is received with kindness.

Turpicula was the heiress of a large estate, and, having lost her mother in her infancy, was committed to a governess whom misfortunes had reduced to suppleness and humility. The fondness of Turpicula's father would not suffer him to trust her at a public school, but he hired domestic teachers, and bestowed on her all the accomplishments that wealth could purchase. But how many things are necessary to happiness which money cannot obtain! Thus secluded from all with whom she might converse on terms of equality, she heard none of those intimations of her defects, which envy, petulance, or anger produce among children, where they are not afraid of telling what they think.

Turpicula saw nothing but obsequiousness, and heard nothing but commendations. None are so little acquainted with the heart as not to know that women's first wish is to be handsome, and that consequently the readiest method of obtaining her kindness is to praise her beauty. Turpicula had a distorted shape and a dark complexion; yet when the impudence of adulation had ventured to tell her of

commanding dignity of her motion, and the soft
lantment of her smile, she was easily convinced
she was the delight or torment of every eye,
that all who gazed upon her felt the fire of envy
ove. She therefore neglected the culture of an
erstanding which might have supplied the de-
s of her form, and applied all her care to the
ration of her person; for she considered that
e could judge of beauty than of wit, and was,
the rest of human beings, in haste to be ad-
d. The desire of conquests naturally led her
he lists in which beauty signalizes her power.
glittered at court, fluttered in the park, and
ed aloud in the front box: but, after a thousand
eriments of her charms, was at last convinced
she had been flattered, and that her glass was
ester than her maid.

No. 190. SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1752.

Ploravere suis, non respondere favorem
Quæsitum meritis. HOR.

Henry and Alfred——
Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find
The unwilling gratitude of base mankind.
POPE.

ONG the emirs and visiers, the sons of valour
of wisdom, that stand at the corners of the
ian throne, to assist the councils or conduct the
s of the posterity of Timur, the first place was
held by Morad the son of Hanuth. Morad,
ing signalized himself in many battles and
es, was rewarded with the government of a pro-
e, from which the fame of his wisdom and mo-

deration was wafted to the pinnacles of Agra, by the prayers of those whom his administration made happy. The emperor called him into his presence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches and the sabre of command. The voice of Morad was heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean, every tongue faltered in his presence, and every eye was cast down before him.

Morad lived many years in prosperity; every day increased his wealth and extended his influence. The sages repeated his maxims, the captains of thousands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and discontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatness is short and transitory, as the odour of incense in the fire. The sun grew weary of gilding the palaces of Morad, the clouds of sorrow gathered round his head, and the tempest of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad saw ruin hastily approaching. The first that forsook him were his poets; their example was followed by all those whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleasures, and only a few, whose virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be seen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. His accusers were confident and loud, his friends stood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was divested of his power, deprived of his acquisitions, and condemned to pass the rest of his life on his hereditary estate.

Morad had been so long accustomed to crowds and business, supplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in solitude; he saw with regret the sun rise to force on his eye a new day for which he had no use; and envied the savage

wanders in the desert, because he has no time
nt from the calls of nature, but is always chas-
his prey, or sleeping in his den.

is discontent in time vitiated his constitution,
a slow disease seized upon him. He refused
ic, neglected exercise, and lay down on his
h, peevish and restless, rather afraid to die than
ous to live. His domestics, for a time, re-
led their assiduities: but finding that no offici-
ess could sooth, nor exactness satisfy, they
gave way to negligence and sloth, and he that
commanded nations often languished in his
nber without an attendant.

this melancholy state he commanded messen-
to recall his eldest son Abouzaid from the
y. Abouzaid was alarmed at the account of
father's sickness, and hasted by long journeys
is place of residence. Morad was yet living,
felt his strength return at the embraces of his
then commanding him to sit down at his bed-
, "Abouzaid," says he, "thy father has no
e to hope or fear from the inhabitants of the
h, the cold hand of the angel of death is now
n him, and the voracious grave is howling for
prey. Hear therefore the precepts of ancient
erience; let not my last instructions issue forth
ain. Thou hast seen me happy and calamitous,
hast beheld my exaltation and my fall. My
er is in the hands of my enemies, my treasures
e rewarded my accusers; but my inheritance
clemency of the emperor has spared, and my
lom his anger could not take away. Cast thine
round thee, and whatever thou beholdest will
few hours be thine; apply thine ear to my dic-
s, and these possessions will promote thy hap-
ss. Aspire not to public honours, enter not
palaces of kings; thy wealth will set thee above

insult, let thy moderation keep thee below envy. Content thyself with private dignity, diffuse thy riches among thy friends, let every day extend thy beneficence, and suffer not thy heart to be at rest till thou art loved by all to whom thou art known. In the heighth of my power I said to defamation Who will hear thee? and to artifice, What canst thou perform? But, my son, despise not thou the malice of the weakest, remember that venom supplies the want of strength, and that the lion may perish by the puncture of an asp."

Morad expired in a few hours. Abouzaid, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindness and endearment. He wisely considered, that domestic happiness was first to be secured, and that none have so much power of doing good or hurt as those who are present in the hour of negligence, hear the bursts of thoughtless merriment, and observe the starts of unguarded passion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by supernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himself upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers, who, being pursued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his servants; the servant immediately confessed that he unbarred the door, because another not more worthy of confidence was entrusted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a dependent could not easily be made a friend; and that while many were soliciting for the first rank of favour, all those would be alienated whom he disappointed. He therefore resolved to associate with a few equal companions, selected from among the chief men of

the province. With these he lived happily for a time, till familiarity set them free from restraint, and every man thought himself at liberty to indulge his own caprice and advance his own opinions.—They then disturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations and difference of sentiments, and Abouzaid was necessitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a close union with beings so discordant in their nature, and to diffuse himself in a large circle. He practised the smile of universal courtesy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendship now refused to accept his acquaintance; and of those whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one pressed forward toward intimacy, thought himself overlooked in the crowd, and murmured because he was not distinguished above the rest. By degress all made advances, and all resented repulse. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the music resounded in empty rooms, and Abouzaid was left to form in solitude some new scheme of pleasure or security.

Resolving now to try the force of gratitude, he inquired for men of science, whose merit was obscured by poverty. His house was soon crowded with poets, sculptors, painters, and designers, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a short time they forgot the distress from which they had been rescued, and began to consider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condescending to accept his bounties. Abouzaid heard their mur-

murs and dismissed them, and from that hour continued blind to colours, and deaf to panegyric.

As the sons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, Abouzaid who stood at the gate called to him Hamet the poet. "Hamet," said he, "thy ingratitude has put an end to my hopes and experiments: I have now learned the vanity of those labours that wish to be rewarded by human benevolence; I shall henceforth do good and avoid evil, without respect to the opinion of men; and resolve to solicit only the approbation of that Being whom alone we are sure to please by endeavouring to please him."

No. 191. TUESDAY, JAN. 14, 1752.

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper. HOR.

The youth——
Yielding like wax, the impressive folly bears;
Rough to reproof, and slow to future cares.

FRANCIS.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"DEAR MR. RAMBLER,

"I HAVE been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine sales, five shows, and six card-tables, and put me seventeen visits behindhand; and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will settle in my head, and I shall not be fit to be seen these six weeks. But, dear Mr. Rambler, how can I help it? At this very time Melissa is dancing with the prettiest gentleman;—she will breakfast with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions,

hear compliments, and have presents; then she be dressed and visit, and get a ticket to the ; then go to cards and win, and come home two flambeaus before her chair. Dear Mr. bler, who can bear it?

My aunt has just brought me a bundle of your rs for my amusement. She says you are a sopher, and will teach me to moderate my de- , and look upon the world with indifference. dear sir, I do not wish, nor intend to moderate esires, nor can I think it proper to look upon 'orld with indifference, till the world looks with 'erence on me. I have been forced, however, this morning a whole quarter of an hour with paper before my face; but just as my aunt in, Phyllida had brought me a letter from Mr. which I put within the leaves, and read about *ce* and *inconsolableness*, and *ardour*, and *irre- ble passion*, and *eternal constancy*, while my imagined that I was puzzling myself with your sophy, and often cried out, when she saw me confused, 'If there is any word that you do nderstand, child, I will explain it.'

Dear soul! how old people that think them- s wise may be imposed upon! But it is fit they should take their turn; for, I am sure, they can keep poor girls close in the nursery, tyrannise over us in a very shameful manner, fill our imaginations with tales of terror, only ake us live in quiet subjection, and fancy that an never be safe but by their protection.

I have a mamma and two aunts, who have all formerly celebrated for wit and beauty, and ill generally admired by those that value them- s upon their understanding, and love to talk of nd virtue, nature and simplicity, and beauty ropriety; but if there was not some hope of

[illegible] would come near them [illegible] fashionable rout. These ladies, [illegible] under their government [illegible] all that time been [illegible] such representations [illegible] but I know not [illegible] to minute them to ignorance of [illegible] the world may be much [illegible] in general conversation.

[illegible] that I should love books, they [illegible] but knowledge could make [illegible] of sense, or [illegible] distinguish the superficial glitter of [illegible] from the solid merit of understanding; and [illegible] without enabling me to fill up [illegible] without the help of silly or dangerous amusements, and preserve me from the snares [illegible] the dictates of temptation.

[illegible] was to make me [illegible] which they succeeded so well for [illegible] on their faces, or be left [illegible] they made me [illegible] but to deceive, or [illegible] that the girl who suffered him [illegible] to approach her [illegible]; and that she [illegible] without consulting her relations [illegible] that she would [illegible] famous.

[illegible] that my leading-strings were taken off. I scarce heard any mention of my beauty [illegible] the milliner, the mantua-maker, and my own maid, but my mamma never said more, when she heard me commended, but 'The girl is very well,' and then ordered to divert my attention by some inquiry after my needle or my book.

It is now three months since I have been suf-
l to pay and receive visits, to dance at public
mblies, to have a place kept for me in the boxes,
to play at lady Racket's rout; and you may
y imagine what I think of those who so long
ted me with false expectations, disturbed me
fictitious terrors, and concealed from me all
I have found to make the happiness of woman.
I am so far from perceiving the usefulness or ne-
ity of books, that if I had not dropped all pre-
ions to learning, I should have lost Mr. Trip,
m I once frighted into another box by retailing
e of Dryden's remarks upon a tragedy: for
Trip declares that he hates nothing like hard
ls, and I am sure there is not a better partner
e found: his very walk is a dance. I have
ed once or twice among ladies about principles
ideas, but they put their fans before their faces,
told me I was too wise for them, who for their
never pretended to read any thing but the play-
and then asked me the price of my best head.
Those vacancies of time which are to be filled
ith books, I have never yet obtained; for con-
r, Mr. Rambler, I go to bed late, and therefore
ot rise early; as soon as I am up, I dress for
gardens; then walk in the park; then always
o some sale or show, or entertainment at the
theatre; then must be dressed for dinner; then
t pay my visits; then walk in the park; then
y to the play; and from thence to the card-table.
is the general course of the day, when there
ens nothing extraordinary; but sometimes I
le into the country, and come back again to a
; sometimes I am engaged for a whole day and
of the night. If, at any time, I can gain an
by not being at home, I have so many things
o, so many orders to give to the milliner, so

many alterations to make in my clothes, so many visitants names to read over, so many invitations to accept or refuse, so many cards to write, and so many fashions to consider, that I am lost in confusion, forced at last to let in company or step into my chair, and leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid.

"This is the round of my day; and when shall I either stop my course, or so change it as to want a book? I suppose it cannot be imagined that any of these diversions will soon be at an end. There will always be gardens, and a park, and auctions, and shows, and playhouses, and cards; visits will always be paid, and clothes always be worn; and how can I have time unemployed upon my hands?

"But I am most at a loss to guess for what purpose they related such tragic stories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were so malicious and destructive, have certainly now reformed their manners. I have not, since my entrance into the world, found one who does not profess himself devoted to my service, and ready to live or die, as I shall command him. They are so far from intending to hurt me that their only contention is, who shall be allowed most closely to attend, and most frequently to treat me; when different places of entertainment or schemes of pleasure are mentioned, I can see the eye sparkle and the cheeks glow of him whose proposals obtain my approbation: he then leads me off in triumph, adores my condescension, and congratulates himself that he has lived to the hour of felicity. Are these, Mr. Rambler, creatures to be feared? Is it likely that any injury will be done me by those who can enjoy life only while I favour them with my presence?

"As little reason can I yet find to suspect them of stratagems and fraud. When I play at cards

r never take advantage of any mistakes, nor ex-
from me a rigorous observation of the game.
an Mr. Shuffle, a grave gentleman, who has
ghters older than myself, plays with me so neg-
ntly, that I am sometimes inclined to believe he
es his money by design, and yet he is so fond of
y, that he says, he will one day take me to his
se in the country, that we may try by ourselves
o can conquer. I have not yet promised him;
when the town grows a little empty I shall
k upon it, for I want some trinkets, like Letitia's,
my watch. I do not doubt my luck, but must
ly some means of amusing my relations.

For all these distinctions I find myself indebted
hat beauty which I was never suffered to hear
ised, and of which, therefore, I did not before
ow the full value. This concealment was cer-
ly an intentional fraud, for my aunts have eyes
other people, and I am every day told that no-
g but blindness can escape the influence of my
rms. Their whole account of that world which
y pretend to know so well has been only one
ion entangled with another; and though the
des of life oblige me to continue some appear-
es of respect, I cannot think that they who have
n so clearly detected in ignorance or imposture
e any right to the esteem, veneration, or obe-
nce of,

"Sir, yours,
"BELLARIA."

No. 192. SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1752.

Γενος ουδεν εις ερωτα,
Σοφιη, τροπος πατειται·
Μονον αργυρον βλεπωσιν.
Απολοιτο πρωτος αυτος
'Ο τον αργυρον φιλησας.

Δια τουτον ουκ αδελφος,
Δια τουτον ου τοκηες
Πολεμοι, φονοι δι αυτων.
Το δε χειρον, ολλυμεσθα
Δια τουτον οι φιλουντες.

ANACREON.

Vain the noblest birth would prove
Nor worth nor wit avail in love;
'Tis gold alone succeeds—by gold
The venal sex is bought and sold.
Accursed be he who first of yore
Discover'd the pernicious ore!
This sets a brother's heart on fire,
And arms the son against the sire.
And what, alas! is worse than all,
To this the lover owes his fall. F. LEWIS.

" TO THE RAMBLER.

" SIR,

" I AM the son of a gentleman, whose ancestors, for many ages, held the first rank in the country; till at last one of them, too desirous of popularity, set his house open, kept a table covered with continual profusion, and distributed his beef and ale to such as chose rather to live upon the folly of others than their own labour, with such thoughtless liberality that he left a third part of his estate mortgaged. His successor, a man of spirit, scorned to impair his dignity by parsimonious retrenchments, or to admit, by a sale of his lands, and participation of the rights of his manor; he therefore made another mortgage to pay the interest of the former, and pleased himself with the reflection that his son would have the hereditary estate without the diminution of an acre.

"Nearly resembling this was the practice of my e progenitors for many ages. Every man boasted antiquity of his family, resolved to support the nity of his birth, and lived in splendour and plenty the expense of his heir, who, sometimes by a althy marriage, and sometimes by lucky legacies, charged part of the incumbrances, and thought self entitled to contract new debts, and to leave his children the same inheritance of embarrassnt and distress.

"Thus the estate perpetually decayed; the woods re felled by one, the park ploughed by another, fishery let to farmers by a third: at last the old ll was pulled down to spare the cost of reparan, and part of the materials sold to build a small use with the rest. We were now openly deded from our original rank, and my father's bro-r was allowed with less reluctance to serve an prenticeship, though we never reconciled ourselves artily to the sound of haberdasher, but always ked of warehouses and a merchant, and when e wind happened to blow loud, affected to pity e hazards of commerce, and to sympathize with e solicitude of my poor uncle, who had the true ailer's terror of adventure, and never exposed himf or his property to any wider water than the ames.

"In time, however, by continual profit and small penses, he grew rich, and began to turn his oughts towards rank. He hung the arms of the ily over his parlour chimney; pointed at a chat decorated only with a cypher; became of opin that money could not make a gentleman; ented the petulance of upstarts: told stories of erman Puff's grandfather the porter; wondered t there was no better method of regulating prelence; wished for some dress peculiar to men of

fashion; and when his servant presented a letter, always inquired whether it came from his brother the esquire.

"My father was careful to send him game by every carrier, which, though the conveyance often cost more than the value, was well received, because it gave him an opportunity of calling his friends together, describing the beauty of his brother's seat, and lamenting his own folly, whom no remonstrances could withhold from polluting his fingers with a shop-book.

"The little presents which we sent were always returned with great munificence. He was desirous of being the second founder of his family, and could not bear that we should be any longer outshone by those whom we considered as climbers upon our ruins, and usurpers of our fortune. He furnished our house with all the elegance of fashionable expense, and was careful to conceal his bounties, lest the poverty of his family should be suspected.

"At length it happened that by misconduct like our own, a large estate which had been purchased from us, was again exposed to the best bidder. My uncle, delighted with an opportunity of reinstating the family in their possessions, came down with treasures scarcely to be imagined in a place where commerce has not made large sums familiar, and at once drove all the competitors away, expedited the writings, and took possession. He now considered himself as superior to trade, disposed of his stock, and as soon as he had settled his economy, began to show his rural sovereignty by breaking the hedges of his tenants in hunting, and seizing the guns or nets of those whose fortunes did not qualify them for sportsmen. He soon afterwards solicited the office of sheriff, from which all his neighbours were glad to be reprieved, but which he regarded as a re-

ion of ancestral claims, and a kind of restora-
blood after the attainder of a trade.

My uncle, whose mind was so filled with this
e of his condition, that he found no want of
stic entertainment, declared himself too old to
, and resolved to let the newly purchased es-
ll into the regular channel of inheritance. I
herefore considered as heir apparent, and
ed with officiousness and caresses by the gen-
n who had hitherto coldly allowed me that rank
they could not refuse, depressed me with
d neglect, and irritated me with ambiguous
s.

felt not much pleasure from the civilities for
I knew myself indebted to my uncle's indus-
ll by one of the invitations which every day
brought me, I was induced to spend a week
Lucius, whose daughter Flavilla I had often
nd admired like others, without any thought
arer approaches. The inequality which had
to kept me at a distance being now leveled,
s received with every evidence of respect;
s told me the fortune which he intended for
vourite daughter, many odd accidents obliged
be often together without company, and I
began to find that they were spreading for me
ts of matrimony.

Flavilla was all softness and complaisance. I,
ad been excluded by a narrow fortune from
acquaintance with the world, and never been
ired before with the notice of so fine a lady,
asily enamoured. Lucius either perceived my
n, or Flavilla betrayed it; care was taken
ur private meetings should be less frequent,
y charmer confessed by her eyes how much
she suffered from our restraint. I renewed
sit upon every pretence, but was not allowed

one interview without witness; at last I declared my passion to Lucius, who received me as a lover worthy of his daughter, and told me that nothing was wanting to his consent, but that my uncle should settle his estate upon me. I objected the indecency of encroaching on his life, and the danger of provoking him by such an unseasonable demand. Lucius seemed not to think decency of much importance, but admitted the danger of displeasing, and concluded that as he was now old and sickly, we might, without any inconvenience, wait for his death.

"With this resolution I was better contented, as it procured me the company of Flavilla, in which the days passed away amidst continual rapture; but in time I began to be ashamed of sitting idle in expectation of growing rich by the death of my benefactor, and proposed to Lucius many schemes of raising my own fortune by such assistance as I knew my uncle willing to give me. Lucius, afraid lest I should change my affection in absence, diverted me from my design by dissuasives to which my passion easily listened. At last my uncle died, and considering himself as neglected by me from the time that Flavilla took possession of my heart, left his estate to my younger brother, who was always hovering about his bed, and relating stories of my pranks and extravagance, my contempt of the commercial dialect, and my impatience to be selling stock.

"My condition was soon known, and I was no longer admitted by the father of Flavilla. I repeated the protestations of regard, which had been formerly returned with so much ardour, in a letter which she received privately, but returned by her father's footman. Contempt has driven out my love, and I am content to have purchased, by the loss of fortune, an escape from a harpy, who has

the artifices of age to the allurements of
I am now going to pursue my former pro-
vith a legacy which my uncle bequeathed me,
I succeed, shall expect to hear of the repen-
of Flavilla.

"I am, Sir, yours. &c.
"CONSTANTIUS."

o. 193. TUESDAY, JAN. 21, 1752.

udis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
r pure lecto poterunt recreare libello. HOR.

art thou vain? books yield a certain spell,
stop thy tumour; you shall cease to swell
hen you have read them thrice, and studied well.
CREECH.

FEVER is universally desired will be sought
lustry and artifice, by merit and crimes, by
good and bad, rational and absurd, according
prevalence of virtue or vice, of wisdom or
Some will always mistake the degree of
own desert, and some will desire that others
nistake it. The cunning will have recourse to
gem, and the powerful to violence, for the at-
ent of their wishes; some will stoop to theft,
hers venture upon plunder.
ise is so pleasing to the mind of man that it
original motive of almost all our actions.
esire of commendation, as of every thing else,
ed indeed by innumerable differences of tem-
apacity, and knowledge; some have no higher
han for the applause of a club; some expect
clamations of a county; and some have hoped
the mouths of all ages and nations with their

names. Every man pants for the highest emine within his views; none, however mean, ever s below the hope of being distinguished by his fell beings, and very few have by magnanimity or pi been so raised above it, as to act wholly with regard to censure or opinion.

To be praised, therefore, every man resolve but resolutions will not execute themselves. T which all think too parsimoniously distributed their own claims they will not gratuitously squ der upon others, and some expedient must be tri by which praise may be gained before it can be e joyed.

Among the innumerable bidders for praise, som are willing to purchase at the highest rate, and offer ease and health, fortune and life. Yet even o these only a small part have gained what they s earnestly desired; the student wastes away in me ditation, and the soldier perishes on the rampart but unless some accidental advantage cooperate with merit, neither perseverance nor adventure a tract attention, and learning and bravery sink int the grave without honour of remembrance.

But ambition and vanity generally expect to be gratified on easier terms. It has been long ob served, that what is procured by skill or labour to the first possessor may be afterwards transferred for money; and that the man of wealth may partake all the acquisitions of courage without hazard, and all the products of industry without fatigue. It was easily discovered, that riches would obtain praise among other conveniences, and that he whose pride was unluckily associated with laziness, ignorance, or cowardice, needed only to pay the hire of a panegyrist, and he might be regaled with periodical eulogies, might determine, at leisure, what virtue or science he would be pleased to appropriate, and

lled in the evening with soothing serenades, or
d in the morning by sprightly gratulations.
ıe happiness which mortals receive from the
ıration of beneficence which never relieved,
ıence which never persuaded, or elegance
h never pleased, ought not to be envied or dis-
d, when they are known honestly to pay for
entertainment. But there are unmerciful ex-
s of adulation, who withhold the wages of ve-
y; retain their encomiast from year to year by
ral promises and ambiguous blandishments;
when he has run through the whole compass of
ry, dismiss him with contempt, because his vein
tion is exhausted.

continual feast of commendation is only to be
ned by merit or by wealth; many are therefore
ed to content themselves with single morsels,
ecompense the infrequency of their enjoyment
cess and riot, whenever fortune sets the ban-
before them. Hunger is never delicate; they
are seldom gorged to the full with praise may
fely fed with gross compliments; for the appe-
ıust be satisfied before it is disgusted.

is easy to find the moment at which vanity is
for sustenance, and all that impudence or ser-
can offer will be well received. When any
omplains of the want of what he is known to
ss in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits
impatience to be contradicted. When the
r pretends anxiety about the payment of his
or the beauty remarks how frightfully she
, then is the lucky moment to talk of riches or
arms, of the death of lovers, or the honour of
rchant.

hers there are yet more open and artless who,
ıd of suborning a flatterer, are content to sup-
ıis place, and, as some animals impregnate

themselves, swell with the praises which they hear from their own tongues. *Recte is dicitur laudare sese, cui nemo alius contigit laudator.* "It is right," says Erasmus, "that he whom no one else will commend, should bestow commendations on himself." Of all the sons of vanity, these are surely the happiest and greatest; for, what is greatness or happiness but independence on external influence, exemption from hope or fear, and the power of supplying every want from the common stores of nature, which can neither be exhausted nor prohibited? Such is the wise man of the stoicks; such is the divinity of the epicureans; and such is the flatterer of himself. Every other enjoyment malice may destroy; every other panegyric envy may withhold; but no human power can deprive the boaster of his own encomiums. Infamy may hiss or contempt may growl, the hirelings of the great may follow fortune, and the votaries of truth may attend on virtue; but his pleasures still remain the same; he can always listen with rapture to himself, and leave those who dare not repose upon their own attention, to be elated or depressed by chance, and toil on in the hopeless task of fixing caprice and propitiating malice.

This art of happiness has been long practised by periodical writers, with little apparent violation of decency. When we think our excellences overlooked by the world, or desire to recall the attention of the public to some particular performance, we sit down with great composure and write a letter to ourselves. The correspondent, whose character we assume, always addresses us with the deference due to a superior intelligence; proposes his doubts with a proper sense of his own inability; offers an objection with trembling diffidence; and at last has no other pretensions to our notice than his profundity

pect, and sincerity of admiration, his submis-
:o our dictates, and zeal for our success. To
a reader it is impossible to refuse regard, nor
: easily be imagined with how much alacrity
atch up the pen which indignation or despair
:ondemned to inactivity, when we find such
•ur and judgment yet remaining in the world.
.etter of this kind I had lately the honour of
ing, in which, though some of the periods
negligently closed, and some expressions of
arity were used, which I thought might teach
; to address me with too little reverence, I was
ich delighted with the passages in which men-
was made of universal learning—undoubted
s—soul of Homer, Pythagoras, and Plato—
ty of thought—accuracy of distinction—ele-
: of combination—vigour of fancy—strength of
1—and regularity of composition—that I had
determined to lay it before the public. Three
I sent it to the printer, and three times I
:d it back. My modesty was on the point of
ng, when, reflecting that I was about to waste
yrics on myself, which might be more profit-
eserved for my patron, I locked it up for a
hour, in compliance with the farmer's princi-
/ho never eats at home what he can carry to
arket.

No. 194. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1752.

Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem quatit arma fritillo. Juv.

If gaming does an aged sire entice,
Then my young master swiftly learns the vice,
And shakes in hanging sleeves the little box and dice.
J. Dryden, Jun.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"THAT vanity which keeps every man important in his own eyes inclines me to believe that neither you nor your readers have yet forgotten the name of Eumathes, who sent you a few months ago an account of his arrival at London with a young nobleman, his pupil. I shall therefore continue my narrative without preface or recapitulation.

"My pupil, in a very short time, by his mother's countenance and direction, accomplished himself with all those qualifications which constitute polite politeness. He became in a few days a perfect master of his hat, which with a careless nicety he could put off or on, without any need to adjust it by a second motion. This was not attained but by frequent consultations with his dancing master, and constant practice before the glass, for he had some rustic habits to overcome; but, what will not time and industry perform? A fortnight more furnished him with all the airs and forms of familiar and respectful salutation, from the clap on the shoulder to the humble bow; he practises the stare of strangeness, and the smile of condescension, the solemnity of promise, and the graciousness of encouragement, as if he had been nursed at a levee; and pronounces, with no less propriety than his father, the monosyl-

of coldness, and sonorous periods of respect-
ɔfession.

Ie immediately lost the reserve and timidity
solitude and study are apt to impress upon
ɜst courtly genius; was able to enter a crowded
with airy civility; to meet the glances of a
ɜd eyes without perturbation; and addresses
whom he never saw before with ease and con-
ɜ. In less than a month his mother declared
tisfaction at his proficiency by a triumphant
ation, that she believed *nothing would make*
ush.

ɜe silence with which I was contented to hear
pil's praises gave the lady reason to suspect
ɜt much delighted with his acquisitions: but
ɜtributed my discontent to the diminution of
luence, and my fears of losing the patronage
family: and though she thinks favourably of
ɜrning and morals, she considers me as wholly
uainted with the customs of the polite part of
nd; and therefore not qualified to form the
ɜrs of a young nobleman, or communicate the
edge of the world. This knowledge she com-
in the rules of visiting, the history of the pre-
ɜour, an early intelligence of the change of
ɜs, an extensive acquaintance with the names
ces of persons of rank, and a frequent appear-
n places of resort.

ll this my pupil pursues with great application.
twice a day in the Mall, where he studies the
ɔf every man splendid enough to attract his
, and never comes home without some obser-
upon sleeves, buttonholes, and embroidery.
ɜ return from the theatre he can give an ac-
of the gallantries, glances, whispers, smiles,
flirts, and blushes of every box, so much to
ɜther's satisfaction that when I attempted to

resume my character, by inquiring his opini
sentiments and diction of the tragedy, she
repressed my criticism, by telling me *that*
he did not go to lose his time in attending to
tures on the stage.

"But his acuteness was most emine
nalized at the masquerade, where he disco
acquaintance through their disguises with s
derful facility, as has afforded the family
haustible topic of conversation. Every ne
is informed how one was detected by his
another by the swing of his arms, a third b
of his head, and another by his favourite
nor can you doubt but these performance
their just applause, and a genius thus has
maturity is promoted by every art of culti

"Such have been his endeavours, and
assistances, that every trace of literature
obliterated. He has changed his languag
dress, and, instead of endeavouring at puri
priety, has no other care than to catch the
phrase and current exclamation, till by
whatever is peculiar in the talk of all tho
birth or fortune entitle them to imitation
collected every fashionable barbarism of
sent winter, and speaks a dialect not to b
stood among those who form their style b
upon authors.

"To this copiousness of ideas and felici
guage he has joined such eagerness to lead
versation that he is celebrated among the
the prettiest gentleman that the age can
except that some who love to talk themsel
him too forward, and others lament that,
much wit and knowledge, he is not taller.

"His mother listens to his observations
eye sparkling and her heart beating, and can

in, in the most numerous assemblies, the ex-
tions which she has formed for his future emi-
. Women, by whatever fate, always judge
dly on the intellects of boys. The vivacity
onfidence which attract female admiration are
m produced in the early part of life, but by
ince at least, if not by stupidity; for they pro-
not from confidence of right, but fearlessness
ong. Whoever has a clear apprehension must
quick sensibility, and where he has no suffici-
:ason to trust to his own judgment, will pro-
with doubt and caution, because he perpetually
s the disgrace of error. The pain of miscar-
is naturally proportionate to the desire of ex-
ice; and, therefore, till men are hardened by
familiarity with reproach, or have attained, by
ent struggles, the art of suppressing their emo-
, diffidence is found the inseparable associate
derstanding.

But so little distrust has my pupil of his own
ies that he has for some time professed himself
, and tortures his imagination on all occasions
urlesque and jocularity. How he supports a
icter which, perhaps, no man ever assumed
out repentance, may be easily conjectured. Wit,
know, is the unexpected copulation of ideas,
discovery of some occult relation between
es in appearance remote from each other; an
ion of wit, therefore, presupposes an accumula-
of knowledge; a memory stored with notions,
h the imagination may cull out to compose new
nblages. Whatever may be the native vigour
ie mind, she can never form any combinations
few ideas, as many changes can never be rung
a few bells. Accident may indeed sometimes
uce a lucky parallel or a striking contrast; but
gifts of chance are not frequent, and he that

has nothing of his own, and yet condemns himself to needless expenses, must live upon loans or theft.

"The indulgence which this youth has hitherto obtained, and the respect which his rank secures, have hitherto supplied the want of intellectual qualifications; and he imagines that all admire who applaud, and that all who laugh are pleased. He therefore returns every day to the charge with increase of courage, though not of strength, and practises all the tricks by which wit is counterfeited. He lays trains for a quibble; he contrives blunders for his footman; he adapts old stories to present characters; he mistakes the question that he may return a smart answer; he anticipates the argument that he may plausibly object; when he has nothing to reply, he repeats the last words of his antagonist, then says, "your humble servant," and concludes with a laugh of triumph.

"These mistakes I have honestly attempted to correct; but, what can be expected from reason unsupported by fashion, splendour, or authority? He hears me indeed, or appears to hear me, but is soon rescued from the lecture by more pleasing avocations; and shows, diversions, and caresses drive my precepts from his remembrance.

"He at last imagines himself qualified to enter the world, and has met with adventures in his first sally, which I shall, by your paper, communicate to the public.

"I am, &c.

"EUMATHES."

No. 195. TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1752.

——Nescit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet; ludere doctior
Seu Græco jubeas trochoe,
Seu malis vetita legibus alea. HOR.

Nor knows our youth of noblest race,
To mount the managed steed or urge the chase;
More skill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice.
FRANCIS.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"FAVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred. This is particularly true of the gratification of curiosity; he that long delays a story, and suffers his auditor to torment himself with expectations, will seldom be able to recompense the uneasiness, or equal the hope which he suffers to be raised.

"For this reason, I have already sent you the continuation of my pupil's history, which, though it contains no events very uncommon, may be of use to young men who are in too much haste to trust their own prudence, and quit the wing of protection before they are able to shift for themselves.

"When he first settled in London, he was so much bewildered in the enormous extent of the town, so confounded by incessant noise, and crowds, and hurry, and so terrified by rural narratives of the arts of sharpers, the rudeness of the populace, malignity of porters, and treachery of coachmen, that he was afraid to go beyond the door without an attendant, and imagined his life in danger if he was obliged to pass the streets at night in any vehicle but his mother's chair.

"He was, therefore, contented for a time that I should accompany him in all his excursions. But his fear abated as he grew more familiar with its objects; and the contempt to which his rusticity exposed him, from such of his companions as had accidentally known the town longer, obliged him to dissemble his remaining terrors.

"His desire of liberty made him now willing to spare me the trouble of observing his motions; but knowing how much his ignorance exposed him to mischief, I thought it cruel to abandon him to the fortune of the town. We went together every day to a coffee-house, where he met wits, heirs, and fops, airy, ignorant, and thoughtless as himself, with whom he had become acquainted at card tables, and whom he considered as the only beings to be envied or admired. What were their topics of conversation I could never discover; for so much was their vivacity depressed by my intrusive seriousness that they seldom proceeded beyond the exchange of nods and shrugs, an arch grin, or a broken hint, except when they could retire, while I was looking on the papers, to a corner of the room, where they seemed to disburden their imaginations, and commonly vented the superfluity of their sprightliness in a peal of laughter. When they had uttered themselves into negligence, I could sometimes overhear a few syllables, such as—solemn rascal;—academical airs;—smoke the tutor;—company for gentlemen;—and other broken phrases, by which I did not suffer my quiet to be disturbed, for they never proceeded to avowed indignities, but contented themselves to murmur in secret, and, whenever I turned my eye upon them, shrunk into stillness.

"He was, however, desirous of withdrawing from the subjection which he could not venture to break, and made a secret appointment to assist his companions in the persecution of a play. His fool-

an privately procured him a catcal, on which he ractised in a back garret for two hours in the af- ernoon. At the proper time a chair was called; e pretended an engagement at lady Flutter's, and astened to the place where his critical associates had ssembled. They hurried away to the theatre, full f malignity and denunciations against a man whose ame they had never heard, and a performance hich they could not understand; for they were esolved to judge for themselves, and would not uffer the town to be imposed upon by scribblers. n the pit, they exerted themselves with great spirit nd vivacity; called out for the tunes of obscene ongs, talked loudly at intervals of Shakspeare and onson, played on their catcals a short prelude of error, clamoured vehemently for the prologue, and lapped with great dexterity at the first entrance of he players.

"Two scenes they heard without attempting in- erruption; but being no longer able to restrain heir impatience, they then began to exert them- selves in groans and hisses, and plied their catcals with incessant diligence; so that they were soon considered by the audience as disturbers of the house, and some who sat near them, either provoked at the obstruction of their entertainment or desirous to preserve the author from the mortification of see- ing his hopes destroyed by children, snatched away their instruments of criticism, and by the season- able vibration of a stick, subdued them instantane- ously to decency and silence.

"To exhilarate themselves after this vexatious defeat, they posted to a tavern, where they reco- vered their alacrity, and after two hours of obstre- perous jollity, burst out big with enterprise, and nting for some occasion to signalize their powers. ey proceeded vigorously through two streets, and

with very little opposition dispersed a rabble of drunkards less daring than themselves, then rolled two watchmen in the kennel, and broke the windows of a tavern in which the fugitives took shelter. At last it was determined to march up to a row of chairs, and demolish them for standing on the pavement; the chairmen formed a line of battle, and blows were exchanged for a time with equal courage on both sides. At last the assailants were overpowered, and the chairmen, when they knew their captives, brought them home by force.

"The young gentleman next morning hung his head, and was so much ashamed of his outrages and defeat that perhaps he might have been checked in his first follies, had not his mother, partly in pity of his dejection, and partly in approbation of his spirit, relieved him from his perplexity by paying the damages privately, and discouraging all animadversion and reproof.

"This indulgence could not wholly preserve him from the remembrance of his disgrace, nor at once restore his confidence and elation. He was for three days silent, modest, and compliant, and thought himself neither too wise for instruction nor too manly for restraint. But his levity overcame this salutary sorrow; he began to talk with his former raptures of masquerades, taverns, and frolics; blustered when his wig was not combed with exactness; and threatened destruction to a tailor who had mistaken his directions about the pocket.

"I knew that he was now rising again above control, and that this inflation of spirits would burst out into some mischievous absurdity. I therefore watched him with great attention; but one evening, having attended his mother at a visit, he withdrew himself, unsuspected, while the company were engaged at cards. His vivacity and officiousness

were soon missed, and his return impatiently expected; supper was delayed and conversation suspended; every coach that rattled through the street was expected to bring him, and every servant that entered the room was examined concerning his departure. At last the lady returned home, and was with great difficulty preserved from fits by spirits and cordials. The family was dispatched a thousand ways without success, and the house was filled with distraction, till, as we were deliberating what further means to take, he returned from a petty gaming table, with his coat torn and his head broken; without his sword, snuff box, sleeve buttons, and watch.

"Of this loss or robbery he gave little account; but, instead of sinking into his former shame, endeavoured to support himself by surliness and asperity. He was not the first that played away a few trifles, and of what use were birth and fortune if they would not admit some sallies and expenses?' His mamma was so much provoked by the cost of this prank that she would neither palliate nor conceal it; and his father, after some threats of rustication which his fondness would not suffer him to execute, reduced the allowance of his pocket, that he might not be tempted by plenty to profusion. This method would have succeeded in a place where there are no panders to folly and extravagance, but was now likely to have produced pernicious consequences; for we have discovered a treaty with a broker, whose daughter he seems disposed to marry, on condition that he shall be supplied with present money, for which he is to repay thrice the value at the death of his father.

"There was now no time to be lost. A domestic consultation was immediately held, and he was doomed to pass two years in the country; but his

mother, touched with his tears, declared that she thought him too much a man to be any longer confined to his book, and he therefore begins his travels to-morrow under a French governor.

"I am, Sir, &c.

"EUMATHES."

No. 196. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1752.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt.——— HOR.

The blessings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreasing glide. FRANCIS.

BAXTER, in the narrative of his own life, has enumerated several opinions, which though he thought them evident and incontestable at his first entrance into the world, time and experience disposed him to change.

Whoever reviews the state of his own mind from the dawn of manhood to its decline, and considers what he pursued or dreaded, slighted or esteemed at different periods of his age, will have no reason to imagine such changes of sentiment peculiar to any station or character. Every man, however careless and inattentive, has conviction forced upon him: the lectures of time obtrude themselves upon the most unwilling or dissipated auditor: and, by comparing our past with our present thoughts, we perceive that we have changed our minds, though perhaps we cannot discover when the alteration happened, or by what cause it was produced.

This revolution of sentiments occasions a perpetual contest between the old and young. They who imagine themselves entitled to veneration by the

rerogative of longer life, are inclined to treat the otions of those whose conduct they superintend ith superciliousness and contempt, for want of conidering that the future and the past have different ppearances; that the disproportion will always be reat between expectation and enjoyment, between ew possession and satiety; that the truth of many axims of age gives too little pleasure to be allowed ll it is felt; and that the miseries of life would be ncreased beyond all human power of endurance if e were to enter the world with the same opinions s we carry from it.

We naturally indulge those ideas that please us. Hope will predominate in every mind, till it has been ppressed by frequent disappointments. The youth as not yet discovered how many evils are continuly hovering about us, and when he is set free from he shackles of discipline, looks abroad into the orld with rapture; he sees an elysian region open efore him, so variegated with beauty, and so stored ith pleasure that his care is rather to accumulate ood, than to shun evil; he stands distracted by ifferent forms of delight, and has no other doubt an which path to follow of those which all lead qually to the bowers of happiness.

He who has seen only the superficies of life beeves every thing to be what it appears, and rarely uspects that external splendour conceals any latent orrow or vexation. He never imagines that there ay be greatness without safety, affluence without ontent, jollity without friendship, and solitude with eace. He fancies himself permitted to cull the lessings of every condition, and to leave its inconveniences to the idle and the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miserable but by his own fault, and seldom looks with much pity upon failings

or miscarriages, because he thinks them willingly admitted, or negligently incurred.

It is impossible, without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous sentiments and warm imagination declaring, in the moment of openness and confidence, his designs and expectations; because long life is possible, he considers it as certain, and therefore promises himself all the changes of happiness, and provides gratifications for every desire. He is, for a time, to give himself wholly to frolic and diversion, to range the world in search of pleasure, to delight every eye, to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleasing levities and solid attainments, his deep reflections and his sparkling repartees. He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the scattered excellences of the female world united in a woman who prefers his addresses to wealth and titles; he is afterwards to engage in business, to dissipate difficulty, and overpower opposition; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatness; and reward all those who countenanced his rise, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At last he will retire in peace and honour; contract his views to domestic pleasures; form the manners of children like himself: observe how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his sons catch ardour from their father's history; he will give laws to the neighbourhood; dictate axioms to posterity; and leave the world an example of wisdom and of happiness.

With hopes like these he sallies jocund into life; to little purpose is he told that the condition of humanity admits no pure and unmingled happiness; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or disease; that uncommon qualifications and con-

excellence produce envy equally with
ıat, whatever admiration or fondness
: him, he must marry a wife like the
ers, with some virtues and some faults,
en disgusted by her vices as delighted
nce; that if he adventures into the cir-
, he must expect to encounter men as
ing, as resolute as himself; that of his
ıe may be deformed, and others vicious;
sgrace him by their follies, some offend
insolence, and some exhaust him by
on. He hears all this with obstinate
ınd wonders by what malignity old age
, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears
ons of misery.

her pleasing errors of young minds, is
)f their own importance. He that has
ırked how little attention his contempo-
are from their own affairs conceives all
upon himself, and imagines every one
hes him to be an enemy or a follower,
)r a spy. He therefore considers his
/olved in the event of every action.
virtues and vices of youth proceed from
ınse of reputation. This it is that gives
l constancy, fidelity and disinterested-
is this that kindles resentment for slight
dictates all the principles of sanguinary

ne brings him forward into the world,
:overs that he only shares fame or re-
innumerable partners; that he is left
ı the obscurity of the crowd; and that
:s, whether good or bad, soon gives way
cts of regard. He then easily sets him-
n the anxieties of reputation, and con-
: or censure as a transient breath, which,

while he hears it, is passing away, without a lasting mischief or advantage.

In youth it is common to measure right and wro by the opinion of the world, and in age to act wi out any measure but interest, and to lose sha without substituting virtue.

Such is the condition of life that something is ways wanting to happiness. In youth we have wa hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and ne ligence, and great designs which are defeated i inexperience. In age, we have knowledge and pr dence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prom them; we are able to plan schemes, and regula measures, but have not time remaining to bring the to completion.

No. 197. TUESDAY, FEB. 4, 1752.

Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver? MART.

Say, to what vulture's share this carcass falls? F. Lewis

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

"I BELONG to an order of mankind, considerab at least for their number, to which your notice h never been formally extended, though equally e titled to regard with those triflers who have hither supplied you with topics of amusement or instru tion. I am, Mr. Rambler, a legacy hunter; and every man is willing to think well of the tribe which his name is registered, you will forgive t vanity if I remind you that the legacy hunter, ho ever degraded by an ill compounded appellation our barbarous language, was known as I am to

ncient Rome, by the sonorous titles of Captator Hæredipeta.

My father was an attorney in the country, who ried his master's daughter in hopes of a fortune ch he did not obtain, having been, as he afterds discovered, chosen by her only because she no better offer, and was afraid of service. I the first offspring of a marriage thus reciprocally dulent, and therefore could not be expected to rit much dignity or generosity, and if I had them by nature, was not likely ever to attain them; in the years which I spent at home, I never d any reason for action or forbearance, but that should gain money or lose it; nor was taught other style of commendation, than that Mr. aker is a warm man, Mr. Gripe has done his ness, and needs care for nobody.

My parents, though otherwise not great philoiers, knew the force of early education, and took that the blank of my understanding should be d with impressions of the value of money. My her used, upon all occasions, to inculcate some tary axioms, such as might incline me *to keep t I had, and get what I could;* she informed me we were in a world where *all must catch that h can;* and as I grew up, stored my memory deeper observations; restrained me from the al puerile expenses by remarking that *many a e made a mickle;* and, when I envied the finery ny of my neighbours, told me that *brag was a l dog, but holdfast was better.*

I was soon sagacious enough to discover that I not born to great wealth; and, having heard no r name for happiness, was sometimes inclined epine at my condition. But my mother always ved me by saying, that there was money enough

in the family, that *it was good to be of kin to* mean that I had nothing to do but to please my friends, and I might come to hold up my head with the best squire in the country.

"These splendid expectations arose from our alliance to three persons of considerable fortune. My mother's aunt had attended on a lady who, when she died, rewarded her officiousness and fidelity with a large legacy. My father had two relations, of whom, one had broken his indentures and run to sea, from whence, after an absence of thirty years, he returned with ten thousand pounds; and the other had lured an heiress out of a window, who dying of her first child, had left him her estate, on which he lived without any other care than to collect his rents, and preserve from poachers that game which he could not kill himself.

"These hoarders of money were visited and courted by all who had any pretence to approach them, and received presents and compliments from cousins who could scarcely tell the degree of their relation. But we had peculiar advantages which encouraged us to hope that we should by degrees supplant our competitors. My father, by his profession, made himself necessary in their affairs; for the sailor and the chambermaid, he inquired out mortgages and securities, and wrote bonds and contracts; and had endeared himself to the old woman who once rashly lent a hundred pounds without consulting him, by informing her that her debtor was on the point of bankruptcy, and posting so expeditiously with an execution, that all the other creditors were defrauded.

"To the squire he was a kind of steward, and had distinguished himself in his office by his address in raising the rents, his inflexibility in distressing the

nants, and his acuteness in setting the parish
n burthensome inhabitants, by shifting them
ıme other settlement.

ıiness made frequent attendance necessary;
ıon produced intimacy; and success gave a
ɔ kindness; so that we had opportunity to
all the arts of flattery and endearment. My
who could not support the thoughts of
ıny thing, determined that all their fortunes
centre in me; and, in the prosecution of her
s, took care to inform me that *nothing cost*
n good words, and that it is comfortable to
:o an estate which another has got.

e trained me by these precepts to the utmost
y of obedience, and the closest attention to
At an age when other boys are sporting in
ds, or murmuring in the school, I was con-
some new method of paying my court; in-
the age of my future benefactors; or consi-
how I should employ their legacies.

our eagerness of money could have been
d with the possessions of any one of my re-
they might perhaps have been obtained; but
as impossible to be always present with all
ıur competitors were busy to efface any trace
:tion which we might have left behind; and
ıere was not, on any part, such superiority of
s could enforce a constant and unshaken pre-
', whoever was the last that flattered or
l, had, for a time, the ascendant.

y relations maintained a regular exchange of
ıy, took care to miss no occasion of condo-
ır congratulation, and sent presents at stated
but had in their hearts not much esteem for
ıother. The seaman looked with contempt
he squire as a milksop and a landman, who
ed without knowing the points of the com-

pass, or seeing any part of the world beyond the county town; and whenever they met, would talk of longitude and latitude, and circles and tropics, would scarcely tell him the hour without some mention of the horizon and meridian, nor show him the news without detecting his ignorance of the situation of other countries.

"The squire considered the sailor as a rude uncultivated savage, with little more of human than his form, and diverted himself with his ignorance of all common objects and affairs; when he could persuade him to go into the field he always exposed him to the sportsmen by sending him to look for game in improper places; and once prevailed upon him to be present at the races, only that he might show the gentlemen how a sailor sat upon a horse.

"The old gentlewoman thought herself wiser than both, for she lived with no servant but a maid, and saved her money. The others indeed were sufficiently frugal; but the squire could not live without dogs and horses, and the sailor never suffered the day to pass but over a bowl of punch, to which, as he was not critical in the choice of his company, every man was welcome that could roar out a catch, or tell a story.

"All these, however, I was to please: an arduous task; but what will not youth and avarice undertake? I had an unresisting suppleness of temper, and an unsatiable wish for riches; I was perpetually instigated by the ambition of my parents, and assisted occasionally by their instructions. What these advantages enabled me to perform, shall be told in the next letter of

"Yours, &c.
"CAPTATOR."

No. 198. SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1752.

Nil mihi das vivus, dicis post fata daturum,
Si non insanis, scis, Maro, quid cupiam.
MART.

You've told me, Maro, whilst you live,
You'd not a single penny give,
But that whene'er you chance to die,
You'd leave a handsome legacy:
You must be mad beyond redress,
If my next wish you cannot guess. F. LEWIS.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

YOU, who must have observed the inclination hich almost every man, however unactive or inguificant, discovers of representing his life as disnguished by extraordinary events, will not wonder iat Captator thinks his narrative important enough ▸ be continued. Nothing is more common than ▸r those to tease their companions with their his▸ry, who have neither done nor suffered any thing iat can excite curiosity or afford instruction.

"As I was taught to flatter with the first essays ⁻ speech, and had very early lost every other pasₒn in the desire of money, I began my pursuit ith omens of success; for I divided my officious▫ss so judiciously among my relations that I was [ually the favourite of all. When any of them tered the door, I went to welcome him with rapres; when he went away I hung down my head, d sometimes entreated to go with him with so uch importunity that I very narrowly escaped a nsent, which I dreaded in my heart. When at an

annual entertainment they were all together, I had a harder task; but plied them so impartially with caresses, that none could charge me with neglect; and when they were wearied with my fondness and civilities, I was always dismissed with money to buy playthings.

"Life cannot be kept at a stand; the years of innocence and prattle were soon at an end, and other qualifications were necessary to recommend me to continuance of kindness. It luckily happened that none of my friends had high notions of book-learning. The sailor hated to see tall boys shut up in a school, when they might more properly be seeing the world, and making their fortunes; and was of opinion, that when the first rules of arithmetic were known, all that was necessary to make a man complete might be learned on shipboard. The squire only insisted, that so much scholarship was indispensably necessary as might confer ability to draw a lease and read the court-hands; and the old chambermaid declared loudly her contempt of books, and her opinion that they only took the head off the main chance.

"To unite, as well as we could, all their systems, I was bred at home. Each was taught to believe that I followed his directions, and I gained likewise, as my mother observed, this advantage; that I was always in the way; for she had known many favourite children sent to schools or academies, and forgotten.

"As I grew fitter to be trusted to my own discretion, I was often dispatched upon various pretences to visit my relations, with directions from my parents how to ingratiate myself, and drive away competitors.

"I was, from my infancy, considered by the sai-

a promising genius, because I liked punch
than wine; and I took care to improve this
session by continual inquiries about the art
igation, the degree of heat and cold in dif-
climates, the profits of trade, and the dangers
wreck. I admired the courage of seamen,
ined his heart by importuning him for a reci-
his adventures, and a sight of his foreign
ties. I listened with an appearance of close
on to stories which I could already repeat,
the close never failed to express my resolu-
visit distant countries, and my contempt of
wards and drones that spend all their lives in
ative parish; though I had in reality no de-
any thing but money, nor ever felt the stimu-
of curiosity or ardour of adventure, but would
tedly have passed the years of Nestor in re-
rents and lending upon mortgages.
he squire I was able to please with less hypo-
for I really thought it pleasant enough to kill
me and eat it. Some arts of falsehood, how-
the *hunger of gold* persuaded me to practise,
ich, though no other mischief was produced,
arity of my thoughts was vitiated, and the
nce for truth gradually destroyed. I some-
purchased fish, and pretended to have caught
I hired the countrymen to show me par-
s, and then gave my uncle intelligence of their
; I learned the seats of hares at night, and
scovered them in the morning with a sagacity
aised the wonder and envy of old sportsmen.
nly obstruction to the advancement of my repu-
I could never fully surmount; I was naturally
ard and was therefore always left shamefully
l, when there was a necessity to leap a hedge,
m a river, or force the horses to their utmost

speed; but as these exigencies did not freq
happen, I maintained my honour with sufficie
cess, and was never left out of a hunting part

"The old chambermaid was not so cer
nor so easily pleased, for she had no predo
passion but avarice, and was therefore cold a
accessible. She had no conception of any pl
a young man but that of saving his money.
she heard of my exploits in the field, she
shake her head, inquire how much I should
richer for all my performances, and lament tha
sums should be spent upon dogs and horses.
sailor told her of my inclination to travel, sh
sure there was no place like England, and co
imagine why any man that can live in his own
try should leave it. This sullen and frigid b
found means however to propitiate, by fr
commendations of frugality, and perpetual
avoid expense.

"From the sailor was our first and most
derable expectation; for he was richer th
chambermaid, and older than the squire. I
so awkward and bashful among women t
concluded him secure from matrimony; a
noisy fondness with which he used to welc
to his house made us imagine that he wou
out for no other heir, and that we had nothi
but wait patiently for his death. But in th
of our triumph, my uncle saluted us one
with a cry of transport, and clapping his ha
on my shoulder, told me, I was a happy
have a friend like him in the world, for he
fit me out for a voyage with one of his old
ances. I turned pale and trembled; my fa
him, that he believed my constitution not
the sea; and my mother bursting into tea

ıer heart would break if she lost me. All
o effect; the sailor was wholly insuscep-
e softer passions, and, without regard to
rguments, persisted in his resolution to
ı man.

'ere obliged to comply in appearance, and
ns were accordingly made. I took leave
ınds with great alacrity, proclaimed the
:e of my uncle with the highest strains of
and rejoiced at the opportunity now put
ınds of gratifying my thirst of knowledge.
k before the day appointed for my depar-
l sick by my mother's direction, and re-
food but what she privately brought me;
my uncle visited me I was lethargic or
but took care in my raving fits to talk in-
of travels and merchandise. The room
dark; the table was filled with vials and
my mother was with difficulty persuaded
anger her life with nocturnal attendance;
lamented the loss of the profits of the
ınd such superfluity of artifice was em-
perhaps might have discovered the cheat
of penetration. But the sailor, unac-
vith subtilities and stratagems, was easily
and as the ship could not stay for my re-
)ld the cargo, and left me to reestablish
at leisure.

s sent to regain my flesh in a purer air,
)uld appear never to have been wasted,
'o months returned to deplore my disap-
. My uncle pitied my dejection, and bid
e myself against next year, for no land-
)uld touch his money.

)rieve however was obtained, and perhaps
stratagem might have succeeded another

spring; but my uncle unhappily made amorous advances to my mother's maid, who, to promote so advantageous a match, discovered the secret, with which only she had been intrusted. He stormed and raved, and declaring that he would have heirs of his own, and not give his substance to cheats and cowards, married the girl in two days, and has now four children.

"Cowardice is always scorned, and deceit universally detested. I found my friends, if not wholly alienated, at least cooled in their affection; the squire, though he did not wholly discard me, was less fond, and often inquired when I would go to sea. I was obliged to bear his insults, and endeavoured to rekindle his kindness by assiduity and respect; but all my care was vain; he died without a will, and the estate devolved to the legal heir.

"Thus has the folly of my parents condemned me to spend in flattery and attendance those years in which I might have been qualified to place myself above hope or fear. I am arrived at manhood without any useful art or generous sentiment; and, if the old woman should likewise at last deceive me, am in danger at once of beggary and ignorance.

"I am, &c.

"CAPTATOR."

No. 199. TUESDAY, FEB. 11, 1752.

Decolor, obscurus, vilis, non ille repexam
Cesariem regum, nec candida virginis ornat
Colla, nec insigni splendet per cingula morsu;
Sed nova si nigri videas miracula saxi,
Tunc superat pulchros cultus, et quicquid Eois
Indus littoribus rubra scrutatur in alga.

CLAUDIANUS.

Obscure, unprized, and dark the magnet lies,
Nor lures the search of avaricious eyes,
Nor binds the neck, nor sparkles in the hair,
Nor dignifies the great, nor decks the fair.
But search the wonders of the dusky stone,
And own all glories of the mine outdone,
Each grace of form, each ornament of state,
That decks the fair, or dignifies the great.

"TO THE RAMBLER.

"SIR,

HOUGH you have seldom digressed from moral jects, I suppose you are not so rigorous or cyni- as to deny the value or usefulness of natural losophy; or to have lived in this age of inquiry experiment, without any attention to the won- s every day produced by the pokers of magnetism the wheels of electricity. At least, I may be wed to hope that, since nothing is more con- y to moral excellence than envy, you will not ise to promote the happiness of others, merely ause you cannot partake of their enjoyments.

"In confidence, therefore, that your ignorance not made you an enemy to knowledge, I offer the honour of introducing to the notice of the lic an adept, who having long laboured for the efit of mankind, is not willing, like too many of predecessors, to conceal his secrets in the grave.

"Many have signalized themselves by melting their estates in crucibles. I was born to no fortune, and therefore had only my mind and body to devote to knowledge, and the gratitude of posterity will attest, that neither mind nor body have been spared. I have sat whole weeks without sleep by the side of an athanor, to watch the moment of projection; I have made the first experiment in nineteen diving engines of new construction; I have fallen eleven times speechless under the shock of electricity; I have twice dislocated my limbs, and once fractured my skull in essaying to fly; and four times endangered my life by submitting to the transfusion of blood.

"In the first period of my studies I exerted the powers of my body more than those of my mind, and was not without hopes that fame might be purchased by a few broken bones without the toil of thinking; but having been shattered by some violent experiments, and constrained to confine myself to my books, I passed six and thirty years in searching the treasures of ancient wisdom, but am at last amply recompensed for all my perseverance.

"The curiosity of the present race of philosophers, having been long exercised upon electricity, has been lately transferred to magnetism; the qualities of the loadstone have been investigated, if not with much advantage, yet with great applause; and as the highest praise of art is to imitate nature, I hope no man will think the makers of artificial magnets celebrated or reverenced above their deserts.

"I have for some time employed myself in the same practice, but with deeper knowledge and more extensive views. While my contemporaries were touching needles and raising weights, or busying themselves with inclination and variation, I have been examining those qualities of magnetism

h may be applied to the accommodation and iness of common life. I have left to inferior rstandings the care of conducting the sailor gh the hazards of the ocean, and reserved to lf the more difficult and illustrious province of rving the connubial compact from violation, etting mankind free for ever from the danger of sititious children, and the torments of fruitless nce and anxious suspicion.

'o defraud any man of his due praise is unwor- a philosopher; I shall therefore openly con- that I owe the first hint of this inestimable t to the Rabbi Abraham Ben Hannase, who, treatise of pecious stones, has left this account e magnet: דקאלאמיטא, &c. 'The calamita, or tone that attracts iron, produces many bad sies in man. Women fly from this stone. If fore any husband be disturbed with jealousy, ear lest his wife converses with other men, let ay this stone upon her while she is asleep. If e pure, she will, when she wakes, clasp her and fondly in her arms; but if she be guilty, ill fall out of bed, and run away.'

When first I read this wonderful passage I l not easily conceive why it had remained hi- unregarded in such a zealous competition for ietical fame. It would surely be unjust to ect that any of the candidates are strangers to ame or works of Rabbi Abraham, or to con-, from a late edict of the royal society in fa- of the English language, that philosophy and ture are no longer to act in concert. Yet, should a quality so useful escape promulgation y the obscurity of the language in which it was ered? Why are footmen and chambermaids on every side for keeping secrets, which no on nor expense could secure from the all pene-

trating magnet? Or, why are so many witnesses summoned, and so many artifices practised, to discover what so easy an experiment would infallibly reveal?

"Full of this perplexity I read the lines of Abraham to a friend, who advised me not to expose my life by a mad indulgence of the love of fame; he warned me by the fate of Orpheus, that knowledge or genius could give no protection to the invader of female prerogatives; assured me that neither the armour of Achilles nor the antidote of Mithridates would be able to preserve me; and counselled me, if I could not live without renown, to attempt the acquisition of universal empire, in which the honour would perhaps be equal, and the danger certainly be less.

"I, a solitary student, pretend not to much knowledge of the world, but am unwilling to think it so generally corrupt as that a scheme for the detection of incontinence should bring any danger upon its inventor. My friend has indeed told me, that all the women will be my enemies, and that however I flatter myself with hopes of defence from the men, I shall certainly find myself deserted in the hour of danger. Of the young men, said he, some will be afraid of sharing the disgrace of their mothers, and some the danger of their mistresses; of those who are married, part are already convinced of the falsehood of their wives, and part shut their eyes to avoid conviction; few ever sought for virtue in marriage, and therefore few will try whether they have found it. Almost every man is careless or timorous, and to trust is easier and safer than to examine.

"These observations discouraged me, till I began to consider what reception I was likely to find among the ladies, whom I have reviewed under the

three classes of maids, wives, and widows; and cannot but hope that I may obtain some countenance among them. The single ladies I suppose universally ready to patronize my method, by which connubial wickedness may be detected, since no woman marries with a previous design to be unfaithful to her husband. And to keep them steady in my cause, I promise never to sell one of my magnets to a man who steals a girl from school; marries a woman forty years younger than himself; or employs the authority of parents to obtain a wife without her own consent.

"Among the married ladies, notwithstanding the insinuations of slander, I yet resolve to believe, that the greater part are my friends, and am not least convinced, that they who demand the test, and appear on my side, will supply, by their spirit, the deficiency of their numbers, and that their enemies will shrink and quake at the sight of a magnet, as the slaves of Scythia fled from the scourge.

"The widows will be confederated in my favour by their curiosity, if not by their virtue; for it may be observed, that women who have outlived their husbands, always think themselves entitled to superintend the conduct of young wives; and as they are themselves in no danger from the magnetic trial, I shall expect them to be eminently and unanimously zealous in recommending it.

"With these hopes I shall, in a short time, offer to sale magnets armed with a particular metallic composition, which concentrates their virtue, and determines their agency. It is known that the efficacy of the magnet, in common operations, depends much upon its armature, and it cannot be imagined, that a stone, naked or cased only in the common manner, will discover the virtues ascribed to it by Rabbi Abraham. The secret of this metal I shall

is such as in the common opinion will not justi the acerbity of exclamation, or support the solei nity of vocal grief. Yet many pains are incident a man of delicacy which the unfeeling world cann be persuaded to pity, and which, when they are s parated from their peculiar and personal circu stances, will never be considered as importa enough to claim attention or deserve redress.

" Of this kind will appear to gross and vulgar a prehensions, the miseries which I endured in morning visit to Prospero, a man lately raised wealth by a lucky project, and too much intoxicat by sudden elevation, or too little polished by thou and conversation, to enjoy his present fortune w elegance and decency.

" We set out in the world together; and fo long time mutually assisted each other in our e gencies, as either happened to have money or int ence beyond his immediate necessities. You kn that nothing generally endears men so much as p ticipation of dangers and misfortunes; I theref always considered Prospero as united with me the strongest league of kindness, and imagined t our friendship was only to be broken by the hanc death. I felt at his sudden shoot of success an nest and disinterested joy; but as I want no part his superfluities, am not willing to descend fr that equality in which we hitherto have lived.

" Our intimacy was regarded by me as a disp sation from ceremonial visits; and it was so l before I saw him at his new house that he gen complained of my neglect, and obliged me to co on a day appointed. I kept my promise, but fou that the impatience of my friend arose not from a desire to communicate his happiness, but to en his superiority.

" When I told my name at the door, the footm

went to see if his master was at home, and, by the tardiness of his return, gave me reason to suspect that time was taken to deliberate. He then informed me, that Prospero desired my company, and showed me the staircase carefully secured by mats from the pollution of my feet. The best apartments were ostentatiously set open, that I might have a distinct view of the magnificence which I was not permitted to approach; and my old friend receiving me with all the insolence of condescension at the top of the stairs, conducted me to a back room, where he told me he always breakfasted when he had not great company.

"On the floor where we sat lay a carpet covered with a cloth, of which Prospero ordered his servant to lift up a corner, that I might contemplate the brightness of the colours and the elegance of the texture, and asked me whether I had ever seen any thing so fine before; I did not gratify his folly with any outcries of admiration, but coldly bade the footman let down the cloth.

"We then sat down, and I began to hope that pride was glutted with persecution, when Prospero desired that I would give the servant leave to adjust the cover of my chair, which was slipped a little aside to show the damask; he informed me that he had bespoke ordinary chairs for common use, but had been disappointed by his tradesman. I put the chair aside with my foot, and drew another so hastily that I was entreated not to rumple the carpet.

"Breakfast was at last set, and as I was not willing to indulge the peevishness that began to seize me, I commended the tea; Prospero then told me that another time I should taste his finest sort, but that he had only a very small quantity remaining, and reserved it for those whom he thought himself obliged to treat with particular respect.

"While we were conversing upon such subjects as imagination happened to suggest, he frequently digressed into directions to the servant that waited, or made a slight inquiry after the jeweller or silversmith; and once, as I was pursuing an argument with some degree of earnestness, he started from his posture of attention, and ordered, that if lord Lofty called on him that morning, he should be shown into the best parlour.

"My patience was not yet wholly subdued. I was willing to promote his satisfaction, and therefore observed that the figures on the china were eminently pretty. Prospero had now an opportunity of calling for his Dresden china, which, says he, I always associate with my chased tea kettle. The cups were brought; I once resolved not to have looked upon them, but my curiosity prevailed. When I had examined them a little, Prospero desired me to set them down, for they who were accustomed only to common dishes seldom handled china with much care. You will, I hope, commend my philosophy, when I tell you that I did not dash his baubles to the ground.

"He was now so much elevated with his own greatness, that he thought some humility necessary to avert the glance of envy, and therefore told me, with an air of soft composure, that I was not to estimate life by external appearance, that all these shining acquisitions had added little to his happiness, that he still remembered with pleasure the days in which he and I were upon the level, and had often, in the moment of reflection, been doubtful, whether he should lose much by changing his condition for mine.

"I began now to be afraid lest his pride should, by silence and submission, be emboldened to insults that could not easily be borne, and therefore coolly

considered how I should repress it without such bitterness of reproof as I was yet unwilling to use. But he interrupted my meditation by asking leave to be dressed; and told me, that he had promised to attend some ladies in the park, and, if I was going the same way, would take me in his chariot. I had no inclination to any other favours, and therefore left him without any intention of seeing him again, unless some misfortune should restore his understanding.

"I am, &c.

"ASPER."

Though I am not wholly insensible of the provocations which my correspondent has received, I cannot altogether commend the keenness of his resentment, nor encourage him to persist in his resolution of breaking off all commerce with his old acquaintance. One of the golden precepts of Pythagoras directs, that *a friend should not be hated for little faults;* and surely he upon whom nothing worse can be charged, than that he mats his stairs, and covers his carpet, and sets out his finery to show before those whom he does not admit to use it, has yet committed nothing that should exclude him from common degrees of kindness. Such improprieties often proceed rather from stupidity than malice. Those who thus shine only to dazzle are influenced merely by custom and example, and neither examine, nor are qualified to examine, the motives of their own practice, or state the nice limits between elegance and ostentation. They are often innocent of the pain which their vanity produces, and insult others when they have no worse purposes than to please themselves.

He that too much refines his delicacy will always endanger his quiet. Of those with whom nature

Every man has daily occasion to remark what vexations arise from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have so long disdained the restraints of truth that promises and appointments have lost their cogency, and both parties neglect their stipulations, because each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

Negligence is first admitted in small affairs, and strengthened by petty indulgences. He that is not yet hardened by custom ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himself bound by his word in cases of property or danger, though he allows himself to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

This laxity of honour would be more tolerable if it could be restrained to the playhouse, the ball room, or the card table; yet even there it is sufficiently troublesome, and darkens those moments with expectation, suspense, and resentment, which are set aside for pleasure, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment and total relaxation. But he that suffers the slightest breach in his morality can seldom tell what shall enter it, or how wide it shall be made; when a passage is open the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down opposition, and by slow degrees deluges the heart.

Aliger entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extensive views, and untainted principles. His curiosity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of conversation; his elegance of address and fertility of ideas gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at least he found the general kindness of reception always shown to a young man whose birth and fortune gave him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice nor folly destroyed his privileges. Aliger was pleased with this general smile of mankind, and was

industrious to preserve it by compliance and officiousness, but did not suffer his desire of pleasing to vitiate his integrity. It was his established maxim, that a promise is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once suffered himself to be drawn away from a festal engagement by the importunity of another company.

He spent the evening, as is usual in the rudiments of vice, in perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his disappointed friends in the morning with confusion and excuses. His companions, not accustomed to such scrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneasiness, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the same experiment upon another society, and found them equally ready to consider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickness and gaiety; till, by degrees, he began to think himself at liberty to follow the last invitation, and was no longer shocked at the turpitude of falsehood. He made no difficulty to promise his presence at distant places, and if listlessness happened to creep upon him, would sit at home with great tranquillity, and has often sunk to sleep in a chair, while he held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

It was so pleasant to live in perpetual vacancy that he soon dismissed his attention as a useless incumbrance, and resigned himself to carelessness and dissipation, without any regard to the future or the past, or any other motive of action than the impulse of a sudden desire, or the attraction of immediate pleasure. The absent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears felt by others had no influence upon his conduct. He was in speculation completely just, but never kept his promise to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived

those friends whom he undertook to patronize or assist; he was prudent, but suffered his affairs to be embarrassed for want of regulating his accounts at stated times. He courted a young lady, and when the settlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to sign them. He resolved to travel, and sent his chests on shipboard, but delayed to follow them till he lost his passage. He was summoned as an evidence in a cause of great importance, and loitered on the way till the trial was passed. It is said, that when he had, with great expense, formed an interest in a borough, his opponent contrived, by some agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

His benevolence draws him into the commission of a thousand crimes, which others less kind or civil would escape. His courtesy invites application; his promises produce dependance; he has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends some time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of request, with which he purposes to comply; but time slips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or busy; his friends lose their opportunities, and charge upon him their miscarriage and calamities.

This character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to Aliger. They whose activity of imagination is often shifting the scenes of expectation, are frequently subject to such sallies of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, destroy the value of their friendship, obstruct the efficacy of their virtues, and set them below the meanest of those that persist in their resolutions, execute what they design, and perform what they have promised.

No. 202. SATURDAY, FEB. 22, 1752.

Προς απαντα δειλος εστιν ο πενης πραγματα,
Και παντας αυτου καταφρονειν υπολαμβανει.
Ο δε μετριως πραττων περισκελεστερον
Απαντα τ' αννιαρα, Δαμπρια, φερει. CALLIMACHUS.

From no affliction is the poor exempt;
He thinks each eye surveys him with contempt.
Unmanly poverty subdues the heart,
Cankers each wound, and sharpens every dart. F. LEWIS.

AMONG those who have endeavoured to promote learning and rectify judgment, it has been long customary to complain of the abuse of words, which are often admitted to signify things so different that, instead of assisting the understanding as vehicles of knowledge, they produce error, dissension, and perplexity, because what is affirmed in one sense is received in another.

If this ambiguity sometimes embarrasses the most solemn controversies, and obscures the demonstrations of science, it may well be expected to infest the pompous periods of declaimers, whose purpose is often only to amuse with fallacies, and change the colours of truth and falsehood: or the musical compositions of poets, whose style is professedly figurative, and whose art is imagined to consist in distorting words from their original meaning.

There are few words of which the reader believes himself better to know the import than of *poverty*; yet whoever studies either the poets or philosophers will find such an account of the condition expressed by that term as his experience or observation will not easily discover to be true. Instead of the meanness, distress, complaint, anxiety, and dependence which have hitherto been combined in

his ideas of poverty, he will read of content, innocence, and cheerfulness, of health and safety, tranquillity and freedom: of pleasures not known but to men unencumbered with possessions; and of sleep that sheds his balsamic anodynes only on the cottage. Such are the blessings to be obtained by the resignation of riches that kings might descend from their thrones, and generals retire from a triumph, only to slumber undisturbed in the elysium of poverty.

If these authors do not deceive us, nothing can be more absurd than that perpetual contest for wealth which keeps the world in commotion; nor any complaints more justly censured than those which proceed from want of the gifts of fortune, which we are taught by the great masters of moral wisdom to consider as golden shackles, by which the wearer is at once disabled and adorned; as luscious poisons, which may for a time please the palate, but soon betray their malignity by languor and by pain.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without physic, and secure without a guard; to obtain from the bounty of nature what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artists and attendants, of flatterers and spies.

But it will be found, upon a nearer view, that they who extol the happiness of poverty do not mean the same state with those who deplore its miseries. Poets have their imaginations filled with ideas of magnificence; and being accustom[illegible] to contemplate the downfal of empires, or to contrive forms of lamentations for monarchs in distress, rank all the classes of mankind in a state of poverty, who make no approaches to the dignity of crowns. To be poor, in the epic language, is only not to

command the wealth of nations, nor to have fleets and armies in pay.

Vanity has perhaps contributed to this impropriety of style. He that wishes to become a philosopher at a cheap rate easily gratifies his ambition by submitting to poverty when he does not feel it, and by boasting his contempt of riches, when he has already more than he enjoys. He who would show the extent of his views and grandeur of his conceptions, or discover his acquaintance with splendour and magnificence, may talk like Cowley of an humble station and quiet obscurity, of the paucity of nature's wants, and the inconveniences of superfluity, and at last, like him, limit his desires to five hundred pounds a year; a fortune indeed not exuberant when we compare it with the expenses of pride and luxury, but to which it little becomes a philosopher to affix the name of poverty, since no man can, with any propriety, be termed poor, who does not see the greater part of mankind richer than himself.

As little is the general condition of human life understood by the panegyrists and historians, who amuse us with accounts of the poverty of heroes and sages. Riches are of no value in themselves, their use is discovered only in that which they procure. They are not coveted, unless by narrow understandings, which confound the means with the end, but for the sake of power, influence, and esteem; or, by some of less elevated and refined sentiments, as necessary to sensual enjoyment.

The pleasures of luxury many have, without uncommon virtue, been able to despise, even when affluence and idleness have concurred to tempt them; and therefore he who feels nothing from indigence but the want of gratifications which he could not in any other condition make consistent

with innocence has given no proof of eminent patience. Esteem and influence every man desires, but they are equally pleasing and equally valuable, by whatever means they are obtained; and whoever has found the art of securing them without the help of money ought, in reality, to be accounted rich, since he has all that riches can purchase to a wise man. Cincinnatus, though he lived upon a few acres, cultivated by his own hand, was sufficiently removed from all the evils generally comprehended under the name of poverty, when his reputation was such that the voice of his country called him from his farm to take absolute command into his hand; nor was Diogenes much mortified by his residence in a tub, where he was honoured with the visit of Alexander the Great.

The same fallacy has conciliated veneration to the religious orders. When we behold a man abdicating the hope of terrestrial possessions, and precluding himself, by an irrevocable vow, from the pursuit and acquisition of all that his fellow beings consider as worthy of wishes and endeavours, we are immediately struck with the purity, abstraction, and firmness of his mind, and regard him as wholly employed in securing the interests of futurity, and devoid of any other care than to gain at whatever price the surest passage to eternal rest.

Yet, what can the votary be justly said to have lost of his present happiness? If he resides in a convent, he converses only with men whose condition is the same with his own; he has from the munificence of the founder all the necessaries of life, and is safe from that *destitution which* Hooker declares to be *such an impediment to virtue as, till it be removed, suffereth not the mind of man to admit any other care.* All temptations to envy and competition are shut out from his retreat; he is not

pained with the sight of unattainable dignity, nor insulted with the bluster of insolence, or the smile of forced familiarity. If he wanders abroad, the sanctity of his character amply compensates all other distinctions; he is seldom seen but with reverence, nor heard but with submission.

It has been remarked, that death, though often defied in the field, seldom fails to terrify when it approaches the bed of sickness in its natural horror; so poverty may easily be endured, while associated with dignity and reputation, but will always be shunned and dreaded, when it is accompanied with ignominy and contempt.

No. 203. TUESDAY, FEB. 25, 1752.

Cum volet illa dies, quæ nil nisi corporis hujus
Jus habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat ævi. OVID.

Come soon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
This mortal being only can decay.

WELSTED.

IT seems to be the fate of man to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation.

Every one has so often detected the fallaciousness of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himself to expect what a thousand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour, or wish to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repose upon real facts and certain experience. This is

perhaps one reason among many, why age delights in narratives.

But so full is the world of calamity that every source of pleasure is polluted, and every retirement of tranquillity disturbed. When time has supplied us with events sufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with so many disasters that we shrink from their remembrance, dread their intrusion upon our minds, and fly from them as from enemies that pursue us with torture.

No man past the middle point of life can sit down to feast upon the pleasures of youth without finding the banquet embittered by the cup of sorrow; he may revive lucky accidents and pleasing extravagances; many days of harmless frolic, or nights of honest festivity will perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in scenes of action, and acquainted with affairs of difficulty and vicissitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the nobler pleasure of looking back upon distress firmly supported, dangers resolutely encountered, and opposition artfully defeated.—Æneas properly comforts his companions, when after the horrors of a storm they have landed on an unknown and desolate country, with the hope that their miseries will be at some distant time recounted with delight. There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on surmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

But this felicity is almost always abated by the reflection, that they, with whom we should be most pleased to share it, are now in the grave. A few years make such havoc in human generations that we soon see ourselves deprived of those with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleasures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterprise recounts his adven-

tures and expedients, but is forced, at the close of the relation, to pay a sigh to the names of those that contributed to his success; he that passes his life among the gayer part of mankind has his remembrance stored with remarks and repartees of wits, whose sprightliness and merriment are now lost in perpetual silence; the trader, whose industry has supplied the want of inheritance, [illegible] in solitary plenty at the absence of companions, with whom he had planned out amusements for his latter years; and the scholar, whose merit, after a long series of efforts, raises him from obscurity, looks round in vain from his exaltation for his old friends or enemies, whose applause or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Among Martial's requisites to happiness is, *Res non parta labore, sed relicta*, an estate not gained by industry, but left by inheritance. It is necessary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for whatever comes at the close of life will come too late to give much delight; yet all human happiness has its defects. Of what we do not gain for ourselves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, because we cannot compare the difference between want and possession, or at least can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increase of self-esteem; what we acquire by bravery or science, by mental or corporeal diligence, comes at last when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow its happiness from the time to come. In youth we have nothing past to entertain us, and in age we derive little from retrospect but hopeless sorrow. Yet the future likewise has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we see to be not far distant. The loss of our friends and companions

impresses hourly upon us the necessity of our own departure; we know that the schemes of man are quickly at an end, that we must soon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, shall be driven a while by hope or fear about the surface of the earth, and then like us be lost in the shades of death.

Beyond this termination of our material existence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes; and almost every man indulges his imagination with something which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being: some amuse themselves with entails and settlements, provide for the perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the dissipation of the fortunes which it has been their business to accumulate; others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of distant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced posterity.

They whose souls are so chained down to coffers and tenements that they cannot conceive a state in which they shall look upon them with less solicitude are seldom attentive or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and, therefore, may be called to reconsider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wise man's wish has not yet been satisfactorily decided; and, indeed, to be long remembered can happen to so small a number that the bulk of mankind has very little interest in the question. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity or measure of renown. The necessary business of life, the immediate pleasures or pains of every condition, leave us not leisure be-

yond a fixed proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our present welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of some that must be thrust into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend its view to new objects, by losing sight of those which are now before it.

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while and disappears for ever; and if we except a few transcendent and invincible names, which no revolution of opinion or length of time is able to suppress; all those that engage our thoughts, or diversify our conversation, are every moment hasting to obscurity, as new favourites are adopted by fashion.

It is not therefore from this world that any ray of comfort can proceed to cheer the gloom of the last hour. But futurity has still its prospects: there is yet happiness in reserve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will support us in the pains of disease, and the languor of decay. This happiness we may expect with confidence, because it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that sincerely desire and earnestly pursue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to rest. Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

No. 204. SATURDAY, FEB. 29, 1752.

Nemo tam divos habuit faventes,
Crastinum ut possit sibi polliceri. SENECA.

Of heaven's protection who can be
So confident to utter this—?
To morrow I will spend in bliss. F. LEWIS.

SEGED, lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants of the world: to the sons of *presumption*, humility and fear; and to the daughters of *sorrow*, content and acquiescence.

Thus, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, spoke Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the distributer of the waters of the Nile: "At length, Seged, thy toils are at an end: thou hast reconciled disaffection, thou hast suppressed rebellion, thou hast pacified the jealousies of thy courtiers, thou hast chased war from thy confines, and erected fortresses in the lands of thy enemies. All who have offended thee tremble in thy presence, and wherever thy voice is heard, it is obeyed. Thy throne is surrounded by armies, numerous as the locusts of the summer, and resistless as the blasts of pestilence. Thy magazines are stored with ammunition, thy treasuries overflow with the tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy nod is as the earthquake that shakes the mountains, and thy smile as the dawn of the vernal day. In thy hand is the strength of thousands, and thy health is the health of millions. Thy palace is gladdened by the song of praise, and thy path perfumed by the breath of benediction. Thy subjects gaze upon thy greatness, and think of danger or misery no more. Why Se-

ged, wilt not thou partake the blessings thou bestowest? Why shouldst thou only forbear to rejoice in this general felicity? Why should thy face be clouded with anxiety when the meanest of those who call thee sovereign gives the day to festivity, and the night to peace? At length, Seged, reflect and be wise. What is the gift of conquest but safety? why are riches collected but to purchase happiness?"

Seged then ordered the house of pleasure, built in an island of the lake Dambia, to be prepared for his reception. "I will retire," says he, "for ten days from tumult and care, from counsels and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the governors of nations, but a cessation of ten days cannot be denied me. This short interval of happiness may surely be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will fill the whole capacity of my soul with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged hasted to the palace of Dambia, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colours to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden, were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy, all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art, all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court who seemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty were all in haste to be sated with felicity. They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them: their passage was cheered with music, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged landed here with his band of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent, to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity, and then fall back to his common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified, as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artists of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution, till his faculties were harassed, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended, for he found his vexation increased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. "Such," said Seged sighing, "is the longest day of human existence:

before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end."

The regret which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day took from him all disposition to enjoy the evening; and after having endeavoured, for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the slaves of labour and poverty the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, should appear in the presence of the king with dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent and sorrow, should be driven for ever from the palace of Dambia.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frighted away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile; but a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions, to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topics of conversation, but obtained only forced jests and laborious laughter, and after many attempts to animate his

train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber to ascertain, by different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes, but imagined, in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again to rest, but was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind that he could sleep no more. He rose, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion, nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harassed by visionary miseries; but before this resolution could be completed, half the day had elapsed; he felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakness of that being whose quiet was to be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having been first disturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could disturb him. He at last discovered that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and that to lose the present in lamenting the past was voluntarily to protract a melancholy vision. The third day was now declining, and Seged again resolved to be happy on the morrow.

No. 205. TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1752.

———*Volat ambiguis*
Mobilis alis hora, nec ulli
Præstat velox fortuna fidem. SENECA.

On fickle wings the minutes haste,
And fortune's favours never last. F. LEWIS.

the fourth morning Seged rose early, refreshed sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with ex-ation. He entered the garden, attended by the ɔes and ladies of his court, and seeing nothing ıt him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his t, "This day shall be a day of pleasure." The ɔlayed upon the water, the birds warbled in the es, and the gales quivered among the branches. roved from walk to walk as chance directed and sometimes listened to the songs, sometimes ;led with the dancers, sometimes let loose his ;ination in flights of merriment, and sometimes ·ed grave reflections and sententious maxims, feasted on the admiration with which they were ved.

hus the day rolled on, without any accident of ıtion or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and ;ight of happiness conferred by himself filled his t with satisfaction: but having passed three s in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a en by an universal scream among the women, turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in usion. A young crocodile had risen out of the , and was ranging the garden in wantonness or ;er. Seged beheld him with indignation, as a ırber of his felicity, and chased him back into

the lake, but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The princesses enclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable casualties which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the consolation of thinking that he had not been now disappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blasted the hopes of the day might easily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, since he had already found that discontent and melancholy were not to be frighted away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from control. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleasantry by proposing prizes for those who should, on the following day, distinguish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the antichamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when Seged entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from universal emulation, he found that any passion too strongly agitated puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth, and that the mind that is to be moved by the gentle ven-

tilations of gaiety, must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain we must in the same degree be afraid to lose, and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken but with so visible an endeavour at perfection as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration: and Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest, and those who were forced to allow themselves excelled began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared the anxiety of the day; for, considering himself as obliged to distribute with exact justice the prizes which had been so zealously sought, he durst never remit his attention, but passed his time upon the rack of doubt in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last, knowing that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint, and thinking that on a day set apart for happiness it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow, he declared that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged soon saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prize were not pleased to be leveled with the crowd; and though by the liberality of the king they received more than his promise had entitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. "Behold here," said Seged, "the condition of him who places his happiness in the happiness of others." He then

retired to meditate, and, while the courtiers were repining at his distributions, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next dawn renewed his resolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffused a general complacence through the whole court, and the emperor imagined that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his courtiers in a close arbour murmuring alone: "What merit has Seged above us, that we should thus fear and obey him, a man, whom, whatever he may have formerly performed, his luxury now shows to have the same weakness with ourselves." This charge affected him the more as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting that what was spoken without intention to be heard was to be considered as only thought, and was perhaps but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexation, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy; and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day, and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of Seged, till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after

his defeat in the kingdom of Goiama. The reflection on his lot, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace himself with his usual pleasures, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by jealousies which the late contest for the prizes had produced, and which, having in vain tried to pacify them by persuasion, he was forced to silence by command.

On the eighth morning Seged was awakened early by an unusual hurry in the apartments, and inquiring the cause, was told that the princess Balkis was seized with sickness. He rose, and calling the physicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity: all his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whose eyes he closed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia had appropriated to a short respiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may presume to say, "This day shall be a day of happiness."

No. 206. SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1752.

——*Propositi nondum pudet, atque eadem est mens,*
Ut bona summa putes, alienâ vivere quadrâ. JUV.

But harden'd by affronts, and still the same,
Lost to all sense of honour and of fame,
Thou yet canst love to haunt the great man's board,
And think no supper good but with a lord. BOWLES.

WHEN Diogenes was once asked what kind of wine he liked best? he answered, "That which is drunk at the cost of others."

Though the character of Diogenes has never excited any general zeal of imitation, there are many who resemble him in his taste of wine; many who are frugal, though not abstemious; whose appetites, though too powerful for reason, are kept under restraint by avarice; and to whom all delicacies lose their flavour, when they cannot be obtained but at their own expense.

Nothing produces more singularity of manners and inconstancy of life, than the conflict of opposite vices in the same mind. He that uniformly pursues any purpose, whether good or bad, has a settled principle of action; and as he may always find associates who are traveling the same way, is countenanced by example, and sheltered in the multitude; but a man, actuated at once by different desires, must move in a direction peculiar to himself, and suffer that reproach which we are naturally inclined to bestow on those who deviate from the rest of the world, even without inquiring whether they are worse or better.

Yet this conflict of desires sometimes produces wonderful efforts. To riot in far-fetched dishes, or surfeit with unexhausted variety, and yet practise the most rigid economy, is surely an art which may justly draw the eyes of mankind upon them whose industry or judgment has enabled them to attain it. To him, indeed, who is content to break open the chests, or mortgage the manors of his ancestors that he may hire the ministers of excess at the highest price, gluttony is an easy science; yet we often hear the votaries of luxury boasting of the eleganee which they owe to the taste of others, relating with rapture the succession of dishes with which their cooks and caterers supply them; and expecting their share of praise with the discoverers of arts and the civilizers of nations. But to shorten the way

to convivial happiness, by eating without cost, is a secret hitherto in few hands, but which certainly deserves the curiosity of those whose principal enjoyment is their dinner, and who see the sun rise with no other hope than that they shall fill their bellies before it sets.

Of them that have within my knowledge attempted this scheme of happiness, the greater part have been immediately obliged to desist; and some, whom their first attempts flattered with success, were reduced by degress to a few tables, from which they were at last chased to make way for others; and having long habituated themselves to superfluous plenty, growled away their latter years in discontented competence.

None enter the regions of luxury with higher expectations than men of wit, who imagine that they shall never want a welcome to that company whose ideas they can enlarge, or whose imaginations they can elevate, and believe themselves able to pay for their wine with the mirth which it qualifies them to produce. Full of this opinion, they crowd with little invitation, wherever the smell of a feast allures them, but are seldom encouraged to repeat their visits, being dreaded by the pert as rivals, and hated by the dull as disturbers of the company.

No man has been so happy in gaining and keeping the privilege of living at luxurious houses as Gulosulus, who, after thirty years of continual revelry, has now established, by uncontroverted prescription, his claim to partake of every entertainment, and whose presence, they who aspire to the praise of a sumptuous table are careful to procure on a day of importance, by sending the invitation a fortnight before.

Gulosulus entertained the world without any eminent degree of merit; but was careful to frequent

houses where persons of rank resorted. By being often seen, he became in time known; and from sitting in the same room, was suffered to mix in idle conversation, or assisted to fill up a vacant hour, when better amusement was not readily to be had. From the coffee-house he was sometimes taken away to dinner; and as no man refuses the acquaintance of him whom he sees admitted to familiarity by others of equal dignity, when he had been met at a few tables, he with less difficulty found the way to more, till at last he was regularly expected to appear wherever preparations are made for a feast, within the circuit of his acquaintance.

When he was thus by accident initiated in luxury, he felt in himself no inclination to retire from a life of so much pleasure, and therefore very seriously considered how he might continue it. Great qualities or uncommon accomplishments he did not find necessary; for he had already seen that merit rather enforces respect than attracts fondness; and as he thought no folly greater than that of losing a dinner for any other gratification, he often congratulated himself that he had none of that disgusting excellence which impresses awe upon greatness, and condemns its possessors to the society of those who are wise or brave, and indigent as themselves.

Gulosulus having never allotted much of his time to books or meditation, had no opinion in philosophy or politics, and was not in danger of injuring his interest by dogmatical positions or violent contradiction. If a dispute arose, he took care to listen with earnest attention; and when either speaker grew vehement and loud, turned towards him with eager quickness, and uttered a short phrase of admiration, as if surprised by such cogency of argument as he had never known before. By this silent concession, he generally preserved in either contro-

vertist such a conviction of his own superiority, as inclined him rather to pity than irritate his adversary, and prevented those outrages which are sometimes produced by the rage of defeat, or petulance of triumph.

Gulosulus was never embarrassed, but when he was required to declare his sentiments before he had been able to discover to which side the master of the house inclined, for it was his invariable rule to adopt the notions of those that invited him.

It will sometimes happen that the insolence of wealth breaks into contemptuousness, or the turbulence of wine requires a vent; and Gulosulus seldom fails of being singled out on such emergencies, as one on whom any experiment of ribaldry may be safely tried. Sometimes his lordship finds himself inclined to exhibit a specimen of raillery for the diversion of his guests, and Gulosulus always supplies him with a subject of merriment. But he has learned to consider rudeness and indignities as familiarities that entitle him to greater freedom: he comforts himself, that those who treat and insult him pay for their laughter, and that he keeps his money while they enjoy their jest.

His chief policy consists in selecting some dish from every course, and recommending it to the company, with an air so decisive that no one ventures to contradict him. By this practice he acquires at a feast a kind of dictatorial authority; his taste becomes the standard of pickles and seasoning, and he is venerated by the professors of epicurism, as the only man who understands the niceties of cookery.

Whenever a new sauce is imported, or any innovation made in the culinary system, he procures the earliest intelligence, and the most authentic receipt; and by communicating his knowledge under

proper injunctions of secrecy, gains a right of tasting his own dish whenever it is prepared, that he may tell whether his directions have been fully understood.

By this method of life Gulosulus has so impressed on his imagination the dignity of feasting that he has no other topic of talk or subject of meditation. His calendar is a bill of fare; he measures the year by successive dainties. The only common-places of his memory are his meals; and if you ask him at what time an event happened, he considers whether he heard it after a dinner of turbot or venison. He knows, indeed, that those who value themselves upon sense, learning, or piety, speak of him with contempt; but he considers them as wretches envious or ignorant, who do not know his happiness, or wish to supplant him; and declares to his friends, that he is fully satisfied with his own conduct, since he has fed every day on twenty dishes, and yet doubled his estate.

No. 207. TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1752.

Solve senescentum mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus. HOR.

The voice of reason cries with winning force,
Loose from the rapid car your aged horse,
Lest, in the race derided, left behind,
He drags his jaded limbs and burst his wind. FRANCIS.

SUCH is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epi-

grammatist on marriage may be applied to every other course of life, that its two days happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy, till the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made, and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards

censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be in vain; but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are compelled to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellences; yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below the perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness the concomitant of our undertakings that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change; if he has made his way by assiduity to public employment, he talks among his friends of the delight of retreat: if by the necessity of solitary application he is secluded from the world, he listens with a beating heart to distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves to take hereafter his fill of diversions, or display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness,

it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower add to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and, because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay as when we know that delay cannot be long. This unseasonable importunity of discontent may be partly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress those more whose toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which is now considered as within reach, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be withheld.

In some of the noblest compositions of wit, the conclusion falls below the vigour and spirit of the first books; and as a genius is not to be degraded by the imputation of human failings, the cause of this declension is commonly sought in the structure of the work, and plausible reasons are given why in the defective part less ornament was necessary, or less could be admitted. But, perhaps, the author would have confessed, that his fancy was tired, and his perseverance broken; that he knew his design to be unfinished, but that, when he saw the end so near, he could no longer refuse to be at rest.

Against the instillations of this frigid opiate, the

heart should be secured by all the considerations which once concurred to kindle the ardour of enterprise. Whatever motive first incited action has still greater force to stimulate perseverance; since he that might have lain still at first in blameless obscurity cannot afterwards desist but with infamy and reproach. He, whom a doubtful promise of distant good could encourage to set difficulties at defiance, ought not to remit his vigour, when he has almost obtained his recompense. To faint or loiter, when only the last efforts are required, is to steer the ship through tempests, and abandon it to the winds in sight of land; it is to break the ground and scatter the seed, and at last to neglect the harvest.

The masters of rhetoric direct that the most forcible arguments be produced in the latter part of an oration, lest they should be effaced or perplexed by supervenient images. This precept may be justly extended to the series of life: nothing is ended with honour which does not conclude better than it began. It is not sufficient to maintain the first vigour; for excellence loses its effect upon the mind by custom, as light after a time ceases to dazzle. Admiration must be continued by that novelty which first produced it, and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains.

We not only are most sensible of the last impressions, but such is the unwillingness of mankind to admit transcendent merit, that though it be difficult to obliterate the reproach of miscarriages by any subsequent achievement, however illustrious, yet the reputation raised by a long train of success may be finally ruined by a single failure; for weakness or error will be always remembered by that malice and envy which it gratifies.

For the prevention of that disgrace, which lassi-

tude and negligence may bring at last upon the greatest performances, it is necessary to proportion carefully our labour to our strength. If the design comprises many parts, equally essential, and therefore not to be separated, the only time for caution is before we engage; the powers of the mind must be then impartially estimated, and it must be remembered, that not to complete the plan is not to have begun it; and that nothing is done, while any thing is omitted.

But if the task consists in the repetition of single acts, no one of which derives its efficacy from the rest, it may be attempted with less scruple, because there is always opportunity to retreat with honour. The danger is only lest we expect from the world the indulgence with which most are disposed to treat themselves; and in the hour of listlessness imagine, that the diligence of one day will atone for the idleness of another, and that applause begun by approbation will be continued by habit.

He that is himself weary will soon weary the public. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infest the stage till a general hiss commands him to depart.

No. 208. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1752.

Ηρακλειτος εγω τι με ων κατω ελκετ' αμουσοι;
Ουχ' υμιν επονουν, τοις δε μ' επισαμενοις·
Εις εμοι ανθρωπος, τρισμυριοι οι δ' αναριθμοι
Ουδες· ταυτ' ανδω και παρα Περσεφονη.
DIOG. LAERT.

Begone, ye blockheads, Heraclitus cries,
And leave my labours to the learn'd and wise;
By wit, by knowledge, studious to be read,
I scorn the multitude, alive and dead.

TIME, which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows, has likewise concluded the labours of the Rambler. Having supported, for two years, the anxious employment of a periodical writer, and multiplied my essays to six volumes*, I have now determined to desist.

The reasons of this resolution it is of little importance to declare, since justification is unnecessary when no objection is made. I am far from supposing, that the cessation of my performances will raise any inquiry; for I have never been much a favourite of the public, nor can boast that, in the progress of my undertaking, I have been animated by the rewards of the liberal, the caresses of the great, or the praises of the eminent.

But I have no design to gratify pride by submission, or malice by lamentation; nor think it reasonable to complain of neglect from those whose regard I never solicited. If I have not been distinguished by the distributers of literary honours, I have seldom descended to the arts by which favour is obtained. I have seen the meteors of fashion rise and

* The number of volumes on the first republication of The Rambler.

fall, without any attempt to add a moment to their duration. I have never complied with temporary curiosity, nor enabled my readers to discuss the topic of the day; I have rarely exemplified my assertions by living characters: in my papers no man could look for censures of his enemies, or praises of himself; and they only were expected to peruse them whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its naked dignity.

To some, however, I am indebted for encouragement, and to others for assistance. The number of my friends was never great, but they have been such as would not suffer me to think that I was writing in vain, and I did not feel much dejection from the want of popularity.

My obligations having not been frequent, my acknowledgments may be soon dispatched. I can restore to all my correspondents their productions, with little diminution of the bulk of my volumes, though not without the loss of some pieces to which particular honours have been paid.

The parts from which I claim no other praise than that of having given them an opportunity of appearing, are the four billets in the tenth paper, the second letter in the fifteenth, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, the ninety-seventh, and the hundredth papers, and the second letter in the hundred and seventh.

Having thus deprived myself of many excuses which candour might have admitted for the inequality of my compositions, being no longer able to allege the necessity of gratifying correspondents, the importunity with which publication was solicited, or obstinacy with which correction was rejected, I must remain accountable for all my faults, and submit, without subterfuge, to the censures of

criticism, which, however, I shall not endeavour to soften by a formal deprecation, or to overbear by the influence of a patron. The supplications of an author never yet reprieved him a moment from oblivion; and though greatness has sometimes sheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance or dulness. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not at last violate it by the confession of terrors which I do not feel: having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue, I will not now degrade it by the meanness of dedication.

The seeming vanity with which I have sometimes spoken of myself would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the example of those who have published essays before me, and by the privilege which every nameless writer has been hitherto allowed. "A mask," says Castiglione, "confers a right of acting and speaking with less restraint, even when the wearer happens to be known." He that is discovered without his own consent may claim some indulgence, and cannot be rigorously called to justify those sallies or frolics which his disguise must prove him desirous to conceal.

But I have been cautious lest this offence should be frequently or grossly committed; for, as one of the philosophers directs us to live with a friend as with one that is some time to become an enemy, I have always thought it the duty of an anonymous author to write as if he expected to be hereafter known.

I am willing to flatter myself with hopes, that by collecting these papers, I am not preparing, for my future life, either shame or repentance. That all are happily imagined or accurately polished, that the same sentiments have not sometimes recurred, or the same expressions been too frequently repeated,

I have not confidence in my abilities sufficient to warrant. He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day will often bring to his task attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease: he will labour on a barren topic till it is too late to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce.

Whatever shall be the final sentence of mankind, I have at least endeavoured to deserve their kindness. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence. When common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I have familiarized the terms of philosophy by applying them to popular ideas, but have rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; for I believe that whoever knows the English tongue, in its present extent, will be able to express his thoughts without further help from other nations.

As it has been my principal design to inculcate wisdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found of which the highest excellence is harmless merriment; but scarcely any man is so steadily serious as not to complain, that the severity of dictatorial instruction has been too seldom relieved, and that he is driven by the sternness of the Rambler's philosophy to more cheerful and airy companions.

Next to the excursions of fancy are the disquisitions of criticism, which, in my opinion, is only to

be ranked among the subordinate and instrumental arts. Arbitrary decision and general exclamation I have carefully avoided, by asserting nothing without a reason, and establishing all my principles of judgment on unalterable and evident truth.

In the pictures of life I have never been so studious of novelty or surprise as to depart wholly from all resemblance; a fault which writers deservedly celebrated frequently commit, that they may raise, as the occasion requires, either mirth or abhorrence. Some enlargement may be allowed to declamation, and some exaggeration to burlesque; but as they deviate further from reality they become less useful, because their lessons will fail of application. The mind of the reader is carried away from the contemplation of his own manners; he finds in himself no likeness to the phantom before him; and though he laughs or rages, is not reformed.

The essays professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure, which no blame or praise of man shall diminish or augment. I shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Αυτων εκ μακαρων ανταξιος ειη αμοιβη.

Celestial powers! that piety regard,
From you my labours wait their last reward.

THE END.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.





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